

# Current Literature

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## A Review of the World

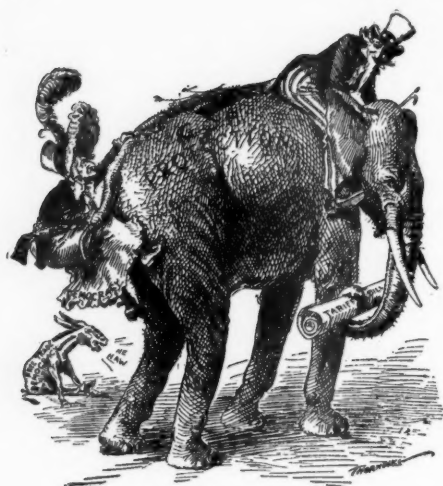
ONE who has followed with any care the processes of tariff revision during the last few weeks can understand why members of Congress shrink from such an undertaking even as often as once in ten or twelve years. "No eighteen men," says Champ Clark, the Democratic leader, "Democrats and Republicans both, in the history of this country, ever did harder, more tedious, more fatiguing or more honest work than the eighteen members of the ways and means committee did in these hearings." For weeks, the committee began hearings at 9.30 A. M. daily, took an hour for luncheon at 1 P. M., took another hour for dinner at 7 P. M., then worked on until 11 or 12 P. M., "keyed up, on edge, tussling with intellectual men who had facts in their possession about the tariff which they were determined not to give up." Mr. Clark has done all sorts of work on a farm, as a clerk in a country store, as a teacher, as an editor, as a criminal lawyer, as a political leader; but under no circumstances, he asserts, has he ever performed labor so exhaustive of nervous energy as that performed at these tariff hearings. "I have no doubt," he adds, "that it shortened all our lives." Similar testimony of an even more striking character has been given by those who participated in previous revisions.

MR. CLARK'S statement pertains merely to the hearings. He and his five Democratic colleagues on the committee had nothing to do with the still more strenuous labor of drafting the tariff bill. The Republican members attended to that, the Democrats not considering it expedient for them to draft a substitute bill, but contenting themselves with attempts to amend the Republican bill. To draft the Payne bill called for the digesting, by somebody, of 8,000 pages of testimony given at the hearings, and a vast amount of

documentary material obtained from our consuls. The bill itself had to deal with 4,000 articles, ranging all the way from locomotives to peanuts, and pertaining more or less vitally to the entire industrial system of the country. When Chairman Payne made his speech introducing the bill, he was on his feet nine hours and a half (in two successive days), answering questions, parrying attacks, interrupted time and again in the middle of a sentence, and altogether, as Champ Clark testified, "knocking higher than a kite the idiotic theory of Dr. Osler." "The gentleman from New York [Mr. Payne] is nearly old enough to be my father," continued the Missouri Congressman. "I have always been credited with having an iron constitution, but I believe that he came out of that exhausting work fresher than I did, which was an absolute marvel to me." Three weeks after Mr. Payne presented the bill of his committee, it was passed by the lower house of Congress by a vote, following party lines closely, of 217 to 161. Only one Republican congressman voted against it and only four Democratic congressmen—all from Louisiana—voted for it. Now it is "up to" the Senate; or, as the *New York Press* would have us believe, up to one particular senator. "The House makes the tariff," it remarks; "Senator Aldrich, pretty much single-handed, remakes it."

IN ONE important respect, the Payne tariff bill differs from all its predecessors. It contains two schedules, a maximum and a minimum schedule of rates. Twenty years ago when the McKinley bill was being drafted, Mr. Blaine smashed his silk hat on the table to give emphasis to his indignant objection that the bill at that stage lacked all features of reciprocity whereby American trade might be pushed into foreign lands. The eloquent appeal of the crushed hat was effective. In that bill were placed provisions





CLIMBING ABOARD  
Oh, look who's here!  
—Thorndike in *Baltimore American*.

for reciprocity agreements, to be consummated by the President, whereby nations giving us special tariff favors received special favors in return.) Since that time other nations have been elaborating that plan, adopting a maximum and minimum rate, the former being sometimes as much as 100 per cent. higher than the latter. Out of this fact has come a situation that, in the phrase of Mr. Payne, is "becoming intolerable" to our own



"CONFOUND THESE JIG SAW PUZZLES!"  
—New York Press.

industries, and which has been perhaps the chief reason for any revision at all at this time. As the *Baltimore Star* puts it, "the era of the trade war has arrived and the tariff is the militant outfit, so to speak, with which each of the great modern nations is seeking to pummel every other nation into an advantageous trade arrangement. The maximum and minimum rate—the dual tariff system—is a veritable steel-clad battleship sort of argument through which nations may try warlike conclusions concerning markets. It is a kind of warfare that has already been engaged in and that will certainly be more extensively resorted to in the future."

REASONING on this line, the authors of the Payne bill have provided for a minimum tariff schedule, which Mr. Payne believes will become "the universal tariff law in the United States." Then it is provided that any country which gives us as fair trade relations as it gives to any other country shall have this minimum tariff applied to its articles on their importation here. But for any country that persists in discriminating against our products in any way, a maximum tariff is applied, which is about twenty per cent. higher than the minimum. All existing reciprocity treaties are to be terminated and this maximum and minimum arrangement is to take their place. For sixty days after the passage of the bill, the minimum rate is to prevail. Then for every country still discriminating against us at the end of that time, the maximum rate is to go into effect.

IN THIS section of the bill many of the newspapers have thought to discern a "joker," by which the Payne bill, while appearing to revise the tariff downward, is in effect actually revising it upward. The minimum rate is to satisfy the consumers, they say, and to appear to meet President Taft's demand for lower duties; but the maximum tariff is to be the rate that is actually to obtain. "It is very hard," says the *New York Times*, "to look on the maximum and minimum rate contrivance as anything but a piece of rather clumsy humbug. . . . If this had been a deliberate device to nullify the reductions in the tariff, except as to our imports from England, it could not have been better adapted to its end." The point *The Times* urges is that if Germany, for instance, gives to any country the slightest concession, on any product, not given to us, then our maximum rate must



go into effect against Germany on all its products. In effect, it holds, this makes anything like specific and intelligent negotiation impossible. This view is held by other papers and forms much of the basis for the charge that the Payne bill is in fact a revision upwards.

THIS view of the case is, however, vigorously repudiated by Mr. Payne. He refers scornfully to the charge that this arrangement is a trick, and scouts the notion that other nations will choose a course that will bring the maximum rate into effect against them. Here is the way he puts it: "That great country of our cousins—the English—give us, as they give every other nation of the earth, equal trade relations, and from the very moment that this bill becomes a law until it is finally repealed Great Britain will be entitled to come into this country with its products precisely at the minimum rates in sections 1 and 2. Take her great rivals for our market, France and Germany; can they stand by and see Great Britain take up that trade and they do nothing? Will they enforce their maximum rate against us because we do not give them our minimum rate? Will they force our maximum rates on exports to this country and see Great Britain come in and take the trade of this market? Is there any man within the sound of my voice that supposes for a minute that France and Germany and the nations of the earth seeking our markets will not immediately avail themselves of the minimum rate which we offer in sections 1 and 2?" Our market, Mr. Payne further remarks, is the leading market of the world. We are the greatest buyers of any people on earth, consuming from one-third to one-half of the products of the world. It is "absolutely certain" therefore that the great nations will take advantage of the situation to secure for their products our minimum rates.

IN the general discussion of the bill, both in and out of Congress, there has been, so to speak, no core. It has been a discussion of details rather than a discussion of general principles. In this respect the bill has been unique. "This is no time," said the Democratic leader, "for an academic discussion of the tariff. Every tariff theory ever hatched in the brain of man has been discussed repeatedly in this country with thoroness and splendid ability. . . and it may well be



TANGLED

—Macaulay in N. Y. World.

doubted whether any member of the committee could make a better academic speech on the subject now than he has made in the past." This illustrates the singular situation. Discussion of the general principles of the tariff question, such as never failed in the past to call forth impassioned oratory, is now pronounced "academic," and gives way to a consideration of details. The *Springfield Republican* reminds us of General Hancock's remark that the tariff is a local issue, and says that, absurd tho the remark was at the time, the truth of it as the case now stands is being strikingly illustrated from day to day in the revision struggle at Washington. "It is a contest of local interests against which all attempts to draw party lines seem to be futile," "And what," the same paper goes on to ask,



ANOTHER KIDNAPPING?

—Macaulay in New York World.



"is the Payne bill itself but a mass of nice balancings of tax favors to special interests which the leaders cannot allow to be disturbed by promiscuous amending from the floor of Congress lest it be upset altogether? The talk of a scientific tariff is absurd. Such a tariff does not exist, never has existed, at least in our own time, and never will exist on an aggressive and extreme protection basis."

IT SOUNDS as tho the political millennium were drawing near to read praises in the free trade *Evening Post*, of New York, of a Republican bill drafted on avowed protection lines and supported by such old "standpat-ters" as Dalzell and Cannon. Yet in editorial after editorial, the *Post* has expressed a sort of amazed delight over the unexpected merits of the Payne bill. While Champ Clark was declaring that it is "the very worst tariff bill that ever was introduced into the House," *The Evening Post* was asserting that "even as it stands to-day the Payne bill must be confessed to be a more enlightened and promising measure than any tariff bill ever fathered by the Republican party," and "a measure which will bear comparison with the Wilson bill, and embodies a degree of tariff reform greater than we should have had any chance of getting had Bryan been elected President." And again this from the same paper:

"At last, the forgotten consumer is given a thought. After long years of argument, it has been beaten into the heads of high-tariff fanatics

that low duties mean both more revenue and more trade. And the old idea of universal, all-round protection, every single product getting its just recompense of reward in a perfectly equitable tariff, is now admitted to have broken down. . . . It would make not only hides free, but iron ore and coal; and the taxes on other raw materials it would cut down. This is the greatest single achievement of the Payne bill. It marks progress. Upon some of the hoariest absurdities and outrages of protection, it plants a heavy foot."

These opinions were expressed before the bill assumed the final form in which it passed the House. But the changes then made commended it to the same paper still more highly, and the Senate committee has carried the process of reduction still farther.

THE question is raised whether the Payne bill actually raises or decreases the average rates of duty. Champ Clark asserts, on the basis of a government document prepared by William W. Evans, assistant clerk, with the aid of government experts, that the average rates are raised 1.56 per cent. "The average rates on the Dingley bill," says Clark, "about which people were complaining and from which they wanted relief, were 44.16 per cent., and the average rates under the Payne bill are 45.72 per cent." There are, Mr. Clark admitted, many reductions in the bill, but "most of them are more apparent than real." While the rates on certain articles have been cut in two, yet, he claims, there remains as much protection on those articles as there ever was,



TWO WAYS OF FEEDING HIM

—Morris in Spokane Spokesman-Review.



inasmuch as the rates are still high enough to be prohibitive. The New York *Times*, which at first pronounced the bill "a more reasonable bill than any that has ever originated with the party of protection," and expressed the hope that it would be passed "without impairment," changed its note as it studied into the details and especially into the maximum and minimum contrivance.

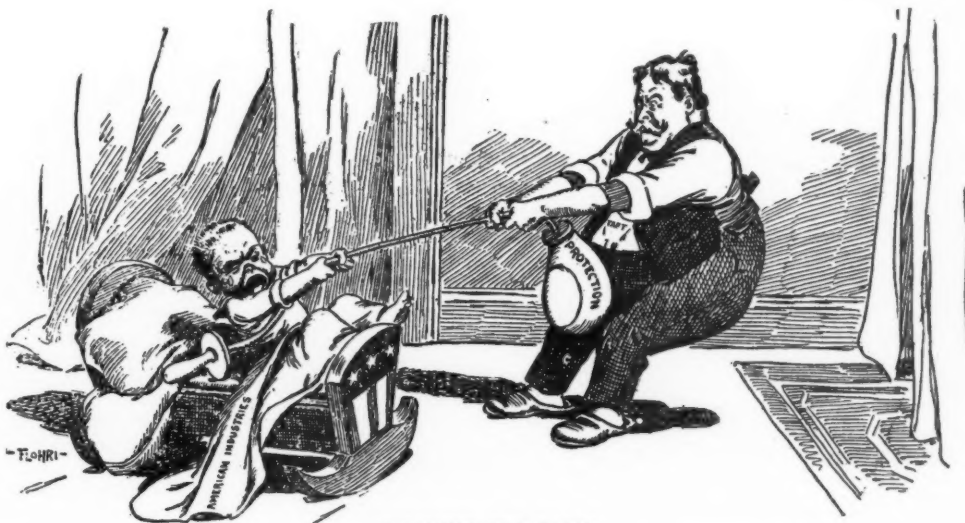
**T**HEN *The Times* reversed itself completely, saying that the bill so far from being the best, is the worst bill ever introduced. To quote:

"It is not going too far to pronounce the Payne bill dishonest because, prepared in performance of a pledge to reduce duties, it has with care and cunning been drawn in such a way as to raise them. In this respect its bad eminence surpasses any previous tariff bill. It is more disappointing to expectation than the commission bill of 1883, it is worse than the McKinley bill which brought down upon the Republican party the resentment of the people. It adds new extortions to those practised under the Dingley act. It disregards alike the needs of the Treasury and the demands of the people. It is not a bill, as it now stands, that President Taft could sign without a complete abandonment of the principles to which he has committed himself."

While Mr. Payne does not impeach the estimate on which Mr. Clark bases his charge of a revision upwards, he does repel, with considerable heat, the justice of the charge itself. The increase in the *ad valorem* duties

on the entire bill he admits to be about  $1\frac{1}{2}$  per cent.; but that is due, he asserts, to the transfer of articles of luxury now on the free list to the dutiable list, and the raising of rates, for revenue purposes, on other articles such as perfumeries, fancy soaps and kid gloves. The rates, he claims, have been lowered, on the whole, all the way through. "Any intelligent man can understand by reading the bill that the revision is downward," and the  $1\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. apparent increase is the result of an unfair method of calculation.

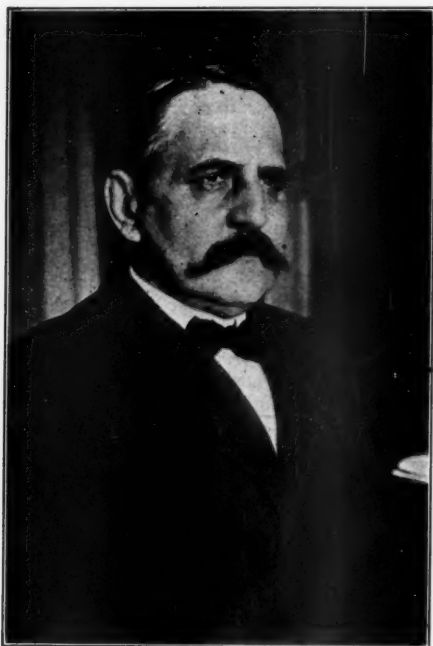
**W**HILE the Payne bill is thus presented as a revision downward, reducing the rates on lumber to one-half the present rates, cutting the rates on steel and iron heavily, putting hides, iron ore, wood pulp, coal and petroleum on the free list, making a considerable decrease in the rates on leather goods (25 per cent to 15 per cent. on boots and shoes), and slightly reducing the rates on woolens, there has been heard a loud feminine outcry against the increase of rates on women's gloves, hosiery, mercerized cottons, figured cottons, ribbons, feathers, furs and hair goods. Chicago clubwomen sent a delegation to congress with petitions signed by 500,000 women protesting against the glove and hosiery schedules. The federation of women's clubs in New York held a mass-meeting in the ballroom of the Hotel Astor to make the same protest. In Kansas City, Detroit and other places clubwomen took similar action. "The women of Utah have votes,"



WEANING THE BABY?

—Flohri in *Judge*.





THE BLACKSMITH WHO HAS BECOME A  
LEADER OF CONGRESS

James A. Tawney, of Minnesota, chairman of the committee of appropriations, is one of the men who toiled so laboriously in getting the Payne bill into shape, and upon whose aid Payne depended largely in fighting it through to success.

cries the Salt Lake *Herald*, "and their voices should be more potent in protest than those



A GOOD PETITION—PUSH IT ALONG—SHOW  
WHAT YOU CAN DO

—McCutcheon in Chicago Tribune.

of their sisters in the East. . . . Let the women of Utah be heard." The Chicago *Tribune* has been especially energetic in stirring the women up to action. It sees in the proposed advances a strong incentive to the adoption of woman suffrage: "It has been a pleasing superstition that the legislative interests of women are safe in the hands of men. Pass the tariff bill as it stands and the militant woman suffragists will say to their sisters: 'See what treatment you will get from law-makers as long as you have not the ballot with which to make yourselves respected.'"

IN 1892, according to an Illinois senator, the defeat of the Republican party in the presidential election was due to "the rise in tin peddlers' prices," and the New York *Times* warns the same party now that "the senseless and inexcusable burden placed on the millions of women in the land may have an effect that cannot be offset by free iron ore or lower duties on lumber." Marshall Field & Co., of Chicago, have sent a circular to the hosiery and glove trade protesting against the advance in rates and asserting that "to-day nearly 80 per cent. of the fashioned hosiery made in this country is sold by one commission house, which is mainly the interested party in securing an advance of 25 per cent. more, making the industry practically a hosiery trust." A leading dry goods house in Washington has inserted in its advertisements exhortations to the women to "object! object! object!" by writing to Chairman Payne. As the combat deepens, the otherwise rather dreary debate on "ad valorem" and "countervailing duties" and "draw-back provisions" and "ultimate consumers" and other strange things that fail to stir the emotions is enlivened by the ardor and rhetoric of the champions of the American woman.

ONE ex-president of the American Federation of Women's Clubs writes from Colorado to one of that state's representatives urging him not to increase the tax upon the family income "and thereby bring about the inevitable result of relegating America to the rank of the barefoot nations." The congressman receiving this heart-wringing appeal rose to the occasion. Said he:

"The woman of average means is now the possessor of two pairs of gloves—one for common everyday wear, the other for dress. Enact this schedule and she will be able to purchase only one





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#### TAKING THE VOTE ON THE PAYNE TARIFF BILL

The House is here in committee of the whole, Olmstead, of Pennsylvania, being in the Speaker's chair. The bill was adopted by a strict party vote, only one Republican voting against it and four Democrats for it.

pair. Is this fair or right? We gaze with unfeigned rapture on the lily white hands and tapering fingers of our wives, daughters and sweethearts. How can the daughter of Eve keep this precious and adorable portion of her body in good condition so that it will continue to compel the adoration of the sterner sex if she be deprived of the consolation and protection of the glove?

"And what man, sir, is brave enough to stand on this floor and vote to deprive lovely woman of the pleasure she derives by dressing her tiny feet in the sanctuary of her boudoir? Without a selfish thought and with no commercial interest to defend, I rise here and now seriously and emphatically to plead that this solar plexus blow of injustice be not delivered. I plead for the hand of woman, that angelic part of her that rocks the cradle, extends the cup of water to the wounded soldier, and fans the brow of the fever-racked invalid."

In the words of the up-to-date young college woman, that is "going some." While the House resisted this appeal, the Senate Committee has acceded to the demand of the club-women and replaced the Dingley rates on hosiery and gloves.

**B**UT there are women and women. While Congressman Rucker was thus discoursing on lily white hands, the women working in the hosiery mills of Philadelphia were getting ready for a parade to the railway station in

order to go to Washington on special trains, carrying banners such as these:

"FIFTY THOUSAND MEN, WOMEN, AND CHILDREN DEPEND ON THE MILLS FOR LIFE; THE MILLS MUST RUN."

"ALL WE ASK IS 1 2-3 CENTS MORE DUTY ON EVERY PAIR OF FOREIGN-MADE HOSE."

The manufacturers pay the bills, but the demonstration was first agitated, it is said, by the women themselves. The National Association of Hosiery Manufacturers has issued a statement denying that the proposed increase



FOR NINE AND A HALF HOURS HE WAS ON HIS FEET

It took the author of the Payne bill that long to explain, defend, answer questions and parry attacks.





"HUSTLE, MISTER, HUSTLE!"  
—Brinkerhoff in *Cleveland Leader*.

of duty will result in the addition of a cent to the price of women's stockings. And Chairman Payne has also issued a statement to the effect that all this agitation against a raise of rates is created by a number of department stores (he names nine of them) that maintain hosiery manufacturing establish-

ments of their own in Chemnitz, Germany. As for the increase of duty on gloves, he says: "We did it to build up an industry. Women could get along without the kid gloves, or fewer pairs of them, use silk gloves and cotton gloves, and all that sort of thing. They could keep their hands warm, altho they could not cover their pride. So we increased that duty. We believe that when this bill becomes law and is in full operation and before it is repealed, we will be making 90 per cent. of the women's gloves in this country." He points out that a similar increase in the rate on men's gloves was made in 1897 and has resulted in our manufacturing 90 per cent. of those gloves here, whereas we then manufactured but 5 per cent. "It transferred an industry, built up small cities and towns, and the price per pair of men's gloves in the United States, they tell me, is less than it was when we put on this duty in 1897." He wishes to do the same thing now with women's gloves. We make but 5 per cent. of them and import 95 per cent. By making the duty the same as that on men's gloves, he believes

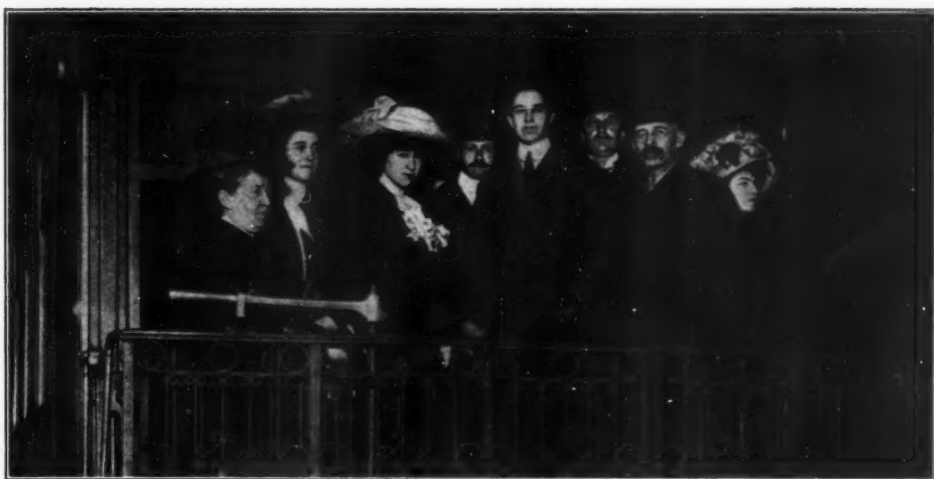


NOT A SHAVE; JUST A TRIM

"Oh! it won't hurt a bit; I'll just shape 'em up a little."

—Brinkerhoff in *Cleveland Leader*.





"THE COUNTRY IS GETTING ALONG NICELY AND IS SOON TO GET ALONG BETTER"

That is the optimistic note sounded by Edward H. Harriman, returning from his Pacific Coast trip. The tall young man with hat off is Mr. Harriman's son, W. Averell Harriman. Just behind him, on his right, is Mr. Robert Goellet, and the two young ladies on his right are Mr. Harriman's daughters, Miss Carol and Miss Mary.

work will be made in this country in a year or two for 50,000 more persons in that industry alone. There is likely to be a struggle between the House and the Senate on this part of the schedule. It has aroused more general discussion than any other detail.

THE course of the Senate finance committee with the Payne bill has, on the whole, been an agreeable surprise to the general public. During the progress of the bill through the House, gloomy predictions have abounded of the way in which the Senate would raise rates

to suit the trusts. As a matter of fact, Senator Aldrich's committee has made three times as many reductions as increases in the Payne bill rates. It has not only left the heavy cuts in the lumber schedule unchanged, but has added hard woods to the free list. It not only leaves tea and coffee on the free list, but it puts cocoa and spices there as well. It has restored the Dingley rates to hosiery and kid gloves, and has cut down the rates in the Payne bill on hats and bonnets by fifteen per cent. It has kept nearly all the heavy reductions in the iron and steel schedule, and has added



TO STRIKE OR NOT TO STRIKE

The coal miners have been trying to readjust their relations with the coal operators, and the fear of another coal strike has been hanging like a pall over industry. President Lewis, head of the miners' national organization, who is seated in the centre of the aisle, has cast his influence strongly against a strike, and to him is due largely the present hope of a peaceable end to the controversy.







remarks the Richmond *Times-Dispatch*, "will follow him to the uttermost corners of the earth. Columns will be written in the next year to prove conclusively that he couldn't make a campfire in three tries, that he can't tell a hippopotamus from a ring-tailed squealer without looking at the plates in the reference book, that every up-to-snuff faunal naturalist in Europe is quietly sniggering at him for an inflated ignoramus, and that not to save his immortal soul could he hit a flock of man-carrying balloons at five paces distance. Whatever he does or doesn't do, it is going to be dinned into his ears that he is doing or leaving it undone in the most bungling way ever noticed in these parts."

FIRST came the stories, told with much detail in the Spanish papers, of an assault made upon him by a steerage passenger. As soon as he learned of the report he made an explicit denial, the only basis for the tale being that a half-witted passenger approached him one day muttering and was hustled away. Then came the alleged interviews with him at Naples, published in the Parisian press. The correspondents described his cabin as filled with his own books and photographs, said that he talked about himself continually, declared that he had to build a great navy to calm the impetuosity of the young men of America and keep them from raising a war against Japan, and spoke in patronizing terms of Taft. "Evidently," says the Baltimore *Sun*, knowing the ways of reporters, "he refused to talk to the French correspondents, refused to admit them to his cabin, and in their pique they devised a Gallic revenge." In anticipation of something of the kind—for Mr. Roosevelt also knows the ways of reporters—he made this announcement in *The Outlook* just prior to his sailing: "Any statement purporting to have been made by me, or attributed to me, which may be sent to newspapers should be accepted as certainly false and as calling for no denial from me. So far as possible I shall avoid seeing any representative of the press, and shall not knowingly have any conversation on any subject whatever with any representative of the press beyond exchanging the ordinary civilities or courtesies."

IT IS thus obvious that the Ananias Club need not suffer from Mr. Roosevelt's tour. It ought to develop into an international organization before he comes back. "Aspiring individuals," remarks the New Or-



"NOPE, CAN'T SEE HIM YET!"

Donahy in Cleveland Plain Dealer.

leans *Times-Democrat*, "covetous of the lime-light and jealous of the great man who has for seven years monopolized it, who cherished the hope that Mr. Roosevelt's African trip would take him for a time out of the public eye and the newspaper headlines, are approaching, we fear, the worst disappointment of their lives." It proceeds to speculate:

"How will it be if at the precise moment when President Taft springs his plan for the circumvention of wealthy malefactors, Mr. Roosevelt announces his capture of the only living white rhinoceros? It does not seem unreasonable viewed in the light of past experiences, to expect that our strenuous friend may destroy the effect of an acquittal of New York newspaper men indicted for libel in Washington, by slaying a lion with his bare hands in the African wilds. If Congress, in a last desperate effort to capture the American audience, should vote to put all trust-made articles on the free list, its ancient enemy would in all likelihood choose that very moment to announce his discovery of the missing link, the lost tribes of Israel, or a live ichthyosaurus."

THE reception given the ex-President at Naples must have dispersed any lingering delusion that he might have had that the world contains any place where he can indulge in the luxuries of real privacy. On the way into the harbor, his ship was saluted with



the blowing of whistles, the fluttering of flags, the playing of many brass bands and the singing by bands of musicians of Neapolitan songs to an accompaniment of guitars and mandolins welcomed him to Italy. On the streets of Naples "great crowds" waited for him and cheered the automobile in which he rode, wherever he went, "with enthusiasm which astonished him." A letter from the German Emperor and a bunch of carnations in a crystal vase accompanying it were awaiting him. So was another letter from an American Roman Catholic prelate in Rome expressing the desire of the Pope to see him. So were "several thousand" other letters and telegrams from various parts of the globe. At Messina he inspected the ruins of the earthquake and the relief work being done by Americans, and had an interview with the king and queen of Italy. When he embarked in a small boat, at Naples, to go to the ship that is to take him to Africa, it was raining heavily; but, despite the rain, "the people gathered in crowds, the women kissed their hands to him, the children threw flowers in his path, and the men cheered wildly." As the *Admiral* steamed slowly out of the harbor, bearing this "privatest kind of a private citizen," King Victor Immanuel was seen standing on the bridge of his battleship, the *Re Umberto*, waving his hands while the big guns saluted and roared out their farewell.

IF THE recipient of all these honors feels himself in danger of developing a "swelled head"—tho "no more unassuming passenger" says the N. Y. *Times* special correspondent, "ever sailed the seas"—he might, as a precaution, send for the Socialist papers of the United States and read what they are saying about him these days. The article which he published in *The Outlook* on March 20 has aroused their scorn, derision and indignation. "For intemperance of language, untruthfulness of statement, misrepresentation of facts, fool and slanderous insinuations, and other features which belong to the lowest type of gutter journalism," says one of the Socialist papers, "this attack stands unique and unparalleled." Another Socialist writer remarks: "I see no use of mincing words about Roosevelt. Acquit him of being a fool and one convicts him of being a conscious intellectual crook. . . . He knew the facts, but, rather than print them, deliberately lied, not once but many times." This latter writer, Allan L. Benson, author of a Socialist book quoted by Mr. Roosevelt, has almost equally

warm words for Dr. Lyman Abbott for allowing the Roosevelt article to be printed.

MR. ROOSEVELT'S article—first of a series on the subject of Socialism—arraigns the Socialists for immorality. He admits that there is a number of hazy, nebulous Socialists who mean well and with whom there is not much need of discussion. "Those of them who are sincere," he remarks, "almost invariably suffer from great looseness of thought, for if they did not keep their faith nebulous, it would at once become abhorrent in the eyes of any upright and sensible man." But the thoro-going Socialists, the men who represent the doctrine in its most advanced form, "are and must necessarily be not only convinced opponents of private property but also bitterly hostile to religion and morality," occupying especially in relation to domestic morality "a position so revolting that it is difficult even to discuss it in a reputable paper." He refers to M. Gabriel Deville as one of the extreme French Socialists who announces that the Socialists intend to do away with both prostitution and marriage, which he regards as equally wicked, "by making unchastity universal." Mr. Roosevelt quotes Karl Pearson, whom he calls "a leading English Socialist," as follows: "The sex relation of the future will not be regarded as a union for the birth of children, but as the closest form of friendship between man and woman. It will be accompanied by no child bearing or rearing, or by this in a much more limited number than at present. With the sex relationship, so long as it does not result in children, we hold that the State in the future will in no wise interfere; but when it does result in children, then the State will have a right to interfere." The method of interference will be for the State to rear the children, usually in huge buildings like founding asylums.

AS FOR the attitude of Socialists toward property, Mr. Roosevelt finds it to be that each man shall have equal remuneration with every other man, no matter what work is done. He refers to a little book published in England, "The Case Against Socialism," for quotations from Socialist leaders showing that this is the position taken generally by them, and he quotes from Mr. Benson's book in this country, "Socialism Made Plain"—officially circulated—the following sentence: "Under the labor time-check medium of exchange proposed by Socialists, any la-



borer could exchange the wealth he produced in any given number of hours for the wealth produced by any other laborer in the same number of hours." Mrs. Besant is quoted to the same effect. Now under such a system, says the ex-President, nobody whose work was worth anything would consent to work at all unless he was forced to by "the most drastic possible despotism" on the part of the State. When Socialism of this advanced type was tried in France in 1792 and again under the Commune in 1871, we are told, it quickly and inevitably spread to include "not merely the forcible acquisition of the property of others, but every conceivable form of monetary corruption, immorality, licentiousness and murderous violence." He proceeds to combat the alleged doctrine of the extreme Socialists that all wealth is produced by manual workers, and therefore the entire product of labor should be handed over every day to the laborer. Every business, he contends, shows the vast importance of the part played by the guiding intelligence. "A great industry could no more be managed by a mass-meeting of manual laborers than a battle could be won in such fashion, than a painter's union could paint a Rembrandt, or a typographical union write one of Shakespeare's plays."

IN THE Socialist replies, the authorities cited by Mr. Roosevelt in support of his charges are derided as being no authorities at all. "In the whole course of his article," says *The Daily Call*, New York, "Mr. Roosevelt does not quote from a single recognized exponent of Socialist theory or a single recognized spokesman of the Socialist movement." Gabriel Deville, we are told, was once an active Socialist, but is now a "respectable" bourgeois politician who hates his old colleagues bitterly. Neither Pearson nor Mrs. Besant, it is further said, is a Socialist leader or has ever spoken with authority for Socialists. Mr. Benson himself denies that he is an authority on Socialism, altho he has written a book for American workingmen on the subject. The revolution in France in 1792, so far from being a Socialist revolution, says the *Daily Socialist*, of Chicago, "was the revolution that ushered in capitalism, and for its sins and its orgies the capitalist class alone is responsible." As for the doctrine that all wealth is created by the manual laborers and should be divided equally among them, the same paper asserts that "no Socialist ever dreamed of saying any such a thing."

THE most temperate answer to Mr. Roosevelt's article is to be found in *The Christian Socialist*, Chicago, April 1. He makes a few good hits, the editor says, and a lot of misses that would be pitiful if they were not so ludicrous. The editor asserts that in ten years' study of the leading German, Dutch, French, Italian, English and American writers on Socialism, he "cannot remember an instance where any of them taught that 'manual workers' alone are producers of wealth." Superintendents, inventors, artists, writers—all are included by Socialists in the class of real workers. Nor can Mr. Roosevelt find in any Socialist platform or standard book anything to justify his statement that under Socialism "each will put into a common store what he can and take out what he needs." But as for Mr. Roosevelt's charges that free-love and sex-immorality are supported by the advanced Socialists, *The Christian Socialist* admits that there is too much truth in the charge. Here are its words on this phase of the subject:

"There is little use of the Socialists tearing their hair, stamping and hurling the 'shorter and uglier word' at Mr. Roosevelt. He is somewhat unfortunate in his authority, for he might have quoted men more prominent in the Socialist movement, like Bebel. And he is particularly unjust toward Prof. Herron, whose life history is a real tragedy rather than a crime; especially as Roosevelt does not ostracize divorced Republicans and Democrats. Herron never was a free-lover and, so far as we know, never advocated it. But the charge that prominent Socialist writers have advocated free-love is true. And there is reason to believe that the charge that men and women prominent in the Socialist movement practice free-love (not merely get divorces) is also true.

"Of course there are Republicans and Democrats who advocate anti-religion and free-love and who practice moral obliquity in this regard; but the Republican and Democratic parties do not endorse such writings, nor are they advertised in *Republican and Democratic papers as propaganda books of their faith*. Whereas nearly every prominent Socialist paper in America has advertised such infamous free-love books as 'The Thoughts of a Fool,' presenting the statement of America's leading Socialist publisher, Charles H. Kerr, to the effect that *this book gives the best forecast of conditions that will prevail under Socialism*—a baser slander against Socialism than Roosevelt could possibly utter. And while Bebel's 'Woman Under Socialism' is frequently advertised as the greatest book on the subject yet produced, we have not observed a single Socialist editor attempting to rebuke Bebel's bald teaching of sexual promiscuity under Socialism."





PALERMO HONORS THE DEAD PETROSINO

It was here that the heroic policeman met death in the discharge of an extra-hazardous duty. Palermo is described as "the worst hole in Southern Italy for the Mafia." It is more than doubtful if the real assassins are ever punished.

**F**LAGS were at half-mast on the steamship *Slavonia* as it brought the body of Lieutenant Giuseppe Petrosino into New York harbor last month. Flags were at half-mast on the City Hall for the four days preceding his burial. Twenty thousand persons crowded to the bier as his body lay in state, and 1,200 policemen accompanied the hearse on the way to and from the burial services in the pro-Cathedral, while many thousands of spectators bared their heads in respect as the cortege filed slowly up Fifth Avenue. Wreaths were on the coffin from Palermo, there was a wreath from the King of Italy and there were other wreaths from the police departments of Baltimore and other cities. All this honor was paid an unlettered policeman, of humble rank, partly in appreciation of his martyrdom in public service, partly to emphasize the growing apprehension and detestation aroused by the Black Hand outrages committed by Italian criminals banded together more or less loosely in this country and in Sicily. It was in prosecuting his search for evidence against these criminals and to secure the coöperation of the Italian government with ours in bringing them to book that Petrosino lost his life. He was shot and killed instantly in one of the streets of Palermo, his assassins making good their escape. He knew that he was taking his

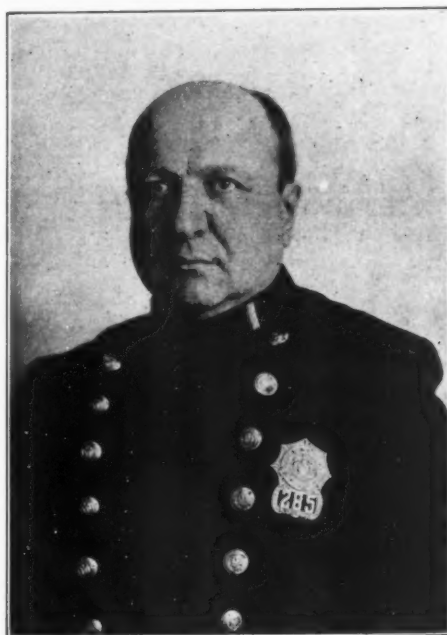
life in his hands. Palermo is described as "the worst hole in Southern Italy for the Mafia." Many of its worst criminals had been deported from this country by Petrosino's efforts. A few days before his death he wrote his wife that he thought he had been recognized in Palermo, and was glad his work was nearly done. He was right: it was indeed nearly done. Yet "all that Petrosino did in his plucky career," remarks the *New York World*, "had less advanced the fight with crime on society's behalf than did the manner of his slaying."

**S**INCE the first of January, there have been recorded in New York City 424 Black Hand cases and 44 bomb explosions. Lawyers, bankers, priests and ministers have been among the victims, and there have been so far but 36 convictions. Petrosino believed that these outrages were committed, not by a new and distinctive Black Hand organization, but by members of the Camorra and Mafia using this new phrase to inspire terror. In this country, he estimated, there are 30,000 members of the Camorra, 5,000 of them being in New York City. The Italian government has for years waged a futile conflict against this organization. It looks as tho the American government must set itself systematically to work to do the same thing. The vast majority of Italians in this country, however, are law-abiding and industrious. For the years 1904-1907, the records of the Court of General Sessions in this city show that out of 10,347 persons convicted for high crime, 3,657 (or 35.3 per cent.) were of foreign birth, and 873 of these (8.4 per cent.) were Italians. The foreign-born in New York number about 42 per cent. of the entire population, so that, according to these figures, there is a smaller proportion of convictions for crime among them than among the native-born. "Foreign criminality," says Francis J. Oppenheimer, "is actually more of a scare than a fact. It is a great bugaboo, the same as the Black Hand." He quotes Petrosino as saying that "as far as they can be traced, threatening letters are generally a hoax," written by inexperienced criminals. The Black Hand consists merely of independent malefactors who happen to frequent the same saloon, two or three of whom get intimate with each other and operate together. The one criminal organization in Italy, Mr. Oppenheimer insists (in a pamphlet entitled "The Truth About the Black Hand") is the Camorra, which exists in Na-



ples alone, not even exerting any influence in the suburbs of that city; and of the 2,690,174 Italian immigrants entering this country in the four years 1904-1907, but 17,837 of them were from Naples. There are in this country no Italian tramps, the Italian drunkard hardly exists, and according to the report of the commissioner-general of immigration for 1904, there were in the various penal institutions of the United States barely 75 Italians charged with grave crimes.

IN THE New York Times of March 28, appears an informing article on the Italian societies by "a veteran diplomat" whose name is not given. According to him, the Mafia as well as the Camorra is, in part, a criminal organization and extends throughout Sicily. "Petrosino's murderers," says this writer confidently, "will never be brought to justice and the important papers taken from his pockets by the police of Palermo never will be recovered; not because the police are confederates of the assassins, but because they neither care nor dare to lift a finger against them. The same influence will prevent the magistrates from making a real investigation and "it is doubtful whether any one of the persons already arrested is really connected with the tragedy." They are more likely to be innocent persons who have incurred the enmity of the Mafia. These statements, the "veteran diplomat" is aware, will be derided by Italian officials serving their country abroad, for "they know that it is as much as their place is worth to admit that any such thing as the Mafia or the Camorra exists." Senator Count Codronchi, from the north of Italy, we are further told, was appointed by the King as high commissioner of Sicily for the express purpose of stamping out the Mafia there. He was driven into retirement "by political forces still more potent than those of his sovereign." The entire population of the island was banded together in defense of the Mafia, and it commanded the support of high officials, even of cabinet ministers, and every Sicilian deputy and senator. Here is Count Codronchi's sworn statement made a few years after his retirement, in the trial of Palizzolo, political "boss" of Palermo: "It [the Mafia] exercises its baneful influence on all in Sicily. All fear it. And in order to secure their property and persons people are compelled to submit to its behests. . . . Its power knows no obstacles, not even at the hands of the government. Read the description of the Bravi in the 'Promessi Sposi' and



HERO AND MARTYR

Lieutenant Petrosino, of the New York police force, shot down in Palermo because of his activity against Black Hand criminals, was buried with high honors a few days ago. The king of Italy sent a wreath, and the flags on all municipal buildings in New York were put at half-mast.

you will have a slight idea of the might of the Mafia." General Mirri, formerly minister of war, is also quoted to the same effect. He said in the Italian parliament: "The Mafia is composed of a swarm of ruffians, who dishonor a beautiful island, sucking its very life blood and dishonoring it in the eyes of the world. I know what I am talking about, for I was in military command of Sicily in 1894."

THE explanation given by this writer of the Mafia's power is that Sicily sustains to Italy somewhat the same political relation that Ireland sustains to England. The Mafia is in large part a patriotic organization; but there is a higher and a lower Mafia, the lower being at the service of the higher, and attending to the murders, the blackmailing, and the robberies ordered by the organization. "The veteran diplomat" continues as follows:

"The Mafia is a mixture between a cult, such as the Japanese Bushido and a great secret order such as that of Freemasonry. Thus the various low Mafia lodges are permitted to work along their own lines in ordinary matters, but are ex-





A BLACK HAND GANG

This group of tough-looking citizens was recently operating in Fairmont, West Virginia, as a Black Hand lodge for purposes of blackmailing. The whole band has been arrested, on complaint of an Italian fruit merchant.

pected to defer to the lodges of the high Mafia in matters of importance, such as parliamentary, provincial, and municipal elections, in the persecution and punishment of those who have offended the order, etc. In return they are able to rely upon the protection of the more influential *Mafiosi*, when involved in difficulties with the authorities; and, if compelled to absent themselves for a time from their island, can depend upon being well recommended in those countries in which they seek refuge."

When last year Palizzolo, whose record was known to Commissioner Bingham, visited America, Petrosino was appointed to shadow him. To the enmity of the "boss of Palermo" thus incurred, is probably due, in great measure, the writer says, the fate that overtook the brave policeman in the dark streets of Palermo.

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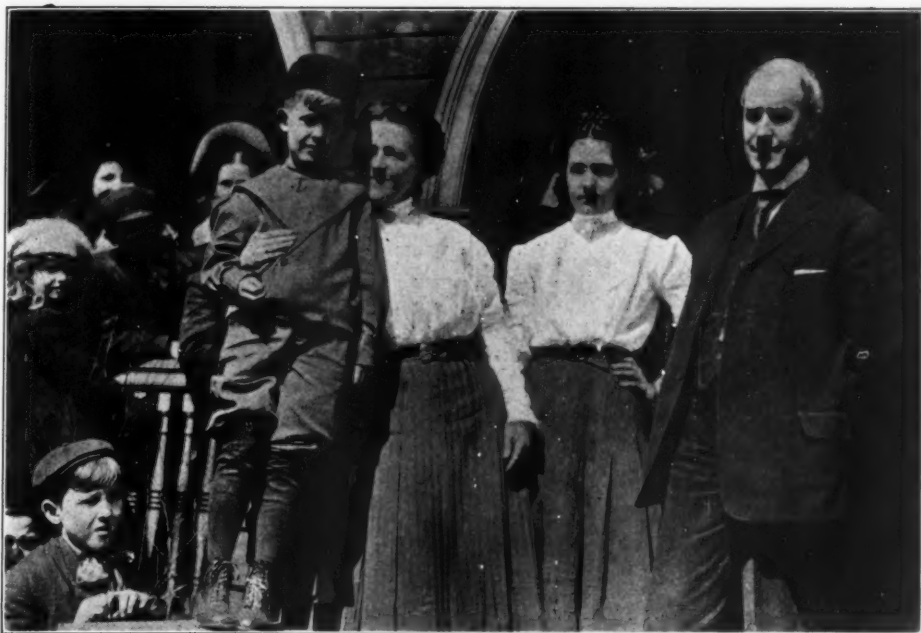


EE!" remarked a small boy in Sharon, Pennsylvania, after the return of the kidnapped boy, Willie Whitla, to his home,—  
 "Gee! but it's a great thing to be kidnapped." The small boy may think so, because he is a small boy; but there has been no crime committed in this country for years that has so aroused the indignation of parents. That the lad in this case was well treated and eventually returned safe to his mother's arms has not mitigated the feeling of anger. The real suffering in a case of this kind is not

that of the child but of the parents, and Mr. Whitla's act in technically "compounding a felony" by the payment of the \$10,000 demanded as ransom is censured by no one. This particular case ended happily. The man and woman who did the kidnapping were caught with the marked money on their persons. Nearly all the money was recovered. The boy was taken back home, cheered by crowds on the way, a hero to be envied by every other, small boy in Sharon. But the journals of the land continue to discuss the best way to punish kidnappers hereafter and several legislatures have been wrestling with the same subject. The legislature of New York State has passed, practically without opposition, a bill increasing the penalty of such offenses to fifty years in the penitentiary. The police authorities of Chicago have forbidden the moving picture shows to exhibit pictures of kidnappings. The subject is one that comes close home to parents everywhere, for the Whitla case, while it received unusually wide publicity, is but one of a number of such cases that are being reported. In one day's chronicles in the daily papers of the country during the Whitla case excitement, there were five other cases of kidnapping recorded.

IN THE *New York Evening Post*, a correspondent advocates as a punishment for the kidnapper the same penalty inflicted upon the first of murderers—the branding iron. Let the letter K be branded low on the fore-





"GEE! BUT IT'S GREAT TO BE KIDNAPPED"

This is a picture of the Whitla family reunion, the kidnapped boy with his happy mother's arm around him, and his father and sister by their side. No case of kidnapping since the days of Charlie Ross has so stirred the country.

head of the criminal, then let him be turned loose to meet the living death that would await him in society. The *Times-Union* of Jacksonville, Florida, jumps at the suggestion and urges its adoption upon the legislature of that state. "Perhaps," it remarks, "if a Southern state offered branding as a terror to the kidnapper we might be accused of cruelty, but would not threatened parents be inclined to seek safety in Florida?" The Springfield *Republican* thinks that no more can be said for such a penalty in the case of kidnapping than could be said for it in cases of murder. In a tribal state of society it might be a good thing, for such a society can cast out its dangerous characters and send them to wander alone in the wilderness. But they would to-day remain of necessity in our midst, "rendered tenfold more dangerous from the desperation of the situation forced upon them." Prisons, it thinks, are to us what the wilderness was to Israel and long prison terms are the thing for kidnappers.

ANOTHER suggestion that has been made is that kidnapping be made a capital crime punishable by death. But this, the *Public Ledger*, of Philadelphia, thinks, would

be of very doubtful wisdom, for this reason: "In states where capital punishment has been provided for burglary the practical result has been to place householders in deadly fear, because they know that when the burglar is aware that he is to be executed if caught, he will not hesitate to do murder rather than be taken. If a kidnapper is to be put to jeopardy of his life he will assuredly destroy the 'best evidence' against him in the person of the innocent child." The Cleveland *Plain Dealer* takes the same view and regards the demand for the death penalty as a somewhat hysterical demand. In addition to the increased peril to the child, it thinks, the conviction of the kidnappers, when caught, would be rendered much more difficult, especially if one of them chances to be a woman. Juries now "almost invariably ignore the evidence and strain every nerve to avoid bringing in a verdict against a murderess."



BEARING nearly 250,000 signatures of wives and mothers, the monster petition of the female anti-suffrage league against the Pankhurst project of votes for women was presented to the House of Com-



mons a few weeks ago. Many days had not passed when the Prime Minister felt impelled to decline hearing a deputation from the Woman's Social and Political Union organized for the special purpose of impressing upon the mind of Mr. Asquith that votes for women must not be delayed. There was a tart correspondence between Christobel Pankhurst and the head of the ministry. The austerity of tone in which Miss Pankhurst arraigned the conscience of the British government for the time being was reflected in the epistolary stiffness of Mr. Asquith's reply that, so far as he was aware, no new facts have been adduced with respect to the controversy over woman suffrage, "nor has there been on the part of the government any change in their stated intentions with regard to this question." In the circumstances, therefore, the Prime Minister ventured to think no useful purpose would be served by his reception of a deputation. This ultimatum elicited the assurance from Miss Pankhurst that she would be false to the most glorious cause for which woman ever sacrificed all that woman holds most dear if she did not send the deputation in question down to the House of Commons. The communication was immediately referred to the police, between whom and the Pankhursts a perfect but far from cordial understanding now exists. To the tune of the Marseillaise, the deputation fought its way through police lines clear into Parliament Square, only to wind up, according to precedent, in the police station.

AS MANY as twenty-six suffragettes were released from terms in jail on the eve of these events, the most conspicuous among them being the well-born and socially prominent Lady Constance Lytton. While in durance, this latest heroine of the crusade, being deprived of ink, scratched her arm with a pin, dipped a toothpick into the wound, and made notes of her reflections. Her incarceration had not changed this lady's views on the suffrage question. Her attachment to the cause when she went to prison was weak, she avowed, in comparison with what it had become when she got out. The enthusiastic listeners, all affiliated with the militant wing of the movement, pledged themselves to keep the agitation alive, tho they all spend another term in Holloway Jail. Notwithstanding, the verdict of the London press generally seems to be that the acute phase of this agitation has passed. It has definitely failed, asserts the *London Times*. The packed and sympathetic

audiences gathered by women speakers opposed to female suffrage are held to be conclusive on this point. Prominent members of the House of Commons have been more emphatic in ranging themselves against woman suffrage.

ALTHO admission fees far from nominal were charged when the Women's National Anti-Suffrage League held its demonstration in the British metropolis contemporaneously with the Pankhurst rush of last month upon the Commons, the hall was completely filled. The chair was taken by Mrs. Humphry Ward, who was accompanied by the illustrious regenerator of Egypt, Lord Cromer, by Austen Chamberlain, once in the cabinet of Mr. Balfour, and many of the best known men and women in English life to-day. Mrs. Humphry Ward called attention to the immense success, as she deems it, of the anti-suffrage movement among the women of Great Britain. She and her sympathizers have held meetings all over the kingdom. Signatures to their anti-suffrage petition are still pouring in. "That was a preliminary answer to the Prime Minister, who last year demanded more information than was yet available as to the real opinion of the women of England on this question of the suffrage." Mr. Asquith had asked for less agitation and for more facts. The anti-suffragists had accumulated facts, Mrs. Ward said. They meant to go on doing so.

ALLUDING to some results of the great agitation in behalf of votes for women, Mrs. Humphry Ward insisted that the female population of the British isles remained unmoved by it. "The militant suffragists might rush the House of Commons, but the women anti-suffragists are strong enough to prevent them from rushing the constitution. They were bringing home the real meaning of the suffragist agitation to hundreds of thousands of women to whom it was before but a name, who had been vaguely inclined to it but had never at any time been made acquainted with the reasons against it. This league was making them acquainted with these reasons. The woman suffragist movement for the first time in over forty years was confronted with a strong and organized opposition. Thus Mrs. Humphry Ward, whose remarks were loudly cheered by the vast gathering of women who had assembled to show their sympathy with her. The lady was interrupted now and then by an occasional emissary from the Pankhurst camp.





THE SERAPHIC VIRGIN OF WOMAN SUFFRAGE

This recent photograph of Miss Christobel Pankhurst, the most conspicuous leader of the woman suffragists in England, reveals the physical vigor which enables the young lady to lead her militant supporters in rush after rush upon the Prime Minister's home and the British House of Commons.



**T**ERRIFIC as is the guise in which the naval panic of the past few weeks has overpowered the British imagination to the very remotest regions of that empire upon which the sun never sets, it had its origin in a quite accidental discovery by Reginald McKenna that Emperor William is building all-big-gun battleships by stealth. In his official capacity as First Lord of the Admiralty the suave but careless McKenna confessed to a crowded House of Commons that Germany would have no less than seventeen all-big-gun battleships of high speed in less than three years—to be exact, by April of the year 1912. For a political convulsion paralleling the upheaval that ensued in the alarmed comment not alone of the London press but of the newspapers of the whole British Empire from Toronto to Melbourne, the mind must revert to that "vast, tremendous, unformed spectre" which, according to Burke, arose "out of the limb of the murdered monarchy" at the great collapse of Bourbon France. Whether one turns to the *Melbourne Age*, most venerable and cautious of all organs of antipodean opinion, or to the *Toronto Globe*, the restrained and reticent exponent of ministerial Canadian standpoints, or to the interminable columns of the *London Times* itself, sentiment has been unanimous. England is within measurable distance of her deposition as mistress of the

seas. Even the warring factions making up the heterogeneous Asquith majority in the House of Commons—Liberal, labor, socialist—seemed for the nonce to have become solidified into what is known to French politicians as a block. A naval appropriation of unprecedented magnitude was the first result.

**N**OTHING summarizes the press opinion of the whole of the British Empire upon the sensational debates of the month in the House of Commons so well as the deliberate utterance of the temperate *London Spectator*. "The whole nation realizes," it says, "that the object of the great increase in the German fleet is to fight our fleet, and everywhere people are wondering how they could have been so foolish as not to realize this before." Strange—indeed incredible—as it may seem to those Americans who have not studied English press opinion of late, it seems nevertheless true that no British organ in touch with the national sentiment disputes the verdict of the *London Spectator*. "As long," it says, "as Germany's navy was obviously greatly inferior to our own, it might be argued that the battleships which it was intended to fight were those of France, of Russia, of America. The rapid expansion of the German navy in the last two years has made this view of German naval affairs untenable. Germany passed her other rivals, with the possible exception of America, several years ago and the present astonishing activity of her shipyards can have only one explanation. The new ships are being built to fight our ships." No authoritative dissent from this view found expression anywhere in England.



ANGELS OF PEACE

"I should like to clasp your hand, but before I can do so you must remove your boxing glove."

—Munich *Simplicissimus*.

**W**HAT distinguished this British naval panic from those panics which have preceded it in the present generation is the stimulus it derives from those advocates of disarmament who have heretofore frowned upon expenditure for battleships. The paper addressed by Frederic Harrison, for instance, to the Positivist Society and recently printed in their *Review*, has disconcerted his Liberal friends. For Frederic Harrison, the greatest pacifist of this generation, has within a month become the most uncompromising Jingo in England, warning his country of that terrible war with Germany which he foresees within no long time. "Our national existence," he writes in the *London Times*, in a two-column letter to which that great daily devotes large type and an editorial leader, "I make bold to say, may be in peril within less than a genera-



tion from the tremendous navy now being hurried on in Germany." Frederic Harrison, it should be explained, has spent many years in Germany, conversing with Germans and reading their periodicals. Two of his sons in their professional careers have been trained in Germany and have made Germany their home. No living Englishman is better acquainted with the empire of William II or is deemed a higher authority on its affairs. The sensation of Mr. Harrison's unexpected sounding of the tocsin is the most marked feature in the general din of Socialist warnings against Germany, labor warnings against Germany and even suffragette warnings against Germany. Mr. Harrison interprets sober-minded opinion with such authority that his prediction of a German descent upon England, echoing views now universal in London, is already the classic of the crisis.

UNLESS some war not at present foreseen or a revolution in international morality should intervene, it seems inevitable to Mr. Harrison that Great Britain's supremacy at sea will be met by a determined German challenge "within measurable time." Emperor William will have allies in the conflict. "It is an antagonism like that between Athens and Sparta, Rome and Carthage, Spain and Britain, Germany and France, one which seems independent of persons, even of the will of peoples, to be borne on by the elemental springs of national destinies." It is conceivable to Mr. Harrison that within so short an interval as ten years the world-power of Great Britain may meet with catastrophe. "If the coming challenge to our maritime supremacy were to threaten simply the diminution or the loss of some overseas dependency, I for one should not regard this as tantamount to national ruin." The blow, when it falls, will be upon the heart of the empire—London. "The German navy is not built for distant voyages. It is built only to act as the spearhead of a magnificent army. This army, as we know, has been trained for sudden transmarine descent on a coast." The coast is that of England.

IT IS this "certainty," as Frederic Harrison calls it, which compels him to modify the anti-militarist policy he has consistently maintained for forty years past. "The conditions are now changed; new risks involve fresh precautions." To him it is now no question of loss of prestige. It is no question of the shrinkage of the British Empire. It is Brit-



German Tar—"We don't want to fight, but, by Jingo, if we do,  
We've got the ships, we've got the men,  
We've got the money, too."

John Bull—"I say, that's MY old song."

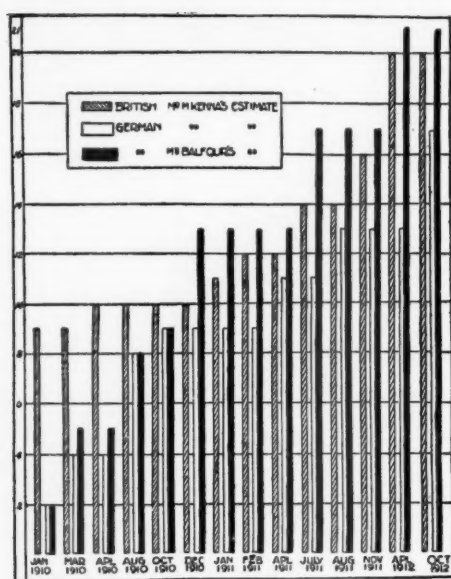
German Tar—"Well, it's mine now."

—London Punch.

ain's existence as a foremost European power and even as a thriving nation. "To talk of friendly relations with Germany and the domestic virtues of the Fatherland is childish. Who in 1860 imagined that Prussia was to be the dominant power in Europe? Who in 1864 imagined that she was to defeat Austria? Who in 1868 foresaw that in two years she would be in Paris? Who in 1888 dreamed that she would be our rival at sea?" If ever Britain's naval defense were broken through, adds this prophet of calamity impending, the ruin would be such as modern history can not parallel. "It would not be the Empire but Britain that would be destroyed." Famine, social anarchy, incalculable chaos in the industrial and financial world—these things Mr. Harrison makes the potentialities of what he foresees.

THE voice of Reginald McKenna, as he unfolded to the House of Commons details of an unsuspected naval expansion in Germany, inflamed the Jingo passions of all parties. "It will be regarded as axiomatic," to reproduce the words of the First Lord of the Admiralty, "that our island position, the extent and dispersion of our empire, the magnitude of our trade, oblige us, so long as we are equal to the task, to maintain a navy ade-





COMPARISON OF DREADNOUGHTS

"The above diagram," to quote the *London Standard*, from which it is copied, "shows a comparative table of British and German Dreadnoughts and Invincibles at different dates. The figures at the side denote the numbers of Dreadnoughts; those at the side denote the numbers of months and years; while the sets of three columns show the British Dreadnoughts (lined columns) at the dates, as opposed to Germany's Dreadnoughts. Mr. McKenna's estimates of German Dreadnoughts at the various dates are shown by the white columns, while Mr. Balfour's estimates are denoted by black columns."

quate in strength to insure our shores from invasion, our empire from hostile attempts and our trade from destruction in war." It was noted that in the cheering with which Mr. McKenna's speech was punctuated, the labor members and the socialists made themselves most audible. The limits of the British fleet, proceeded Reginald McKenna, must be established by the naval expansion of other powers. "We can not take stock of our navy and measure our requirements except in relation to the strength of foreign navies." Amid the profoundest silence, Mr. McKenna, who never spoils an exordium by the fastidious superabundance of his oratorical preliminaries, mentioned Germany.

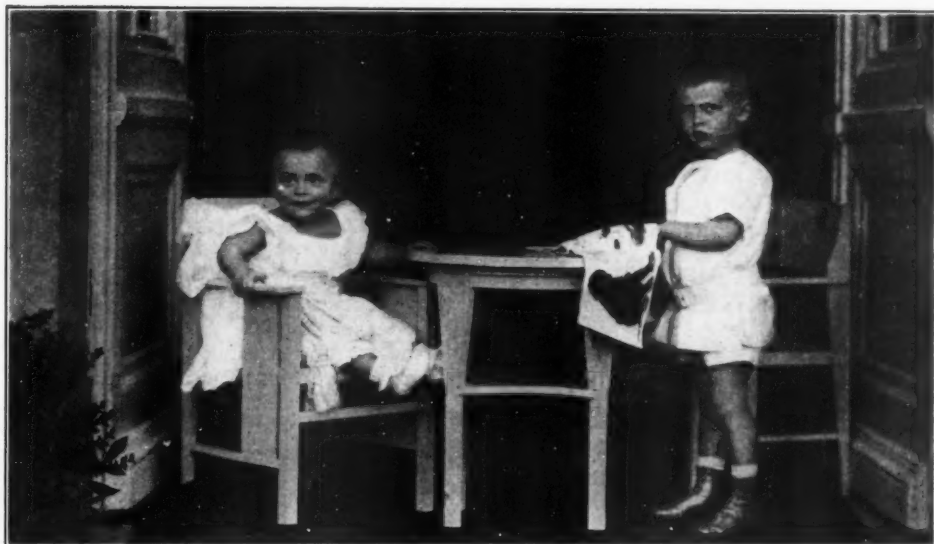
HAVING pointed out that several powers are developing their naval strength with rapidity just now, Mr. McKenna added—"but none at a pace comparable with that of Germany." He reminded the Commons that when the naval appropriations were submitted to the house a year ago, Great Britain had seven battleships of the Dreadnought class

and three cruisers of the mighty Invincible class either afloat or in course of construction. These were all to be completed by the end of next year. "At that time Germany was building four Dreadnoughts and one Invincible, of which two Dreadnoughts were expected to be completed by the end of the present year and the remaining three ships in the autumn of 1910. Thus, at that time, we had a superiority in these classes of ships of ten to five in the course of construction with the additional advantage that the whole of ours were expected to be completed some months in advance of the last three of the German ships." The new German fleet bill had at that time become law, and, according to Mr. McKenna's interpretation of its provisions, three Dreadnoughts and one Invincible would have been laid down by the end of next year.

THE financial provisions of the German navy bill were such as to lead the British admiralty to think no work would be commenced on the huge new ships for Emperor William's fleet until the month of August of last year and that they would not be completed until February of 1911. This time last year, therefore, the Asquith ministry—loudly professing a disarmament policy—was contemplating five German ships under construction and four more to be commenced about August last and commissioned early in 1911. "In view of this state of affairs," said Mr. McKenna, who had fixed the attention of his auditors by the vigor with which he grasped his subject, "the government and the House of Commons last year approved a program of two large ships to be laid down at such times as would give to this country a total of twelve of these new ships as against a possible completed German total of nine. In the face of last year's program no one could with any fairness charge this government with having started on a race of competitive armaments." By example as well as by precept Britain sought disarmament. She failed.

THE difficulty in which the Asquith ministry finds itself placed at this moment is that it does not know—as it thought it did—the rate at which German warship construction is taking place. "We now expect," said the First Lord of the Admiralty, "that the four German ships of the 1908-09 program will be completed, not in February, 1911, but in the autumn of 1910." Mr.





EMPEROR WILLIAM'S GRANDCHILDREN

These two sons of the German crown prince are aged respectively three years and a year and a half. The oldest of the lads is to be brought up in the army, like his father and his grandfather; but the younger of the two will be put in the navy—a circumstance helping to convince the English of the naval megalomania of the Hohenzollern dynasty.

McKenna professed to be informed, moreover, that the collection of material and the manufacture of armaments in Germany—guns and gun mountings—have already begun for four more ships, which, according to the navy law, belong to the program of 1909-10. Great Britain, therefore, has to take account of the new situation in which she reckons not nine but thirteen huge new ships completed by Germany in 1911 and in 1912 such further ships as may be begun in the course of the next financial year, or laid down in April, 1910. Here, then, as summed up in a discourse that has spread panic to the confines of remotest Britain beyond the seas, are the elements of the catastrophe which Frederic Harrison describes and which the *London Times* affirms already exposes the empire of Edward VII to "sudden, complete and irremediable ruin."

THIS discourse of Reginald McKenna's, in the matured opinion of the *Paris Gaulois*, has inaugurated an all-big-gun battleship competition "destined to eclipse in fierceness any contest for supremacy in armed strength to which history can point." The speech of the First Lord of the Admiralty, chimes in the *Paris Journal*, has made an epoch. Germany has definitely taken her place as the second naval power of the world. Nothing

could have been more effective, in the opinion of the *Paris Figaro*, than the subtle tribute paid "for the purposes of imperialism" by Reginald McKenna to the extraordinary growth in capacity to build giant warships which Germany is displaying. "Two years ago there were in that country, with the possible exception of one or two docks in private yards, no slip capable of receiving a Dreadnought. To-day they have no less than fourteen such slips and three more are under construction. What is true of the hull of the ships is true also of the guns, the armor and the mountings." Two years ago anyone familiar with the capacity of Krupps and other great German firms would have ridiculed the possibility of their undertaking the supply of the component parts of eight battleships in one year. To-day this production, as Mr. McKenna told the Commons, is a "realized fact." It would tax the resources of the greatest British firms to retain Albion's supremacy in rapidity and volume of construction. The United States could not, by ten years of the hardest straining, according to a writer in the *London Times*, place itself on a level with Germany in this respect.

BY reason not only of the sensational import of his subject matter but the lucidity with which he treated it, the First Lord of



the Admiralty is now greeted among his constituents as a coming Prime Minister. Amazing sureness of judgment, impeccable acquaintance with details, lucid and strong argumentation, sustained power in presentation, moderation of tone, circumspection of rhetoric blended with boldness of inference—with these qualities of a distinguished oratory he held captive the attention of ministerialist and opponent alike during several wearing hours. Yet the dramatic climax came only when that old parliamentary hand, Arthur James Balfour, so long Prime Minister himself, rose to reply. That Socialist group in the Commons to which he is so fond of referring as "a medley of Saintsimonianism, Quixotism and a bastard Liberalism, dazzling with words and destitute of ideas," refrained pointedly from participation in the applause that hailed the lean and cadaverous Balfour, as his skinny forefinger indicated the pale-faced Asquith. "The Germans laid down eight Dreadnoughts last year." That was the beginning of his exordium. The House ceased to cheer. Every eye fixed itself upon the Prime Minister, for whom, according to the *London Post*, this was the crowning shame of a long career. If Germany laid down eight Dreadnoughts last year, the fact had been concealed from England, concealed from the British Admiralty, concealed from the German nation itself. The inference was that William II possessed facilities for secrecy unparalleled by the subtlest achievements of the Sphinx.

OFFICIAL Berlin, proceeded Mr. Balfour, took quite a different view of The Hague conference from that taken by the British government. He paused to permit the outburst of ironical laughter to die away. The whole House knew how Mr. Asquith, seated among his supporters, quivered inwardly, for whenever the leader of the opposition says "the British government" he means the Prime Minister himself. "While the British government," went on Mr. Balfour, "were deliberately reducing their program in view of a perfectly imaginary and illusory general reduction of armaments, the German government, in the first place, refused to assent to any such general reduction and, in the second place, logically and naturally occupied all the time we expended in nursing empty hopes and vain expectations, not only in building ships but in what is far more important, making enormous preparations, with immense expenditure upon plant, machinery,

slips and docks, which has put them, as the right honorable gentleman preceding me has admitted, in a position compared with us in which no nation up to the present time has ever yet been."

IN SPITE of what had happened as a result of The Hague conference, in spite of the immense German potentialities and of German output, said Mr. Balfour, the British government reduced the program of three all-big-gun battleships to two. Hence, during Mr. Asquith's three years of office, instead of having turned out four Dreadnoughts each year, his Majesty's government produced three the first year, three the second year and two the third year. "In the debate upon the naval estimates of last year, we pointed out the extraordinary state of peril in which we were likely to be in 1911. The Prime Minister, who followed me, perfectly apprehended the point we endeavored to make, and gave his own statement of the policy of his government." (The statement by Mr. Asquith thus referred to was that if Germany anticipated the building of battleships through speed of construction, Great Britain, on her side, would lay down extra battleships.) By April of 1911, proceeded the ex-premier, Germany will have thirteen Dreadnoughts. If she lays down four ships this year before July she will add four to that number in 1911. She will then have seventeen.

ABOVE the hubbub of this unexpected intelligence, the voice of Reginald McKenna was heard to the effect that Germany would not lay down the four extra battleships. "My information is that they were laid down!" cried Mr. Balfour. The discord was now a din. The House of Commons, amid the darkness in which the First Lord of the Admiralty had left them groping, took refuge first in laughter and then in cheers. "The information that I had given to me," Mr. Balfour fairly shouted, "was that these ships were laid down last year." He accused Reginald McKenna of being so ignorant of what concerned his department vitally as to be unable to affirm or deny that Germany had begun four all-big-gun battleships without the knowledge of the outside world. "It is not very easy to know what the Germans are doing," declared Mr. Balfour, amid a profound silence brought about by a sudden sense of the mystery connected with the four clandestine ships. "When did the government discover that the Germans were laying down



their four ships in November? When did the government discover that the Germans deserved the warm eulogy passed upon them by the First Lord of the Admiralty in regard to the immense and unprecedented development of their powers of turning out these great battleships?" As Mr. Balfour resumed his seat after going so directly to the point, it was the verdict of the Commons that never had his elocution been clearer, his gestures nobler, his attitude firmer, his language more convincing. Any effort to unhorse him as leader of the opposition, as leader of the Conservative party in England, must henceforth, says the *London Post*, be a labor in vain.

A PROFOUND hush succeeded as the Prime Minister himself arose. It has been said of Mr. Asquith that in debate he has always more courage of intellect than dauntlessness of soul. The sea of debate had been too boisterous for him and now his lips seemed a trifle blue and his face very livid. He has aged greatly in office. The invincible respect he is accused of entertaining for his own abilities is said to leave no room in his soul for anything but self-complacency even in the amazement of finding out that his government had been caught napping by that of the Hohenzollern. But all this is the opposition standpoint. He said now things which commend him warmly to partisan papers like the *London News*, for he was brave enough to admit that he blundered. "The right honorable gentleman said," began the Prime Minister, "that in the speech I made exactly a year ago, in which I expressed our sanguine view as to what the state of things would be in 1911, I made two assumptions which have not been verified by subsequent experience. I got my information from the best possible sources and I said that the German paper program was a program that might not be realized and certainly could not be exceeded. That has turned out not to be true." Here the Prime Minister paused and for fully half a minute there was tense silence. Mr. Asquith had plunged head foremost into the ocean of a crisis in which he sank again and again, according to the *London Mail*, only to deny as he came to the surface that he was a drowning man. The opposition already think they see the doom of the ministry.

THE rise and progress of the British naval panic has been studied in Berlin partly with professions of unconcern and to some extent with manifestations of wonder. Ad-

miral von Tirpitz, the most eminent naval constructor in the world, who is in Berlin what Reginald McKenna is in London—official head of the navy department—at once affirmed that Germany in 1912 would have not seventeen but thirteen all-big-gun fighting ships. He could not imagine what data might have inspired Mr. Balfour's vision of seventeen anticipated Dreadnoughts. The theme has been taken up with spirit in the semi-officially inspired organs of German policy like the *Kölnische Zeitung*. "Of ships of the Dreadnought type," it says, "not one has yet been completed in Germany. Up to the present only the battleships Nassau, Westfalen, Rheinland and Posen have left the slips. They will be completed in the period between the autumn of this year and the spring of next. Then the first large armored cruiser will be launched at Hamburg. Its completion can not be expected before the summer of 1910. That is to say, five ships of the kind in question." There are on the stocks, it says further, three battleships and a large cruiser. These ships will be ready for service in 1912—thirteen Dreadnoughts and Invincibles. "Mr. McKenna spoke of the acceleration of the German shipbuilding program. As Admiral Tirpitz stated not very long ago to a Reichstag committee, it is, as a matter of fact, true that the naval administration has given out to private firms the two battleships asked for in the estimates of 1909." But this was done to save money. By giving the vessels out in advance, the German government got the benefit of low prices for material, according to the *Kölnische Zeitung*. There have been dismissals on a large scale of workmen from the shipyards. By letting contracts at once, the distressed condition of the labor market was relieved. "From this circumstance alone, absence of any military ground for the giving out of the ships in advance becomes absolutely clear."



REVIVING the spirits of his adherents in Venezuela by a sudden return to the Caribbean, Cipriano Castro, self-styled Napoleon of the Andes, found himself, much against his will, aboard a steamship headed for that old world he thought he had left for good a few weeks previously. President Vicente Gomez, still at the head of the government in Caracas, was willing, but afraid, it is hinted, to take a measure of expulsion which would involve a final rupture





THE MAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY

Kept in suspense for no land wants him.

—Thorndike in *Baltimore American*.

with his predecessor in office. The alleged connection of Castro with the family of Gomez, and some remnants, perhaps, of grateful sentiment for past patronage, besides a dread of adding to the numbers of the disaffected in the republic, kept Gomez irresolute. He actually offered to permit the landing of Castro on Venezuelan soil. The Napoleon of the Andes preferred to make a Caribbean island his asylum and had planned a provisional descent upon Trinidad until the British authorities there refused him leave to land. Castro was wrought to a pitch of excitement so high that he stigmatized this as the most unprovoked and furious persecution ever directed against the innocent. He ascribed everything to his successor, Gomez. "It was I who placed him in his exalted position," he is quoted as affirming during his sojourn at Martinique, "and badly has he requited me." This is a reference to the edicts excluding Castro's supporters from all public offices and especially from command in the army.

CASTRO, during the dramatic interlude of his recuperation in Berlin, made many boasts of the state of his health. During this period of convalescence he was called upon to decide, as he told the *Paris Figaro*, not whether the Venezuelan republic should be subverted, for Gomez had already achieved

that end, but whether he should proceed to the establishment of a new constitution at Caracas on the general principles of reason and freedom. Castro resolved that from the ruins of the republic fragments were to be collected for the reconstruction of the political edifice. Gomez, by favoring the great corporations upon which Castro waged war, retained the seeds of reviving despotism at the roots of the tree of liberty. Agitated by these reflections, Castro suffered a relapse in the Caribbean. He was too weak even to put on his clothes in Martinique when informed that the French line steamship was off shore to take him back to Europe. A corporal's guard from the local garrison procured a stretcher upon which the sometime dictator was borne, between lines of spectators, to the Spanish main. Castro's friends among the crowd evinced some disposition to riot. The incident has been treated with much license by the Venezuelan partisans of the fallen executive, who describe the hero as reduced to begging for his bread among the Dutch.

ONE account of Castro's physical condition, widely circulated in the past fortnight, represents him as on the verge of the grave from the after effects of an organic malady which has plagued him for years. This is explained in the *Paris Journal* as the secret of the willingness of Gomez to permit his predecessor in the presidential dignity to land on Venezuelan soil, where indictments for crime hang over his head. The Napoleon of the Andes has so many partisans in the land of his exploits, on the other hand, that his arrival in Caracas might entail such a climax as that of Paris when Napoleon returned from Elba. Dreading the contingency, according to our Paris contemporary, the Foreign Offices of London, Paris and The Hague concerted with the Department of State in Washington the measures which Castro found so summary. President Gomez has, in Caracas, the confidence of the solidly respectable elements of society; but his government, according to the *Paris Temps*, is anything but popular with the peasantry of the mountains, the political adventurers and the professional makers of civil war. Even should Castro be kept permanently out of Venezuela, in the opinion of the French daily, revolution in the capital is almost a foregone conclusion before many months have elapsed. Gomez is already inflaming the patriotic by what they suspect to be a fawning attitude to Europe.



ONE of the most unequivocal diplomatic triumphs of modern times, as the London *Telegraph* calls it, became an accomplished fact last month when humiliated Serbia formally recognized the annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina to the dominions of the Hapsburgs. Nicholas II, the vacillating Russian Czar who deems himself the guardian of Slav ambitions, swallowed this bitter pill after a series of imperative menaces—or so the definite tale runs—addressed to him by Emperor William. It was, as the Rome *Tribuna* thinks, a clean cut issue between little Serbia backed by the Dual Alliance and defiant Austria upheld by the Triple Alliance. The direct parties to the conflict had fallen into the background. Nominally Serbia did the yielding. Actually, as the London *Telegraph* avers, Russia was the defeated party. "There is no pretence—for Russia rarely dissimulates—that her compliance with demands presented to her almost at the point of the bayonet was spontaneous or gracious. The government of the Czar realized that the country was not ready, either from a financial or a military point of view, to engage in a deadly and protracted campaign and she rightly decided that to plunge Europe into war without a reasonable prospect of securing victory for the cause of international morality and justice would be in itself a crime." Nicholas II bowed to the arbitration of arms, for William II had persuaded the autocrat that the logic of events was against the Slav by merely exhibiting the Teuton's strength. France is rumored to have plainly told the Stolypin ministry that she could not risk herself in the field this year for a war on behalf of Serbia.

THE reiterated insistence of Great Britain, France and Russia upon a conference of the powers at which Austria's defiance of the treaty of Berlin in seizing Bosnia-Herzegovina should be discussed is thus flouted. "Baron von Aerenthal," to quote the officially inspired version of what has taken place, "declared from the outset of this long crisis that Austria-Hungary would not consent to appear at any conference unless it were assembled merely for the purpose of ratifying an accomplished and unalterable fact." The aged Emperor Francis Joseph has been dominated by the heir to his two thrones, the Archduke Francis Ferdinand, who had the Emperor William behind him. When the Archduke becomes the official head of the House of



THE DEPOSED CROWN PRINCE OF SERBIA

George Karageorgevitch was forced to give up his position as heir to the throne of Serbia in order to avoid the suppression of the dynasty by Austria.

Hapsburg, predicts the *Paris Journal*, his prestige from this triumph alone ought to make him the most influential sovereign in the world. Yet let him beware! The London *Telegraph* utters that warning. "Let it be granted that he succeeds in securing the formal recognition of the annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina without submitting the flagrant violation of the treaty of Berlin to the judgment of the signatories; that he imposes harsh terms upon Serbia as punishment for suffering national injury at his hands, and that he satisfies the uneasy conscience of Italy by making some trifling concession to Mon-



tenegro—at what cost will he have purchased his victory?" He has made a bitter enemy of Nicholas II, who, for the first time in years, is about to travel beyond the confines of his dominions for the sole purpose, it is whispered, of laying the grievance personally before one or two of his brother sovereigns.

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**R**ESHT, one of the most important cities of northern Persia, was wholly in the hands of the revolutionaries a month ago. Shiraz, near which are the tombs of Sadi and Hafiz, revolted from the Shah immediately after the capture of Resht. The forces of the Persian sovereign have carried the siege of the important city of Tabriz to such lengths, on the other hand, that the revolutionary commander there had to evacuate much of the town, but at last accounts was holding his own within the heart of the place. Suburban Tabriz may at any moment be overrun with tribesmen, in which event, according to the correspondent of the *Paris Temps*, "there would ensue scenes of pillage and massacre which must horrify the world." The corpulent little Shah remains invincible in his determination not to restore the constitution, but he appears to have lost wholly what little control he ever had over the troops fighting nominally under his orders. The miseries of the population in the larger towns as city after city revolts, falls, is recaptured, besieged

afresh, given up to plunder or made the theater of pitched battle in the streets, has become so keen that a large percentage of the Persian population is dying of starvation or disease.

**W**ITH one day's despatches from the front flatly contradicting those of the previous twenty-four hours, and with the facts further confused by last month's charge in the British House of Commons that all newspaper despatches are "mutilated" in the Shah's interest, little credence can be given the story that the Russian troops in Teheran are to take the field against the rebels. The mere rumor has excited those elements in British politics which concern themselves with the unrest throughout India. Persia is Great Britain's next door neighbor in India, as Mr. H. F. B. Lynch told the Commons a few weeks since, "and the frontier of Baluchistan, which we administer, marches with the frontier of Persia for no less than four hundred miles." If Persia falls into the hands of Russia, as many a British publicist seems to fear, Great Britain would have to defend that frontier. It presents no natural obstacles in the shape of mountains. "With the handful of men we keep in India," said Mr. Lynch in the debate inspired in the House by the progress of the civil war, "it would be impossible to defend a frontier of that nature." England must "write off" her Indian Empire.




SCENE IN TEHERAN AFTER AN ENGAGEMENT BETWEEN THE SHAH'S FORCES AND THE REVOLUTIONARIES

The battles between those who wish the constitution and those who are resolved to hold it in abeyance grow more and more violent, the civil war assuming last month so sanguinary an aspect that talk of European intervention is becoming definite in Paris and London.



# Persons in the Foreground

## THE SIMPLICITY OF MR. ROCKEFELLER

F THE world is to judge John D. Rockefeller, in the years to come, by his autobiography, just published,\* he is going down into history as one of the most simple-minded men that ever rose to prominence. If the simplicity is assumed, not real, as some insist, then the man is one of the most accomplished artists in duplicity that ever stepped out into the sunlight. Whichever way one may look upon him, he is still something of a problem. It is not easy to fit such utter simplicity of nature into the rôle that he has played. To mix in the world as he has mixed, pitting himself against clever, powerful, unscrupulous men of business and always winning out; to start into a fiercely competitive business with but \$700 capital of his own and to gather headway from the first that no one ever could check, until he became the most dominant financial figure on the continent; to escape all the traps and pitfalls that are laid in the course of such a man; to choose his associates with an almost unerring skill; to dominate them and control the workings of one of the most complicated business machines ever constructed; to fight his rivals to a standstill over and over again; to bring great banks and railroad systems on their knees to him; to turn one of the most hazardous and uncertain forms of business into one of the solidest and most reliable financial enterprises ever reared—this is a rôle in which simplicity is not expected to play much of a part. Yet, on the other hand, to imagine that he is merely playing a part, that he is a sheer hypocrite, a monster of duplicity and yet has succeeded in deceiving his closest friends and in keeping their personal regard, has kept his personal record clear of scandal and has contrived to find enjoyment in the simplest and most innocent forms of diversion,—this also is nearly unbelievable. Either way the man is a sort of miracle, a miracle of simplicity or a miracle of duplicity.

What could be more naïve than the explanation in the preface of his book:

"It has not been my custom to press my af-

fairs forward into public gaze; but I have come to see that if my family and friends want some record of things which might shed light on matters that have been somewhat discussed, it is right that I should yield to their advice, and in this informal way go over again some of the events which have made life interesting to me.

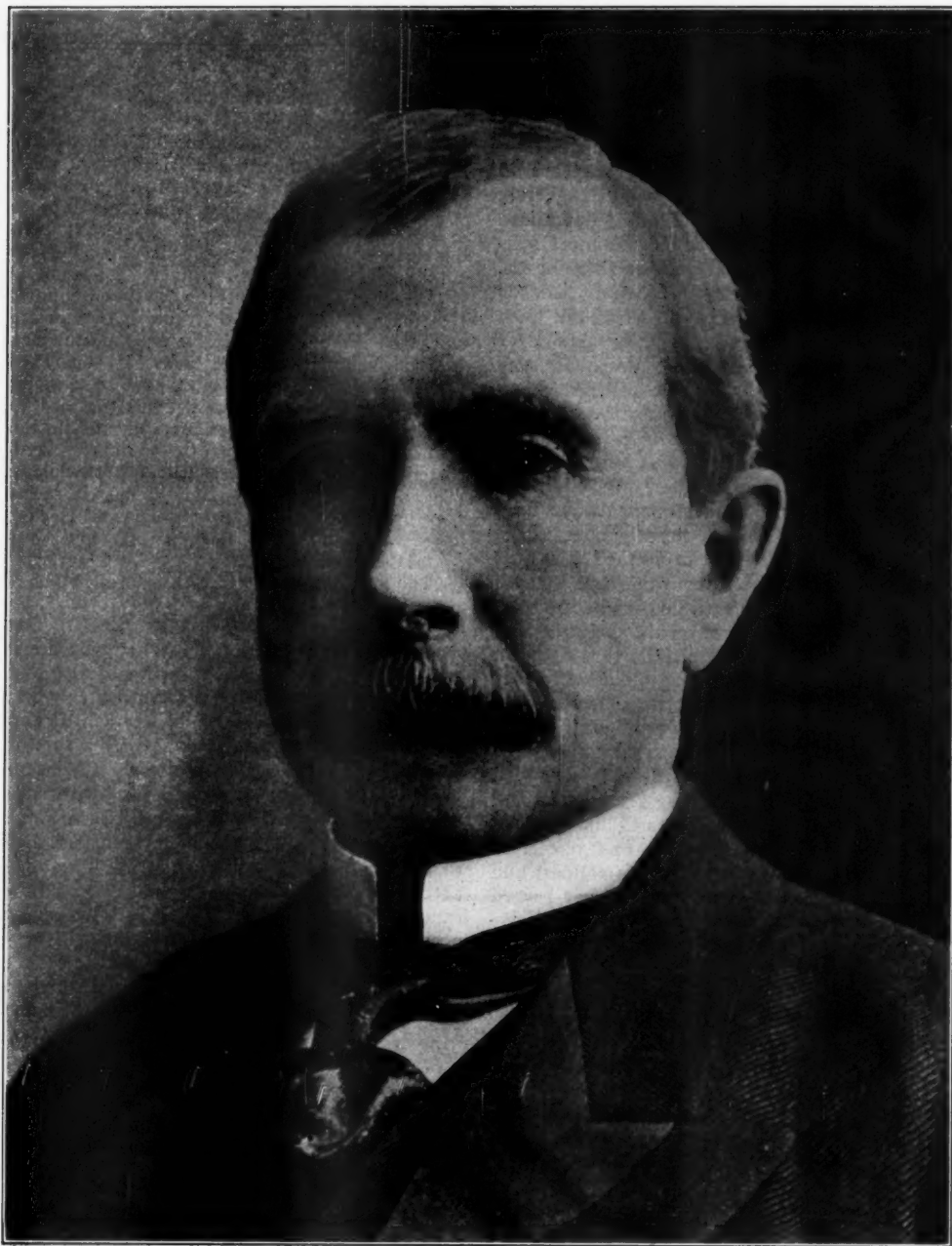
"There is still another reason for speaking now: If a tenth of the things that have been said are true, then these dozens of able and faithful men who have been associated with me, many of whom have passed away, must have been guilty of grave faults. For myself, I had decided to say nothing, hoping that after my death the truth would gradually come to the surface and posterity would do strict justice; but while I live and can testify to certain things, it seems fair that I should refer to some points which I hope will help to set forth several much-discussed happenings in a new light. I am convinced that they have not been fully understood."

If that is posing, it is very artistically done. It is the art that conceals art. Throughout the book there is a freedom from boasting and egotism, and when he does display a little elation over some event, it is done with a sort of bashful shyness. Here is one of the few paragraphs in which he speaks of his own qualifications: "Of detail work I feel I have done my full share. As I began my business life as a book-keeper, I learned to have great respect for figures and facts, no matter how small they were. When there was a matter of accounting to be done in connection with any plan with which I was associated in the earlier years, I usually found that I was selected to undertake it. I had a passion for detail which afterward I was forced to strive to modify."

It is this commonplaceness that renders the book remarkable. He does openly display pride in one place. He hired an expert landscape architect to lay out the grounds at Pocantico Hills. When he received the architect's plan, he sat down and worked out another plan of his own. Then: "'Look it all over,' I said, 'and decide which plan is best.' It was a proud moment when this real authority accepted my suggestions as bringing out the most favored spots for views and agreed upon the site of the house. How many miles of roads I have laid out in my time, I can hardly

\*RANDOM REMINISCENCES OF MEN AND EVENTS. By John D. Rockefeller. Doubleday, Page & Company.





MR. ROCKEFELLER AT THE HEIGHT OF HIS POWER

This was John D. Rockefeller before he found out he had a stomach, before he lost his hair, before he retired from the active direction of the Standard Oil, and before he manifested his present inclination to enter into friendly personal relations with the public. This is the Rockefeller who made history. The present Mr. Rockefeller writes it.



compute, but I have often kept at it until I was exhausted. While surveying roads, I have run the lines until darkness made it impossible to see the little stakes and flags."

That is the most boastful passage in the book! In another place he does say, "I had been unusually fortunate when I came face to face with men in winning their friendship," but the statement is almost necessary to the story he is telling of an interesting business transaction in his early days. In fact, all the patting on the back that he gives himself is for the achievements of his early days, much as a man might talk of a younger brother who long ago died. Here is another of these little revealing touches: "As our successes began to come, I seldom put my head upon the pillow at night without speaking a few words to myself in this wise: 'Now a little success, soon you will fall down, soon you will be overthrown. Because you have got a start, you think you are quite a merchant; look out, or you will lose your head—go steady.' These intimate conversations with myself, I am sure, had a great influence on my life. I was afraid I could not stand my prosperity, and tried to teach myself not to get puffed up with any foolish notions."

Strange to say, Mr. Rockefeller has nothing whatever to say about his religious feelings. He does tell of his activity, when he was but seventeen or eighteen, in raising a church debt; but there is nothing in the book that the most microscopic critic can interpret as cant or sanctimoniousness. He makes no display of virtuous habits and takes no credit to himself for benevolence. There is, in fact, hardly a line of criticism of others, either express or implied, such as one looks for from a Pharisaic man. Here is the way he speaks of his own critics: "Criticism which is deliberate, sober and fair is always valuable and it should be welcomed by all who desire progress. I have had at least my full share of adverse criticism, but I can truly say that it has not embittered me, nor left me with any harsh feeling against a living soul. Nor do I wish to be critical of those whose conscientious judgment, frankly expressed, differs from my own. No matter how noisy the pessimists may be, we know that the world is getting better steadily and rapidly, and that is a good thing to remember in our moments of depression or humiliation."

Taking a passage of this sort out of its context gives it perhaps an undue importance. Such things are said by him in an incidental way that robs them of the appearance of any

self-conscious vanity. The note of optimism in the above quotation appears again and again. Mr. Rockefeller seems to have taken for his motto, Concerning the living and dead, nothing but good. "I am naturally an optimist," he admits, "and when it comes to a statement of what our people will accomplish in the future, I am unable to express myself with sufficient enthusiasm." And again: "I confess I have no sympathy with the idea so often advanced that our basis of all judgments in this country is founded on money. If this were true, we should be a nation of money hoarders instead of spenders. Nor do I admit that we are so small-minded a people as to be jealous of the success of others. It is the other way about: we are the most extraordinarily ambitious, and the success of one man in any walk of life spurs the others on. It does not sour them, and it is a libel even to suggest so great a meanness of spirit."

Mr. Rockefeller gives a recipe for business success. Like most recipes of the kind, it is easy to read but hard to apply.

"The underlying, essential element of success in business affairs is to follow the established laws of high-class dealing. Keep to broad and sure lines, and study them to be certain that they are correct ones. Watch the natural operations of trade, and keep within them. Don't even think of temporary or sharp advantages. Don't waste your effort on a thing which ends in a petty triumph unless you are satisfied with a life of petty success. Be sure that before you go into an enterprise you see your way clear to stay through to a successful end. Look ahead. It is surprising how many bright business men go into important undertakings with little or no study of the controlling conditions they risk their all upon.

"Study diligently your capital requirements, and fortify yourself fully to cover possible set-backs, because you can absolutely count on meeting set-backs. Be sure that you are not deceiving yourself at any time about actual conditions. The man who starts out simply with the idea of getting rich won't succeed; you must have a larger ambition. There is no mystery in business success. The great industrial leaders have told again and again the plain and obvious fact that there can be no permanent success without fair dealing that leads to widespread confidence in the man himself, and that is the real capital we all prize and work for. If you do each day's task successfully, and stay faithfully within these natural operations of commercial laws which I talk so much about, and keep your head clear, you will come out all right, and will then, perhaps, forgive me for moralizing in this old-fashioned way."



It is all as simple as bread and butter, and even for giving this much advice on a subject on which he certainly can claim to be an expert, he grows apologetic; but there is no touch of sanctimoniousness either in the apology or the advice, and there is no assumption of superiority. Here is another passage in which a sanctimonious nature would have been almost sure to reveal itself to a discerning eye:

"The mere expenditure of money for things, so I am told by those who profess to know, soon palls upon one. The novelty of being able to purchase anything one wants soon passes, because what people must seek cannot be bought with money. These rich men we read about in the newspapers cannot get personal returns beyond a well-defined limit for their expenditure. They cannot gratify the pleasures of the palate beyond very moderate bounds, since they cannot purchase a good digestion; they cannot lavish very much money on fine raiment for themselves or their families without suffering from public ridicule; and in their homes they cannot go much beyond the comforts of the less wealthy without involving them in more pain than pleasure. As I study wealthy men, I can see but one way in which they can secure a real equivalent for money spent, and that is to cultivate a taste for giving where the money may produce an effect which will be a lasting gratification."

Such is Mr. Rockefeller in his autobiography, simple, sincere, modest, kind, hopeful, generous with his praise for others, claiming nothing for himself,—in fact almost an embodiment of St. Paul's eloquent description of Charity.

Is this the *real* Rockefeller, or is the real Rockefeller found in the sketch given a few weeks ago in *Collier's* by E. Lloyd Sheldon? In that sketch, Mr. Rockefeller is represented as a canting old hypocrite who is making a constant bid for popularity. Mr. Sheldon talks of his "ostentatious Christianity." "You cannot be with Mr. Rockefeller a quarter of an hour without knowing from his own lips not only that he is a follower of Christ but also that he is an eminently devout one." Mr. Sheldon goes on to narrate his experience on his first visit to Mr. Rockefeller. It was on the golf-course, Mr. Rockefeller being attended, as usual, by several preachers.

"Almost the first words after he had greeted me were: 'Are you a college man?'"

"Upon my affirmative reply, he asked: 'What college?'"

"Harvard," I replied.

"Isn't that an un-God-ly place?"

"Then, as if perfectly assured that it was, he waited for no response, and remarked to the clergymen: 'There is too little of Christ's teachings in that institution, too much of freethinking philosophy. I much prefer the smaller religious colleges in the West—Oberlin, for instance. There religion and study are mingled so as to produce God-fearing men and women.'

"Don't you think so?" he asked.

"Most emphatically, Mr. Rockefeller," both clergymen agreed.

"Our talk turned to social settlements.

"Those in New York City make a grievous error in not bringing Christ into their work more," he asserted. "Do you not think so, Doctor?"

"The Protestant minister was starting after his ball, which he had just driven, but he stopped to say: 'A grievous error, Mr. Rockefeller, a grievous error indeed.'

"The host, pleased with the reply, smiled and nodded his head.

"They should be outposts of Christianity," he continued. "In fact, we ought never to do anything without bringing Christ into our work."


"So he went from tee to tee, constantly regaling us with religious platitudes—always eager to refer them to his clerical companions, and always pleased with the devout echoes."

In the midst of this scene, one of Mr. Rockefeller's secretaries came with a business matter growing out of the panic. After a short conference in low tones, the secretary was dismissed, Mr. Rockefeller calling out in a harsh voice: "Remember! Tell them I did not take an option on the \$5,000,000 to last the life of the country." As he said this, Mr. Sheldon writes, "the lines of his face became tensely drawn, his eyes winced shrewdly, and his thin lips were so compressed there seemed no heart in the man."

It is not a pleasing picture, just as it stands; but whether the portrait is a realistic or impressionistic painting, each reader must decide for himself. It may be noted, however, that this was Mr. Sheldon's *first* interview with Mr. Rockefeller, and a Harvard graduate who is told at the beginning of an interview that his university is an ungodly institution may not be in just the best mood to interpret aright the pious discourse in which Mr. Rockefeller and his preacher-friends seem to have indulged. At least this must be said, that in Mr. Sheldon's sketch Mr. Rockefeller is portrayed as a very unskilful, bungling, inexperienced sort of hypocrite. There is nothing of the artistic in his pose. If *that* is the real Rockefeller, then who is responsible for this autobiography? That is the work, as we said in the beginning, either of an artist in duplicity or of a man of the utmost simplicity of character.



## THE GERMAN CREATOR OF THE BRITISH NAVAL PANIC

T NO time in the long official career of the Secretary of State for the Imperial German Navy, Admiral von Tirpitz, did the prodigious memory for which he is so famed display itself with a more consummate mastery of the details of every fleet in the world than when he confronted, a few weeks ago, the excited budget committee of the Reichstag in Berlin. The newspapers of all England were full of von Tirpitz, whose prowess as a builder of all-big-gun battleships had taken the English Prime Minister completely by surprise and occasioned the most exciting series of debates heard in the House of Commons since the accession of Mr. Asquith to power. The difficulty in which Mr. Asquith found himself, thanks to Admiral von Tirpitz, was that he did not know, as he thought he did, the rate at which German battleship construction is taking place. "We know," to quote the words of Mr. Reginald McKenna, who is the spokesman of British naval policy in the Commons, "we know that the Germans have a law which, when the ships have all been completed under it, will give them a navy more powerful than any in existence. But we do not know the rate at which the provisions of this law are to be carried into execution." Neither, it seems, did the Reichstag nor its budget committee. The revelation in the British House of Commons that Germany was building Dreadnoughts in a sort of clandestine way amazed Germany not less than it amazed England. There was a loud invocation of Admiral von Tirpitz.

Scarcely a naval expert in the world, whether he be on the staff of the *London Times* or but an occasional contributor to the *Rome Tribuna*, would dissent from the view that Admiral Alfred von Tirpitz, most illustrious of living Ministers of Marine, has stamped upon this epoch of world politics its characteristic "note" of naval power. "He is," to quote the *London Mail*, "the real creator of the German fleet." Facing the members of the Reichstag committee in the uniform of his high rank, the six-foot, long-bearded sailor looked very much less than sixty altho his age now exceeds the three-score limit. Not once did he refer to a memorandum or an official register as he replied to query after query in the courteous, dignified and low-voiced style habitual to him. It

is said of von Tirpitz by the Berlin *Vorwärts*, and most authorities agree, that he can repeat by rote the name of every battleship in the world, giving its tonnage, its date of construction, its displacement and the details of its armament. He is intimately acquainted with the resources of every shipbuilding yard on the face of the earth. He stunned the Reichstag committee by the ease and accuracy with which he rattled off the details of the naval appropriations made in the past five years by all the first-class powers. There was not a trace of the braggart in the tone of his declaration that Germany would go her own way in the evolution of her fleets, regardless of disarmament proposals from any quarter. Rightly or wrongly, Admiral von Tirpitz is held responsible in the press of the whole of Europe for the uncompromisingly forward constructiveness which has lifted the fleet of William II from insignificance to a power portentous to the mistress of the seas herself. Reacting on the naval policy of every great power, the energy of von Tirpitz may thus be said, in the words of the *Paris Figaro*, to have inspired the great battleship competition of the nations for supremacy on the water. This old salt, in truth, has long been the scapegoat of those aspirants for universal disarmament who see in the contemporary craze for Dreadnoughts an unheeded warning of a period of barbaric conflict yet to come. No one could be more wedded to the all-big-gun battleship than the ranking officer of the German fleets.

In manner, as in appearance, Admiral von Tirpitz reveals the lowliness of that origin which has always made him so anomalous a personality among the men who sway the mind of his imperial master. Altho not exactly of plebeian birth, von Tirpitz sprang from a humble family in the March of Brandenburg, where his father long held an obscure local dignity. The "von" did not appertain to the Tirpitz name until the bearer of it had attracted attention to himself by an almost monomaniacal insistence upon the theory that imperial Germany meant fighting ships. Alfred Tirpitz at sixteen was a raw-boned, awkward rustic who had never seen the sea and whose aged father, in sheer despair of ever making much of such a lout, put him aboard one of the frigates comprising the royal navy of Prussia. The boy had re-



ceived what we would call a high school education, altho the critics of the great admiral to-day are fond of insinuating that he could not speak intelligible German when he entered the service and has never succeeded in acquiring the language since. There is certainly much that seems uncouth in the Admiral's mode of conveying his ideas, but his friends in the navy league insist that he has merely the bluntness and the heartiness of the old salt.

The other explanation, and one finding favor with all scions of ancient houses, is that he loathes the well born. It took him four years to win his way to a lieutenantcy at a time when the younger sons of Prussian territorial aristocrats got all the good berths in the service. By the time he was twenty-five Tirpitz had formed the methodical habits which made him what he is to-day—a punctual, regular, systematic being, ever on the alert to keep his next appointment. He seems to have a craze for detail and exactness. He is down to breakfast every morning by seven, according to one account of him in the *Vienna Neue Freie Presse*, and he expects all official reports for that day to be on his table by that hour. Immediately after breakfast, which meal engages him just half an hour, he takes refuge in a huge apartment off the dining room, fitted up with models of every sort of gun and torpedo that can be utilized aboard a battleship. Here the admiral receives the great capitalists and employers of labor who, from one end of Germany to the other, are eager to participate in the profits of the new era of huge squadrons. They are known to find him a keen driver of bargains. Admiral von Tirpitz exercises an almost absolute sway over the huge sums annually diverted from the imperial treasury into the coffers of the Krupps, the Blohms, the Vosses, the Schichaus and other great captains of industry whose incessant activities make the new imperial Germany so marked a contrast with the fatherland of Goethe, Schopenhauer and the other "dreamers."

Intellectually, von Tirpitz is as the poles asunder from the philosophical, poetical and proletarian Germany from which the ranks of his severest critics are recruited. Many a fierce denunciation of the Admiral is given space in the Socialist *Vorwärts* of Berlin and heartily does von Tirpitz echo his imperial master's taunt that the party to which this organ devotes itself is but a crew of traitors without a country. In the political philosophy of von Tirpitz there never was a Ger-



THE WORLD'S GREATEST GENIUS IN NAVAL CONSTRUCTION

Alfred von Tirpitz, Emperor William's Minister of Marine for the past twelve years, has lifted the imperial navy from a rank below that of Italy to a position that must render it by 1912, according to European naval experts, second to that of Great Britain only.

many until the creation of the North Sea squadron of sixteen battleships, with Wilhelmshafen as a base. He has given expression to this theory in the past with so much freedom that European organs, especially those in London, quote him rather freely as the typical German Jingo. This has made the Admiral cautious of late. He may not have said that the idea of the fatherland to the true subject of the Emperor embraces an establishment of thirty-eight battleships of the largest size, but the remark is attributed to him in many foreign dailies and is found by them to harmonize with his career.



Altho he has a wife and grown up sons, Admiral von Tirpitz is said to be so wedded to the task of equipping his imperial master's navy with the appropriate number of battleships, cruisers, torpedo boats and submarines that his very relaxations are nautical. He dumfounded two young naval officers at one of his wife's receptions by demanding sternly what they meant in neglecting their duties to dance attendance upon a frivolous woman. He frowns down all utilization of battleships for the purely social functions attendant upon visits to a foreign port. He has set his face resolutely against the marriages of young naval officers to rich heiresses. "You have very soft white hands for a man who aspires to command a swift cruiser," he is reported to have said with his characteristic bluntness to a candidate for promotion. He refused a post of great responsibility to an officer of much distinction on the ground that the applicant was an exceptionally fine waltzer. "A man who dances so divinely," von Tirpitz is said to have said, "proves that he has no sea legs. Our sailors must not waltz if they want to reach the bridge. Let them learn the hornpipe." However authentic such anecdotes may or may not be, they illustrate the popular conception of the character of von Tirpitz, whose rise from poverty to the supreme command, under William II, of the entire imperial naval force, is a great humiliation to the Prussian aristocracy. Time and again have the great nobles gone over the head of von Tirpitz to their sovereign in protest against the Admiral's hostility to the caste system of promotion in the army. Many incredible tales are told of the blunt debates between von Tirpitz and his sovereign on this sore subject. "Get along with him as well as you can," the Emperor is said to have remarked to one aggrieved candidate for promotion. "That is what I must do." In justice to the Admiral, however, it must be pointed out that he is the target for all sorts of attack not only in European newspapers generally but especially in the Socialist and radical dailies of the fatherland. He is denounced as a martinet, as the head of a system of paid spyings upon the navies of foreign powers and as a tool of the dynastic ambitions of the Hohenzollerns.

The secret of the unparalleled career of von Tirpitz in creating a great naval power out of an inland empire with but a fraction of coast line is said in the *London Mail* to be his amazing capacity for initiative—his ability to impose his ideas upon inferior and su-

perior alike. This initiative explains the force of his genius, but the keynote of his character—the facility with which he infects others with his ideas—accounts for the German navy as the world beholds it to-day. Had there been no von Tirpitz, in the matured opinion of the *London Post*, the ambitions of William II for a position of might at sea would doubtless have persisted, but they must have remained as intangible as his ambition for a vast colonial empire. A certain narrowness of outlook in the mind of von Tirpitz, a propensity to what is called the fixed idea, a contempt for birth and breeding as such, an unconventionality, not to say rudeness, of manner and method—these personal traits are not attractive, but they enable their possessor to master the intricacies of the famous steel, gun and armor works of Krupp at Essen, to manage the state dockyards at Kiel and Wilhelmshafen and to command a great squadron at battle practice in the North Sea. "He is, perhaps," to quote the *London Mail* again, "the world's only Minister of Naval Affairs who incorporates in himself the rare combination of practical seamanship, eminent executive talent, astute statesmanship and genius for naval construction." He has held his present post for the unprecedentedly long period of over twelve years.

The tendency of the Admiral to select promising young men of humble birth as subjects for promotion in the service he controls has won him innumerable devoted adherents in every squadron. Afloat he is rather jovial and, for a sailor, most abstemious in eating and drinking. The regular features of the large, typically Teutonic countenance, the unshrinking gaze of the steely blue eyes and the patriarchally forked gray beard impart to von Tirpitz in uniform somewhat the aspect of Neptune conventionalized. He will sit in the smoking room of a battleship and roar a marine ditty into the ears of the staff, all joining in the chorus. For all that he has the reputation of being pretty stiff. No one in the service afloat or ashore knows precisely when to expect the Admiral on one of his perpetual tours of inspection. The owner of a great establishment at which the impulse of demands for the fleet had led to sudden expansion was quite amazed when von Tirpitz burst into his private office one morning. "You are hiring foreigners to rivet the armor plates," said the Admiral. "There are three in the yard now. Do you know that you risk the loss of your contract?" With that the old sailor dashed out abruptly.



## THE BIGNESSES OF JUDSON HARMON



NE does not need to be a big man physically in order to be a big man politically; and yet, from the days of Washington to Taft, undersized men like Douglas and Tilden and Knox have been the exception in posts of political leadership. The little men who forge to the front in politics are almost invariably men of remarkable cleverness or cunning. They have to be to overcome their physical disadvantage. On the other hand any number of rather stupid big men have gone lumbering along easily to success, carried on, one might almost say, by sheer momentum. We have no statistics at hand to fling at the heads of those who may challenge the assertion, but we would be willing to bet dollars to doughnuts that the ratio of successful men in politics who are six-footers is several times as large as that of six-footers in any other profession. The occidental races have never outgrown the feeling, bred in us through many centuries of hand-to-hand fighting when personal strength and height and weight counted for so much in the making of history, that a leader ought to be a man of physical prowess. The feeling may be absurd, a mere relic of barbarism, but it exists and it is a political factor to be taken into account.

Judson Harmon, of Ohio, the Democratic governor of a Republican state, is a big man physically, intellectually and politically. He has his eye, it is said, on the White House, and the country has its eye on him. To begin with, Fate has strangely linked his destiny with that of his close friend, "Bill" Taft. Where one goes the other is destined to follow. "It's funny about Bill Taft and me," said Harmon years ago: "I don't know whether he's following in my footsteps, or I in his; but it's certain that we've been close on each other's heels for a good while. When I resigned a judgeship in Ohio, Taft was appointed. Later he resigned a judgeship to become solicitor-general during Harrison's administration. Then I was appointed district judge, and Taft succeeded me; and now here I am in the department of justice, where Taft was. I wonder if he'll land in somebody's cabinet later, after I'm out?" Everybody knows that Taft did land in "somebody's cabinet" and now has a cabinet of his own. If these two orbits that have had so many points in common have also the same perihelion, why it is as clear as a pikestaff

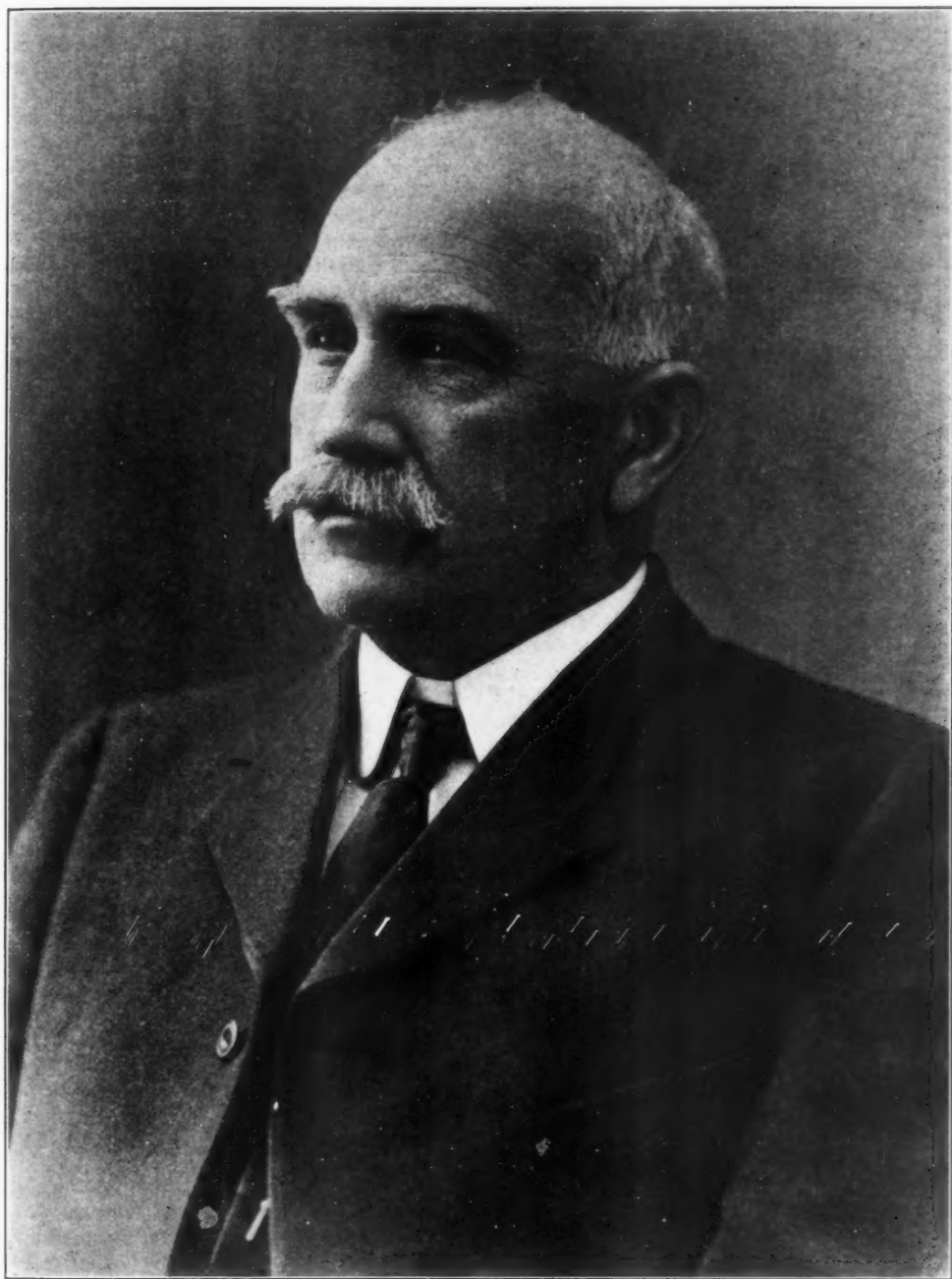
that Johnson of Minnesota may as well give up all presidential aspirations for 1912. Harmon's political horoscope stands in his way.

Harmon, like Taft, was born and bred in Ohio. Harmon, like Taft, studied law. Harmon, like Taft, became a U. S. district judge and a presidential adviser. Harmon, like Taft, is passionately fond of golf and baseball. Harmon, like Taft, is a big man physically. He weighs two hundred and ten, or thereabouts, but, like Taft, again, he is remarkably light on his feet. Here is a description of his physical appearance as written by William Inglis some time ago for *Harper's Weekly*:

"Imagine a long, loose-limbed, broad-backed athlete, six feet in height and weighing 210 pounds, light-legged and heavy-armed, and you have the physical dimensions of the man. He has a hand bigger than the hand of Jim Jeffries, a great, broad, thick, bony paw developed by chopping, plowing, and reaping. He moves with all the agility of the veteran athlete. His keen gray eyes, set far apart, twinkle genially from beneath bushy brown brows at the base of a broad, high, well-rounded brow. The nose is long, broad at the bridge and slightly arched, the nose of a leader. A brown mustache, somewhat splashed with gray, is brushed stiffly back from a wide, straight, determined mouth. The chin and jaw are deep and square, in keeping with the broad, combative head. Here is a man who evidently will fight to the last ditch, yet the ever-ready smile and the genial gleam of the eyes proclaim him a lover of peace."

Another observer grows almost poetical over Harmon's features. He rhapsodizes over the "big bushy brows that look like the wooded foothills of the mountain of a forehead that reaches away back into the sagebrush hair." Harmon is a clever boxer who takes and gives punishment with unflinching joy, and for years he was the pitcher in a baseball nine in Cincinnati composed of business and professional men who had a game with other similar nines once a week. "It was quite a sight," says Sloane Gordon in *Munsey's*, "to see the ex-Attorney-General of the United States, with his coat and vest off and his sleeves rolled up, putting curves over the plate, and grabbing 'liners' with those capacious hands that seem to have been made for mauling logs or splitting rails." Now, however, instead of wielding the willow, Harmon wields driver and cleck and mashie every Saturday afternoon and can play his eighteen holes "well down in the nineties."





## A HOPE OF THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY

"It's funny about Bill Taft and me," said Judson Harmon a number of years ago. "I don't know whether he is following in my footsteps or I in his; but it is certain that we have been close on each other's heels for a good while." Mr. Harmon's election as governor of Ohio in a Republican year makes many Democrats hope that he will follow Mr. Taft to the White House in 1912.





THE FIRST LADY OF OHIO

Mrs. Judson Harmon, wife of the Democratic governor of the Buckeye state, was not many years ago one of the favorites of Washington society, where she shone as one of the ladies of the Cabinet in President Cleveland's administration.

Sixty-three years ago it was that he began life, in a country town in Hamilton county, Ohio. His father, like that of another governor whose toes seem pointing toward the White House—to wit Governor Hughes—was a Baptist preacher. Young Jud was twenty-one when he first saw the night-lights of a city. He hoed potatoes and weeded onion-patches when a boy, and picked blackberries at five cents a quart to get spending money. When older he plowed and harrowed and did a man's work in the hayfield. Also he taught school. Also he did some soldiering. He was fifteen when Kirby's raid was made to capture Cincinnati, and Jud, with a double-barrelled shot-gun on his shoulder, marched off surreptitiously to repel the invaders. Kirby heard he was coming and retreated; so Jud, with a parental hand on his coat-collar, returned to his home, and soon afterward was sent to Denison University, in Newark. On his first vacation he again sallied forth to repel Morgan; but Morgan, having a better horse, escaped as Kirby had escaped! "It can be said, nevertheless," says the ex-attorney-general with a twinkle in his eye, "that I am a veteran of two campaigns."

Out of college and into a law school; out of the law-school and into the law office of George Hoadly, afterward Governor Hoadly; then, in his twenty-sixth year, into the bonds of matrimony; then into politics. In 1872, not long after his marriage, he managed the Greeley campaign in Cincinnati, pulling out a majority for the ticket in a normally Republican city. Four years later he was a judge of the Court of Common Pleas, and two years later was on the bench of the Superior Court. All the time he and "Bill" Taft were warm friends, and when, in 1895, he received an invitation to the post of attorney-general in President Cleveland's cabinet, Taft was one of the first persons whose advice was sought.

Harmon's bigness politically is due to several things. First, of course, is the fact that, despite the vigorous opposition of Tom Johnson, of Cleveland, to his nomination, he was elected governor of Ohio at the same time that that state gave Taft for president a majority of 75,000. A Democratic governor is in these days a *rara avis* in the North, and a Democrat like John A. Johnson or Judson Harmon who can win out for his party in an important Republican state, in a presidential year, becomes at once almost painfully conspicuous. Then Harmon is one of the few of the prominent Cleveland Democrats who has been fairly regular in his support of Bryan. He supported Bryan in 1900 and in 1908, the first time reluctantly, the next time with some degree of enthusiasm. In 1896, he did not support him at all; but twice out of three times is not so bad, all things considered. Harmon was never a free silver man, but he is anti-imperialist and he is strong for tariff revision. But he is strongest of all for the curbing of the tendency toward the centralization of powers in the federal government. This he regards as the first of all issues at the present time. Here is the way he talks about it:

"This tendency must be stopped. The Constitution of the United States defines the limits of Federal power. Men are apt to become impatient, to object to waiting upon the orderly and deliberate working out of the constitutional process. They see a thing which they believe ought to be done at once, and look around for a short cut to its accomplishment regardless of the law. The peril in these short cuts lies in the concentration of the power of the States in the hands of the national government, which in turn would result in the centralization of power in the hands of the President. If the President is a wise and good man no immediate harm may result; but



there is still the bad precedent of having violated the Constitution, and of opening the way to the seizing of illegal power by a President who might not be wise and good."

He is not a radical and not a conservative, say his friends. What, then, is he, do you ask? He is a conservative radical, or a radical conservative, we are told. He stands on the Constitution! He is for "regulation" of the tariff, the trusts, the railroads, and foreign immigration. Do you then ask what kind of regulation? The answer is easy: "We must deal with these problems in a spirit of justice and common sense, not allowing ourselves to lean toward government ownership, socialism, or any other ism that is at variance with the spirit of our Constitution." There you have it. All those who are opposed to dealing with these problems "in the spirit of justice and common sense" will find Governor Harmon in firm and unflinching antagonism to them!

But sarcasm is cheap and easy. All the politicians talk this way at times. They have to. They are called on at all hours of the night and day to give impromptu interviews on complicated problems and if they use a string of commonplaces what else can be expected? The main point is that Judson Harmon is undoubtedly a man of intellect, he has had considerable administrative experience, his record is a good one, and his position in politics is of great strategic value if the Democrats are ever to be reunited under one

banner. The main difficulty in the way of his presidential aspirations is the opposition of Tom Johnson and his following. Johnson's opposition, as expressed in the state convention last year, was on the ground of Harmon's conspicuity as a railroad lawyer and as counsel for the brewers. Harmon has not only been a prominent railroad attorney, but he has been also receiver of the Cincinnati, Hamilton & Dayton railway, administering its affairs for years with what is described as admirable ability. On the other hand, it is pointed out that, as attorney-general, he first established, by his arguments before the Supreme Court of the United States, the highly important fact that the Sherman anti-trust law applies to railroads. "It was Mr. Harmon, too," says the *New York World*, "who as associate of Frederick N. Judson, of St. Louis, in investigating the Santa Fé rebate cases, reported to Mr. Roosevelt that guilt was always personal, and that the way to stop rebating was through the criminal prosecution of the man who had violated the law." "His nomination," says the independent *Evening Post*, of New York, "would mean a long step toward the rehabilitation of the Democratic party along sane lines." Harmon has figured as a presidential possibility in four pre-convention campaigns.

If the time ever does come when he is called to the White House, says Mr. Inglis, he will not, like Cincinnatus, let go of the plow, but he will more likely drop the Revised Statutes or a putting-cleek.

## THE MOST CONSPICUOUS MEMBER OF THE BRITISH MINISTRY



LOUDLY as the supporters of Mr. Asquith's ministry cheered in the House of Commons when Reginald McKenna, as First Lord of the Admiralty, arose to explain precisely why Germany had been permitted to steal a march upon the mistress of the seas in the construction of all-big-gun battleships, there was, as the *London News* frankly concedes, many an uneasy mind among the Liberal groups. It would be idle to deny, as England's greatest naval expert, H. W. Wilson, said a year ago, that "the news of the appointment of Mr. McKenna as First Lord of the Admiralty has been received with alarm by those who know the exact position of the British Navy." For reasons

which may be cogent or the reverse, according to the politics of the particular London organ one happens to be reading, the name of this Reginald McKenna is associated in the public mind with the great reduction of the program of British battleship construction some three years ago—a reduction which was quite hastily and ingloriously abandoned last month when the Commons learned from Mr. McKenna's own slightly faltering lips that His Majesty's government had misunderstood what Germany was doing in the way of battleships. "My first experience of official life was at the Treasury," began Mr. McKenna, in the clear, round delivery for which he is indebted to his celebrity in the Commons. "In that admirable department I learned the prac-



tice and the theory of economy." Too true, according to his hostile critics in the opposition press, who point to Reginald McKenna as the awful example of one who has made himself the most conspicuous member of the British ministry by the simple process of jeopardizing the supremacy of England on blue water.

The great parliamentary triumph achieved by Reginald McKenna in the debate that ensued convinces his admirers, and his admirers include many of his foes, that he has a great political future before him. He got upon his feet and confessed to the listening and amazed house that he had allowed Berlin to steal a march upon London in the construction of battleships. He sat down amid the loudest applause, more firmly fixed in the affections of the Commons than ever before. The explanation of the mystery is found by the *London Standard* to be the delightful humility of his nature. "I find myself now in a situation which is much above my pretensions," he said in the course of the debate amid the loud laughter of the house, which likes him very much indeed without having any faith in his ability. Indeed, the leading newspapers of London, which coincide in very little, are occasionally a unit in opining that Reginald McKenna is a pleasant dunce.

He owes his political prominence it would seem from the *London Nation*, mainly to the magnificent stroke he pulled when he won the grand cup at Henley. Reginald McKenna is certainly a magnificent figure with an oar and while triumphs on the water in one's undergraduate days at Cambridge count for much less in English politics than they did before John Burns got into the cabinet, they do count still. Moreover, as the *London Post* somewhat dubiously concedes, Reginald McKenna is "so nice." To complete the anomaly of his position in official life, he represents a distinctively labor constituency of miners and iron workers who roared mercilessly at every allusion to his kid gloves and his spats at the last election. Reginald McKenna is an extremely elegant looking person at all times—what might be called fashionable. His strolling air, the inconsequentiality of his expression, a deprecating and even timid way in conversation and a most amiable assent to every adverse criticism that can be leveled against him, confirm the impression conveyed by those who insist that he is destitute of talent. "He has a head for figures," the Prime Minister is reported to have said, to one amazed politician who ex-

postulated at the selection of Reginald McKenna for the Treasury when the Asquith ministry was formed. Into the mouth of Prime Minister Asquith has been put the verdict that Reginald McKenna is a sage, mingling a little folly with his wisdom. "Reginald McKenna has been a strong man, with that strength which never allows the silken glove to fall from the iron hand." Thus his chief, who bestows higher praise yet: "A rapid worker, quick to grasp guiding principles, as well as the minutest details. He is an administrator, above all."

Somewhat contradictory of all this is the insinuation in the *London Times* that Reginald McKenna did so badly at the Treasury that the Prime Minister shifted him to the Presidency of the Board of Education, the post wherein that genial man of letters, Augustine Birrell, came to such grief. When Mr. Asquith withdrew his education bill of three years ago it was intimated that other means might be found of compassing some of its objects. Through the medium of this threat was foreshadowed the substitution of administrative action for legislative action—the characteristic in which the political talent of Reginald McKenna displays itself. His methods are so excessively agreeable, his personality is so irresistibly amiable, that he easily and imperceptibly substitutes government by special decree for government by general law. "Mr. McKenna," to quote the indignant *London Times*, "displays haste—we had almost said indecent haste—to arrive by a short executive cut at results which will gratify a clamorous section of his political friends." He has so many political friends! This lament is that of the *London Standard*. It is the boast of the *London News*. He is always making them, we read, because of his implicit good faith. "The trouble with Mr. McKenna," we read in the *London Mail*, however, "is that he can not take anything seriously—not even himself. Luckily for himself, he displays forms of incapacity that are amusing instead of irritating."

Before very long, the agreeable McKenna had been transferred again—this time to the post he holds still, that of First Lord of the Admiralty. In Liberal circles the promotion was regarded as suitable recognition of a rising politician. He has an amazing lack of imaginativeness and no initiative at all. So much all concede. On the other hand he does not belong in that class of literary statesmen who, as the *London Post* is so fond of repeating, are "ruining England with their





## THE DELIGHTFUL STATISTICIAN IN THE BRITISH CABINET

Reginald McKenna, First Lord of the Admiralty in Mr. Asquith's ministry, has been the man of the month in England owing to the unprecedented severity of the naval panic. He is very popular, very fashionable, very athletic and very statistical. He has no particular antecedents socially and he has no particular talents politically, but he does get on in spite of everything.



amateurishness." It is said of Reginald McKenna that he never reads anything, and the *London Mail*, for one, professes to believe it. "What has he ever made but mistakes? Is there a sane man who would accept Reginald McKenna's opinion about anything practical?" To both queries the object of them would return a cheerful negative for friend and foe alike admit the unassuming modesty of Mr. McKenna's ideas of himself. He frankly apologized to his own constituents for accepting the presidency of the Board of Education, announcing, amid unrestrained hilarity, that he really never ought to have done such a thing.

The secret is to be sought, say the society prints, in the influence of his lady friends. Hardly a year has passed since the very fashionable agitation over the marriage of the Right Honorable Reginald McKenna, M.P. The bride was daughter of a great London traction magnate. It was like "Reggie's impudence," to quote a London society print, to wed one of the belles of the year. Often has the *London World* and oftener has *London Truth* entered into the question of Reginald McKenna's success. It seems to be taken for granted that he will be Prime Minister yet, for he is forty-five and quite at home in the House of Commons. Yet there remains the mystery of how this man, who comes from nowhere in particular and never was anybody until his election to Parliament fourteen years ago, should have attained such power and influence by merely pulling a stroke at Cambridge. That old parliamentary hand, Sir Charles Dilke, has been a great friend of McKenna's always, but this, of itself, would not explain everything. "Mr. McKenna," avers the *London Mail*, "makes one feel, by the mere way he has of grasping one's hand, that one likes him. There is no humiliating conviction of being in the presence of an intellectual superior. And look at the way he wears those clothes!"

Even as a tiny little boy, it appears, Reggie was shy. Shyness is his most delightful trait to-day. It is affirmed of the First Lord of the Admiralty, that he trembles like a leaf in the House before he gets up to speak and is quite afraid to address a crowd. This does not prevent him from being effective because he possesses what English politicians call a "cold head." He can blush, stammer, look absurd in the presence of the hugest audience and still retain the extreme lucidity which makes him so interesting as an expounder of figures. Mr. McKenna attains with figures

results so extraordinary that all the newspapers in London dispute for weeks the statistics with which he supplies the House. He calculated last month that Germany would have seventeen Dreadnoughts and Invincibles in 1912, a figure which amazed no one more than Admiral von Tirpitz, the head of the imperial navy in Berlin. Nevertheless, Mr. McKenna shyly and deprecatingly affirmed, in a subsequent debate, that he had the exact figures and the House believed him. There was no unpleasantness about this "incident" because Mr. McKenna was "so nice" about it. "He is of the type," to quote the *London Truth*, "referred to by young ladies as perfectly lovely."

Yet it would be slandering Reginald McKenna to accuse him of being a lady's man.

He is a man's man and a manly man who grows manlier every day. His personal characteristics, from a psychical standpoint, assimilate him with a French nobleman of the time of Francis I. He has a gallant bearing that smacks of the camp, a bold glance, suggesting the eye of the eagle and in the heat of debate he lays a hand upon his hip, seemingly without realizing the attitude and as if to clutch the hilt of a sword.

Reginald McKenna is a knight errant in his soul and a Euclid in his brain. To sum him up, he is sweet.

He always was. "We hear of him," to quote the *London News*, "as a shy little boy, speaking only his mother tongue, being sent to a school in Germany, where he not only wins his way into the hearts of his companions but is kissed for his sweetness by all the women who encounter him in the streets." At Cambridge the record of his scholarship is somewhat indefinite, but the perfection of his manners and the popularity of his style in rowing seem undisputed. At the bar he won golden opinions on the score of his good nature from those who sympathized with him for having no clients. "Reginald McKenna," in the words of the laboring man who introduced him first to the constituency he still represents, "has a heart of gold." Even that stern critic of the First Lord of the Admiralty, the *London Mail*, endorses that judgment as the only possible explanation of the mystery that makes him, for the time being, the most conspicuous member of the British cabinet. "After all," muses our contemporary, "it is much easier to be brilliant than to be nice, but we must express our regret that Mr. McKenna is not both."



# Literature and Art

## WHAT CONSTITUTES ORIGINALITY IN LITERATURE?



WHEN Schopenhauer voiced his conviction that "everything has been thought, everything has been done, everything has been said, everything has been written," he expressed an ever-recurring human mood. To almost all there comes at times a sense of the futility of creative endeavor. "It is impossible," says Charles Barton Emmett, a recent writer, "that anything should now be original; for after the centuries upon centuries throughout which countless human brains have been scheming and contriving and inventing and discovering, there is probably nothing today that cannot be traced to something earlier."

The development of an idea, Mr. Emmett continues, may be new, but "the embryo, or the suggestion, is older than the hills." So generally is this recognized that many modern writers, especially in France, have given up in despair the attempt to create anything that is new in plot, in theme, or in subject-matter, and confine themselves to the cultivation of style as such, expending all their thought and talent to secure a more exquisite setting for the ideas that are no longer new, and simply studying to extract from language new harmonies, new cadences, and new combinations. "What we now call originality," Mr. Emmett contends, "is found not in what is itself quite new, but in that which produces on the mind the effect of the novel and the unexpected, that which was not looked for in a particular connection, or that which displays in a new light something which in itself was already quite familiar to us." The argument proceeds (in *The Scrap Book*, New York):

"A truth may be very old, and yet it may never have made upon our minds the least impression. We may have accepted it and never felt it. Then, all of a sudden, some person, either by an apt phrase, by an unexpected illustration, or by a curious and unusual application, brings it vividly before us in such a way that it will never afterward be forgotten or ignored. If he does this, he has done it by the exercise of originality, for to us at least he has given something that is practically, even if not actually, new."

This Mr. Emmett declares, is the secret of originality in literary work. He illustrates his point by citing the cases of Sir Walter Scott and Rudyard Kipling:

"The Highlands of Scotland, their people and their legends, were in a way sufficiently well known to Englishmen before Sir Walter Scott first wrote of them; but after he had written, they meant something to the world that they had never meant before, because they were suddenly illumined with a new light, in which they were seen to teem with poetry and romance."

"Most Englishmen knew India before Kipling wrote, but not as they know it now. The beast fable is older than Egypt, but it was only a veiled apology for a sermon or an aphorism, until Kipling wrote his *Jungle Books* and made us see in the beasts and reptiles not, on the one hand, beasts and reptiles only; nor, on the other hand, mere speaking personifications of various moral and mental qualities; but creatures in whom we may recognize, by the light of a great imagination, a curious kinship to ourselves. . . .

"What we all accept, therefore, as originality must be found, not in the discovery of new material, but rather in the way in which the old material is treated."

Mr. Emmett's arguments are reinforced in an article by Charles Leonard Moore in the *Chicago Dial*. To the questions, Is there ever anything new in literature? or do the same old waves rise and recede as the moon guides its retinue around the earth? Mr. Moore replies: "There is this—the individual spirit and gift of each new writer." He continues:

"In Goethe's 'Italian Journey' he describes how he was once taken at night, with a party of artists, to the Vatican, to see the statues by torchlight. He describes the wonderful effects of the flashing torches upon the marble figures—altering, contorting, making them alive. The great statues of humanity, the circling background of nature, always exist the same. But each one of us has a uniquely burning, differently colored torch, which we flash upon these permanent forms. As we choose, we can concentrate its light upon some noble head with serene brow and solemn eyes; or we can direct it upon the laboring limbs, or animal portions of the figure. We can let one statue stand out, while all the rest are swathed in darkness; or we can move our light rapidly about and set the whole



company in confused motion. We can reveal the central group of humanity, or we can illuminate the background of nature."

A third writer, in *Harper's Weekly*, offers the following advice to literary aspirants who are aiming at originality:


"'Emphasize the personal note.' Do not go to literature for more literature, but go inside of yourself and find out what kind of an impression this universe teeming with life has made on the sensitive plate of your own consciousness. There is a kind of blasphemy in discarding our personal vision and imitating whatsoever model. To reproach a writer for his choice of subject, his natural diction, his brutal candor or inborn subtlety, his chosen wanderings in the dim and vague, or his sharp, precise, recording senses, is to reproach the Creator for lifting men above the level of sheep, who one and all poke their noses through the same hole in the hedge because the bell-wether did so first.

"In reading a great number of magazine stories one emerges often feeling as if one had read over and over again the same thing with the slightest of changes in names, places, and gen-

eral paraphernalia. There appears and reappears the precocious child story, the love complication, the domestic service (of recent date) story, the slangy story, the dangerous adventure story, and the stories of friendship. But what one feels like calling out to the writers is: 'Can't you be just a little different? Can't you see something all the others haven't seen?' It was Flaubert who said to de Maupassant in those famous counsels of perfection for authors: 'Look at a tree until it appears to you just as it appears to every one else'—the touch of nature that makes the whole world kin, he was striving for here—but he continued: 'then look at it till you see what no man has ever seen before,' and this is the demand for the decoration of the individual spirit.

"Let the short story teller learn to see and reproduce something beautiful as he himself sees it, according to his personal temperament, and we have a worthy product. For literary craft is the power of *re-creating*, of making a miniature of the bit of the world seen and felt; the power to *re-create* is talent, or genius, as the case may be, and that story is best which with strongest individuality creates the most beautiful illusion."

## THE REAL FACTS IN REGARD TO FITZGERALD AND "OMAR KHAYYAM"

OTHING in the history of posthumous reputations," a great-niece of Edward FitzGerald, the poet-translator of "Omar Khayyam," has lately declared, "can be more extraordinary than the slow but persistent growth of FitzGerald's, which now, in this year of the centenary of his birth, has almost reached the perilous dignity of a cult." The words occur in an article in *The Nineteenth Century*, and may fittingly serve to emphasize both the peculiar conditions under which the *Rubāiyāt* passed into universal currency, and the great gulf that separates FitzGerald from the host of his latter-day admirers.

When he died, more than twenty-five years ago, his name was almost unknown. He had no expectation or desire of fame after his death. But he had been dead only a little while when it began to come to him. Tennyson wrote a poem in his honor; other voices followed; and in 1889 the "Letters and Literary Remains," issued by Dr. Aldis Wright, revealed a letter-writer of distinction and a poet of genius. All at once the *Rubāiyāt*, which until then had been familiar only to the liter-

ary elect, became the sensation of the day. It was quoted and talked about everywhere. Its special devotees formed themselves into an Omar Khayyam club, dined and made speeches, planted Persian roses on their poet's grave, and generally behaved in a way that would surely have aroused the disdain, if not the indignation, of the solitary and scholarly FitzGerald. America was just as enthusiastic, perhaps a little more so, and soon Prof. Charles Eliot Norton, of Harvard, was heralding the new discovery in *The North American Review*. At the present time, more than fifty editions of "Omar" have been published.

Much of all this, a writer in the *London Times Literary Supplement* comments, has not been very wisely or appropriately done. The writer continues:

"The scholar and the Bohemian, often so alike superficially, are essentially wide apart as the poles; and it is strange that FitzGerald, a scholar and an intellectual aristocrat, if there ever was one, should have had to bear so much noisy laudation from ecstatic Bohemians. It is the essence of scholarship to walk always in the great tradition; it is the essence of Bohemianism to be for ever making a dust by the attempt to



kick traition out of the way. It is of the essence of aristocracy to practise an economy of the emotions; it is of the essence of Bohemianism to do both its laughing and its crying aloud and in the streets. FitzGerald was eccentric enough in externals, but no one who knew him ever forgot for a moment that he was most emphatically an English gentleman, with all the essential reserve and dignity of the part. The 'hidalgo' in him would have made him turn a very stiff back on the impertinences of gushing criticism or journalistic gossip; and one may be sure that many of the pilgrims who have made their way to the Little Grange in the last twenty years have been very fortunate in not finding its 'laird' at home. What would have happened if they had found him and got into talk with him about books is a pleasant subject of speculation. For, by some curious freak of fate, the loudest of his worshippers have constantly been recruited from what may be called the 'modernists' of the literary world, men, and especially women, who have nothing but impatient scorn for the education of the public schools and Universities, resent the authoritative yoke of the centuries and the classics, and lavish their loudest superlative at worst on some mere novelist of the hour, at best on some contemporary 'spirit of the age,' such as Ibsen, or Nietzsche, or D'Annunzio. Nothing in the whole world of intellect and taste could be less like FitzGerald, whose mind took its permanent shape at Cambridge, whose literary friends were all, or almost all, scholars of the University type, like Tennyson and Thompson, Cowell and Dr. Wright, whose studies lay almost entirely among the old classics, Greek or Roman, English or Spanish, or Persian, who was so ultra-conservative in his likings that he found even Browning and George Eliot too modern for him, who admitted, as he says, no poems into his paradise but 'such as breathe content and virtue.'

Goethe, it is said, liked to think he wrote for girls, but he has turned out to be pre-eminently the poet of grown men. Schiller set himself to address readers of culture, and his centenary found him the poet of the governess and the school-room. Such is the perversity of fate. The lesson to be drawn, perhaps, is that the less a poet thinks about his literary fame, the less likely he is to be deceived; and certainly no one ever thought less than FitzGerald. But the fame remains, an outstanding fact, asking explanation. What is it that makes his birth at the English village of Bredfield in 1809 a memorable event now that a hundred years have passed? To this question the *Times* writer replies:

"The principal element in the memorability is, of course, the great version of Omar. - Without

that FitzGerald would have died unknown; with it he was very slow in winning any general recognition.

"It had been printed a dozen years and more before his friend Carlyle so much as heard of it; and when he did he could still speak of its author with a sort of kindly condescension as a 'peaceable, affectionate, and ultra-modest man' of an 'innocent *far-niente* life,' and note a letter of his as a connecting link between 'Omar, the Mahometan Blackguard, and Oliver Cromwell, the English Puritan.' So little did he understand that he was writing of a poem that in thirty years would have more readers than any book of his own! Tennyson, who knew a poem when he saw one, could, indeed, not fail to declare that he knew 'no version done In English more divinely well.' But even he had no suspicion that the version was much more than a version, that FitzGerald had projected into the old Persian poet much that had never been his — had, in fact, projected himself, Edward FitzGerald, and more than himself, a great part of the mind of that generation of which he proved so intimate an interpreter, for all his air of standing aside from its doings altogether. It never struck Tennyson that the wistful agnosticism of Omar, always seeking an answer to the great riddle but never finding it, forced to acquiesce in its own ignorance, was as exactly the voice of a very large part of England in the eighties and nineties as his own 'In Memoriam,' an agnosticism that would not rest in negation but fought its way to an answer of faith, was of an equally large part of England in the fifties and sixties. But that was, of course, the real secret of the popular success the poem ultimately attained. People who knew nothing of literature, and could have no opinion as to whether verses were or were not made 'divinely well,' found in Omar their own doubts and fears and difficulties. The books that are widely read outside the narrow literary world are always those in which people find themselves. It is a commonplace that the author who wins immediate success is the man who says to perfection what everybody around is wishing to say but cannot.

"Such authors are not always the greatest. Milton and Wordsworth were not among them. They had in consequence to wait. But when a man of real power catches the very breath and spirit of his age, as Pope caught it in his pseudo-moral, popular-philosophic poems, as Scott caught it in the wisely-tempered romanticism of his novels, the success is instantaneous and overwhelming. FitzGerald's success was obviously less immediate and less universal. His 'Omar' was first printed in 1859, and it was almost thirty years later that it began to be a popular poem. But when its day came it so exactly fitted the needs of that generation that it lay for a time on every table and its stanzas were in every mouth."





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"THE WITCHES OF SAN MILLAN"

One of Zuloaga's latest and strongest canvases, painted in the key of Goya. The artist relates that the beldames screeched and fought in his studio when he posed them.

One curious result of the popularity of "Omar Khayyam" has been to convey a totally inaccurate idea of the life of the poet. The epicurean and sensualist side of Omar, tempered as it is in the poem by the spirit of serious preoccupation with the greatest questions, has yet fixed itself somehow in the popular mind and attached itself to FitzGerald. People of the esthetic and hedonist sort have claimed him as a kind of patron saint. Now nothing, in the opinion of the *Times* writer, could be more beside the mark.

"His name ought to be cleared of all that. No one was ever less of the luxurious hedonist than Edward FitzGerald. All his life he lived simply, almost barely, not laborious days certainly, but at any rate days that utterly scorned the delights that are dear to the hedonist. He was so unworldly about money that he could take no further interest in his marrying friends when he found that they were to be so rich as to have £500 a year! He made his home deliberately in such very unhedonistic spots as Boulge and Woodbridge. If anybody is inclined to confuse the life of leisure with that of luxury, let him read FitzGerald's letters. Let him see a way of living that reduces necessities to the minimum

and gives the time and money gained by their suppression to friendship and affection, to nature and books, to quiet solitude and meditation. It is not a life every one could live, but the reason of that is much more often that people are below it than that they are above it. He called it himself a life of 'visionary activity,' and the visionary quality in it that made the power of the poet or the charm and distinction of the man, was only made possible by the inactivity. He took no pride in the one or the other, and paid all honor to the 'useful and virtuous activity' of others; but he came to see that his part was not that, but to stand and wait and judge. In his early years he might be vexed at seeing others pass him, 'but now,' as he wrote to Cowell in his later years, 'I am glad to see any man doing well; and I know that it is my vocation to stand and wait, and know within my self whether it is done well.' Does it ever strike people in these days, when everybody wants to write, that the reader plays an important part, too, and that there is nothing ignoble in accepting it? Good books cannot do their work without good readers, and many people might be good readers who are now indifferent writers. Anyhow, FitzGerald was not above accepting that part, and it led in his case to writing, and writing well, that was almost an accident and one to which he himself attached no importance. The part for which he cast himself was that of spectator. And his instinct was a sound one. His leisureliness is the root of what is finest in his writing and most lovable in his life. He is the wise and kindly looker-on in an age when hardly any one gives himself time to look about him."

FitzGerald has been characterized as "a Hamlet of literature"—one who felt to the full the sense of mystery and wonder and beauty, yet was unable to dedicate himself to the creative life, from lack of a certain vitality, and from an unhappy capacity of seeing both sides of a question. This view, however, now appeals as little to American as to English critics. "For our part," says the *New York Evening Post*, "we prefer to regard him simply as a philosopher, and to place him in the great company of sages and saints who have deliberately turned their eyes away from what seemed to them the world's folly."



## ZULOAGA, A NEW WIZARD OF THE BRUSH

THE remarkable exhibition of paintings by Joaquin Sorolla y Bastida, which in the short space of four weeks attracted to the Hispanic Museum in New York 150,000 appreciative visitors, has been followed by a display of some forty canvases by another Spaniard, Ignacio Zuloaga. The new arrival, while of wide European reputation (see article, "The Greatest Spanish Painter Since Velasquez" in *CURRENT LITERATURE* for August, 1906), has been as little known in this country as Sorolla. He is seven years younger than Sorolla, and a Parisian by adoption. By competent critics he is ranked above Sorolla, but the American public is hardly likely to indorse this verdict.

The quality in Sorolla's work that attracted was its radiant health, its flashing sunlight. Zuloaga, on the other hand, is sombre, subtle and psychological. In Paris they say that Sorolla paints too fast and too much and that Zuloaga is too lazy to paint. "Half truths, these," Mr. James Huneker retorts. He continues (in the *New York Sun*):

"The younger man is more deliberate in his methods. He composes more elaborately, executes at a slower gait. He resents the imputation of realism. The fire and fury of Sorolla are not his, but he selects, weighs, analyzes, reconstructs—in a word, he composes and does not improvise. He is nevertheless a realist—a verist, as he prefers to be called. He is not cosmopolitan, and Sorolla is. The types of boys and girls racing along the beaches of watering places which Sorolla paints are cosmopolitan. The passionate vivacity and the blinding sunshine are not qualities that appeal to Zuloaga. He portrays darkest—let us rather say greenest, brownest Spain. The Basque in him is the strongest strain. He is artistically a lineal descendant of El Greco, Velasquez, Goya; and the map of his memory has been traversed by Manet. He is more racial, more truly Spanish, than any painter since Goya. . . . The demerits of literary comparisons are obvious, yet we dare to think of Sorolla and Zuloaga as we should of Théophile Gautier and Charles Baudelaire. In one is the clear day flame of impersonality; the other is all personality, given to nocturnal moods, to diabolism and perversities, cruelties and fierce voluptuousness. Sorolla is pagan; Gothic is Zuloaga, a Goth of modern Spain."

Zuloaga is now thirty-nine years old, and his life is as interesting as his paintings. No artist in our time has struggled more manfully for self-expression or has won more

legitimately. At first everything seemed against him. He was compelled, at different times, to renounce art altogether, to become a book-keeper, an art-dealer, even a bull-fighter! But he would not admit defeat and he finally triumphed.

Christian Brinton, whose essay in "Modern Artists"\* is the most valuable and exhaustive study of Zuloaga that has yet appeared in America, contributes a summary of the artist's career to the catalog of the new exhibition. It appears that Zuloaga was born at Eibar, in the heart of the Basque country, on the slopes of the Pyrenees. His father was the foremost chiseler, armorer and decorator of his day. Young Ignacio gave evidences of his artistic talent at a very early age, but his parents desired that the boy should embrace a lucrative profession. Accordingly Ignacio was placed in the workshop to learn, as a long line of ancestors before him had done, the intricate secrets of ornamental metal-



A BULL-FIGHTER WHO HAS BECOME A PAINTER

Ignacio Zuloaga, whose paintings are now being exhibited in America, was at one time compelled to earn his living in the bull-ring as a torador.

\*MODERN ARTISTS. By Christian Brinton. The Baker & Taylor Company.





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"PAULETTE"

A study by Zuloaga in green and pink. Paulette is a *danseuse*, and the artist conveys most skillfully a sense of suspended motion as she concludes her dance.

work. He might have remained at Eibar indefinitely had it not been for a chance visit to Madrid, where he saw for the first time the incomparable masterpieces of the Prado. The boy's artistic ambition now became a dominating passion.

At the age of eighteen he was reluctantly permitted to depart for Rome. His Italian journey, however, like that of Sorolla, proved a disappointment, and he soon turned his steps to Paris. There he suffered all the torments of the struggling artist. His initial attempts were marked by immaturity and conflicting ideals. He did not see clearly what he wanted to do.

It was not until his return to Spain, in 1895, that he began to "find" himself, in any real sense. He lived in Seville and saw his native country with new eyes. The artistic fruitage of this period was rich and refined, but it won no wide recognition. In order to make a living, he had to go into the business of dealer in antiques and appraiser of *objets d'art*. Then he accepted a position as book-keeper for a mining company. At last, like many another of his courageous, clean-limbed countrymen, he entered the bull-ring as a *toreador*.

This proved to be the turning-point in his career. One of the pictures suggested by his experience in the ring, "Before the Bull Fight," won a gold medal in Barcelona in 1898. The following year he was equally fortunate with a triple portrait of "Daniel Zuloaga and His Daughters," which was acclaimed at the Paris Salon, and purchased by the Luxembourg.

Even yet, however, his battle was not entirely won. He suffered the humiliation of having his prize picture, "Before the Bull Fight," rejected by the Spanish judges at the Paris Exposition in 1900. It was one more instance of the prophet not without honor save in his own country. Zuloaga did not have to wait long, however, for his vindication. The slight

inflicted upon him by his countrymen was more than offset by the triumphant reception of the rejected picture in Brussels and its purchase by the Brussels Museum.

Altho Spain has remained somewhat hostile to Zuloaga, he has, during the past few seasons, exhibited with unvarying success in Paris, Berlin, Dresden, Frankfort, Munich, Vienna, Venice and London. At the Düsseldorf Exhibition of 1904 he was awarded the distinction accorded only to Menzel, Rodin and himself, of being assigned a special room where eighteen representative canvases were placed on view. "Scores of public and private museums throughout Europe," Mr. Brin-



ton declares, "possess pictures from this fertile brush, and there are at the present moment few living artists whose productions are more sought after or which command higher figures than those of this painter, who has not yet reached the age of forty and who, barely a dozen years ago, was unable to boast a single patron or purchaser."

The distinguishing quality of Zuloaga's art, Mr. Brinton continues, is an abundant racial flavor. "Always regional, always topical, there is about these paintings an ethnographic fidelity which is unmistakable." To quote further:

"There is no ill-digested cosmopolitanism here; this art not only speaks Spanish, as it were, but has mastered idiom and dialect as well. Not only is the nationality of these sitters at once apparent, it is also possible to tell at a glance from what province they come and to what particular social stratum they belong. In Zuloaga's canvases can be studied as nowhere save from the originals themselves those deep-rooted racial factors which have molded into distinct types the seductive Andalusian, the aggressive Basque, the haughty Castilian, or the languorous and passionate Sergovian. The art of Zuloaga, like that of his great predecessors, is an art which is based upon observation, which is founded not upon vague esthetic formulæ but upon the definite aspect of the world external. Like the solemn, disdainful Velázquez, Zuloaga cares for little besides truth and a compelling manipulative mastery. His work is never complicated by abstract ideas. He never forsakes the realm of actuality or of highly specialized feeling. And yet, while this art takes its material direct from life, it is itself by no means an abjectly realistic reflection of life. Contrary to his more prompt and explicit Valencian contemporary Sorolla, the painter of Eibar composes his pictures with consistent deliberation. Always sensitive to the efficacy of a well-balanced design, he detests everything which suggests a servile copy of nature. There is nothing instantaneous in the entire gamut of Zuloaga's art. He arranges each canvas with an eye for dramatic climax, using landscape and other accessories merely to heighten and enforce the desired impression. He is a realist only in so far as reality coincides with his conception of the



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"THE HERMIT"  
(By Ignacio Zuloaga)

A painting remarkable for its dignity and simplicity

task in hand. In the treatment of single figure or of larger schemes Zuloaga displays the same fullness of vision and completeness of suggestion.

The favorite subjects of Zuloaga's brush are popular types, unspoiled by modernism. In his quest of congenial models he is indefatigable. To furthest outlying districts he journeys, sometimes in an automobile, accompanied by his friend, the great sculptor Rodin. Much of his painting he has done in the nave of an ancient church at Segovia. "He will haunt for hours," Mr. Brinton tells us, "a fiesta on the outskirts of some provincial town, or hasten away to the mountains, passing months at a time with smugglers and muleteers, with the superstitious fanatics of Anso in the extreme north of Aragon or with the monkish cutthroats of Las Baluecas, a little village on the southern boundary line of Salamanca."

His treatment of women is thoroly distinctive. "He knows intimately the *majas* and *gitanas* of the Sevillian Triana, and naturally they, too, figure in his work with their mouths





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## "THE DWARF GREGORIO"

"As a painter of dwarfs," says James Huneker, "Zuloaga has not been surpassed by anyone but Velasquez. His 'Gregorio,' the monster with the huge head, the sickening, livid, globular eye, the comical pose . . . palpitates with reality."

red as open wounds, their glistening, carnivorous teeth, their avid glances, and insinuating gait. . . . As he grows more and more familiar with these creatures his accent becomes more pronounced. The infectious and somewhat ingenuous coquetry of 'Lola la Gitana,' now in the Marcel collection in Paris, blends into a more insistent artifice with 'Pastorita.' . . . He has frankly no equal in depicting these wilful, unredeemed creatures whose badges are a thick coating of rice powder and a saffron-hued antilla, and who ever lie in wait for the weak or the unwary, yet who never found their true interpreter until Zuloaga rendered them in all their flaunting, instinctive character."

Still another territory conquered by this restless seeker after local color is the shabby, shifty kingdom of laconic dwarfs, ragged mendicants, bronzed water-carriers and

itinerant venders, so characteristic of Spain. In this connection Mr. Brinton writes:

"He is as much at home in the province of the picaresque as anywhere else, for it is a world which has been peculiarly dear to Iberian author and artist since the author of *Lazarillo* and *Murillo*. For anything comparable to the early portrait of 'The Dwarf of Eibar, Don Pedro,' to 'Los Bebedores' of the National Gallery of Berlin, or to the sun-tanned and doubtless salacious interlocutor in 'A Smart Retort,' it is, however, necessary to go straight to Velasquez. It is the painter of the 'Toppers' of the Prado and kindred compositions, not the softly affable Murillo who could, when he wished, reveal a like fund of sardonic strength and stark brutality of statement."

To this should be added the tribute of Henry Tyrrell, in the *New York World*:

"Zuloaga was not a bull fighter for nothing. He learned to use his eyes unerringly and to thrust his pencil, like a sharp sword, straight home to the heart of fierce, proud, passionate, splendid and savage old Spain. The Spaniards themselves know this and distrust him. . . . The *Sorcières* of San Millan—half a dozen hideous, old, evil-eyed, fortune-telling witches or philtre-vendors, represent what some critics are pleased to call the 'diabolic' tendency of Zuloaga's later inspirations.

"Maybe so. They are all, certainly, devilishly interesting. They take a strong hold upon you thru the imagination—not thru the superficial senses, as Sorolla's unpremeditated sunbursts did. Everything of Zuloaga's is a composition—a remembered dream, carefully thought out, reduced to its simplest terms and then visualized on canvas with the most intense earnestness.

"What is the use of gainsaying it? The art of Zuloaga, whether we easily 'like' it or not, turns for our eager eyes page after page of that enchanting, legendary volume, *Old Spain*—the parched and sunburnt land, with its gypsies and grandees, its girls of the languorous fiery glances, the wild rhythm music and pungent perfumery, that sense of a fierce, voluptuous, terrible intensity of living, which, as Maurice Barres justly says, is the limit of what man's nervous system can be keyed up to enjoy."



## THE VISION OF WILLIAM MORRIS

**I**T IS now thirteen years since the body of William Morris was borne in an open hay-wagon to its last resting place in the village church-yard at Kelmscott, on the upper reaches of the Thames. During the period that has elapsed, his name and fame have gone to the ends of the earth. Two pretentious biographies and a small library of lesser studies have been devoted to his career. His claim on posterity has proved to be threefold. He was, first of all, a poet of genius. His authorship of "The Earthly Paradise" and "Sigurd the Volsung" would alone ensure his lasting reputation. He was, secondly, a decorative artist without equal in modern times. He left his impress on every department of craftsmanship. Finally, he was a great pioneer of the Socialist movement, which since his death has grown by leaps and bounds. To this day his lion-head may be found beside that of Karl Marx in workingmen's clubs and Socialist lecture-halls all over the world.

Three new books on William Morris bear witness to the enduring interest in his work. The first<sup>1</sup> is by Alfred Noyes, the brilliant young English poet. The second<sup>2</sup> is by Holbrook Jackson, a friend of Bernard Shaw's and one of the Socialist "intellectuals." The third<sup>3</sup> is from the pen of John Spargo, the well-known Socialist writer and lecturer, now resident in this country.

Alfred Noyes's emphasis is on Morris the poet. "The essential factor," he tells us, "in all the branches of Morris's activity was undoubtedly the poetic spirit in him. In all things he was a poet—in words, in tapestry, in Socialism." Mr. Noyes has much to say of Morris's earlier poetry, "The Defense of Guenevere" and "The Life and Death of Jason," but he devotes himself chiefly to "The Earthly Paradise" and "Sigurd the Volsung."

"The Earthly Paradise" is a tale of how, in the Middle Ages, certain adventurers of Norse, Germanic and Breton origin took ship from a land stricken with the Black Death and sailed across the Atlantic in search of a haven where they might find eternal youth and escape from death. They find, instead,

a city with marble palaces and temples inhabited by descendants of early Greek voyagers who had settled there in despair of ever seeing their native land again, and have preserved in their purity the living traditions of ancient Greece. The medieval voyagers tell the story of their quest, with naïve pathos, to the elders of the Greek city. They are received with pity and love, as messengers from the outside world, and Greeks and Northern travelers are soon exchanging confidences and regaling one another with stories, after the fashion of the Canterbury Pilgrims or the dwellers in the garden of Boccaccio. The first story told, by the Greek high-priest, is of "Atalanta's Race." This is followed by a Norseman's tale of "The Man Born to be King"; and the scheme is carried out through all the months of the year until twelve stories have been told by the Greeks and twelve by the men from the North. One of the recitals, "The Lovers of Gudrun," is of surpassing beauty. Swinburne regards it as decidedly the finest of all Morris's poems. "The Earthly Paradise," as a whole, is ranked by Mr. Noyes as "Morris's most complete and representative achievement." He goes on to say:

"Morris's other works, beautiful as they may be, are not strong enough to stand by themselves; but 'The Earthly Paradise' does stand by itself, like an independent literature, in a world and an atmosphere of its own. One can almost conceive it to have been indeed the work of some strange Greek nation in an unknown sea rather than the work of one man, and one can picture it surviving the wreck of many languages and literatures as the 'Arabian Nights' and one or two collections of fairy tales will survive, with perhaps the work of half-a-dozen individual poets.

"The whole effect of it is that of an immortal palace of art, down whose quiet golden corridors, hung with unchanging tapestries and eternal dreams, perpetually passes a pageant of human pleasures and pains and fears. Iceland may forget Gudrun; but her arms are stretched out for ever towards Herdholt. Troy may not remember Helen; but the sky here does not change over the cast-back golden head of the dead Paris.

"All around these immortal figures the human cloud-rack is changing and dissolving and passing away, in contrast. We see the momentary gleam of lovers' eyes and the secret clasp of their hands as they pause for a moment to look; and the brief sweetness of real life and the beauty of the deathless dreams minister to one another."

<sup>1</sup>WILLIAM MORRIS. By Alfred Noyes. New York: The Macmillan Company.

<sup>2</sup>WILLIAM MORRIS, CRAFTSMAN-SOCIALIST. By Holbrook Jackson. London: A. C. Fifield.

<sup>3</sup>THE SOCIALISM OF WILLIAM MORRIS. By John Spargo. Westwood, Mass.: The Ariel Press.



With the publication in 1876 of "Sigurd the Volsung," a poem based on the Northern sagas, William Morris himself believed that he had reached the highest point in his achievement. "Sigurd" has been described as the greatest epic of the nineteenth century; but "that may well be true," Mr. Noyes remarks, "without any necessity for ranking it above so complete an expression of Morris's genius as 'The Earthly Paradise.'" Yet Mr. Noyes confesses to moments of enthusiasm when he feels like saying, with a sort of wild personal hope for our own age, that "Sigurd" is a far greater epic than "Paradise Lost," that it ranks with the "Odyssey." He continues:

"Never once through its hundreds of pages does it become monotonous; and there are subtle variations in the rhythmic beat which, tho the comparison would have been odious to Morris himself, we can only say remind one of the curious thrill which one experienced in hearing certain passages of Wagner for the first time. With Morris's objections to the opera and his horror of a sandy-haired German tenor tweedledeeing in the character of Sigurd it is possible to sympathize, and yet affirm as a compliment that his treatment of meter in this poem is something akin to Wagner's innovations in music. The long overlapping lines, the unending sea of song swelling and dying and surging again, like the wind in some mighty primeval pine-wood, touching us with sudden suggestions or wakening ancestral memories of billowing green and singing-birds and keen Northern scents, joyously shattered here and there by the golden echo of huntsmen's horns or the clash of battle, or barbarously torn by the savage jungle-cries of the elemental passions, these qualities of the music of the poem irresistibly remind us of some of Wagner's greatest work. It is the nearest approach in our literature to that free music the dream of which has lured so many into mere chaos and formlessness or imitation of Whitman."

Alfred Noyes's interpretation of his subject from a purely literary point of view is admirably supplemented by the studies of Holbrook Jackson and Spargo. Mr. Jackson chooses to emphasize Morris's gifts as a craftsman and Socialist. "The position occupied by William Morris among the great men of the last century," he says, "was that of one who accepted the intimation of an inner vision of beauty and used it as a challenge to the triumphant ugliness of the day." By that vision he threw down the gage, and ever afterwards waged a kind of holy war in behalf of joy and beauty. He felt as a personal degradation the drab squalor of Eng-

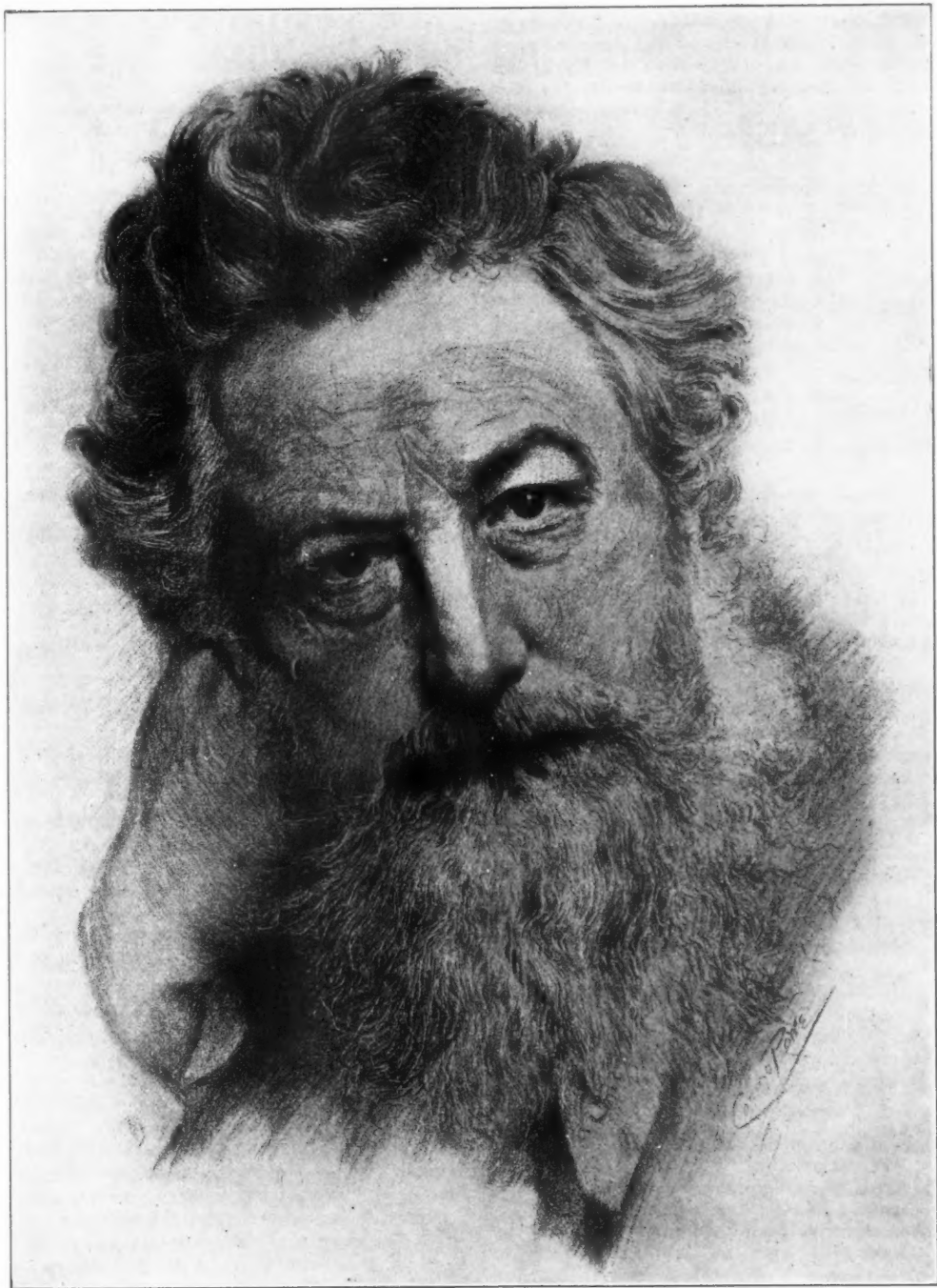
lish factory towns and the dullness of the lives led by their vast populations, and he strove to show that it was possible for men to work happily together and to make the products of their hands both seemly and useful. The war he waged was not a war of destruction. He sought to vanquish a sordid and ugly world only that he might build up a beautiful and generous one.

William Morris, says Mr. Jackson, was Ruskin in practice. "He never claimed originality for his ideas, and was never weary of owning John Ruskin as his master." To quote further:

"Rarely has human being possessed the ability of expression in so many forms. He will be remembered as the motive force behind a number of activities, each of which gained in power and beauty by association with the magic of his personality. But altho his work was in many forms it represented a decided and homogeneous whole, closely and intimately related with his ideals of a new social order. Without this organic relationship between his art and his ideas, those beautiful productions which bear the mark of his genius are no more than the objects of any fashion of a moment. Whether as weaver or decorator, printer or painter, his work is a constant and deliberate protest against cheapness, and an assertion of the principle of production for use against the prevalent one of production for profit. It is an appeal to society to take up the half-forgotten traditions of the pre-commercial age, to go back for its ideals to an age which was interested in what it made, not because of any monetary profit that might accrue therefrom, but because it desired what it produced for its own use and took a sane joy in the effort of making things that were to be a part of its daily life.

"The avowed aim of Morris as a craftsman was to apply and amplify the principles of art laid down by Ruskin in the chapter of 'The Stones of Venice' called 'The Nature of Gothic.' He considered that essay one of the most important of its author's works, and 'one of the very few necessary and inevitable utterances of the century.' The essence of its teaching was the principle that art is the expression of man's joy in his work. At the same time the theories of Morris were not entirely derived from Ruskin; he was derivative only in the sense of having been awakened to the main bent of his genius by the teachings of Ruskin. There was an affinity between the two men which was, quite naturally, first revealed by the elder. This affinity was almost complete, but it broke down in one essential. Morris, 'born out of his due time,' as he cried, child of the Middle Ages, as he undoubtedly was, was yet never so consistent a Mediaevalist as Ruskin. He would go back to the Middle Ages with him for the lost traditions of art,





**"DREAMER OF DREAMS BORN OUT OF MY DUE TIME"**

So William Morris characterized himself. But his "dreams," as expressed in his poetry, his art and his Socialist writings, have gone to the ends of the earth, and have influenced the whole life of our time.



but beyond that his medievalism did not go. Ruskin's love of even the best days of Feudalism did not convince Morris of the desirability of their revival. The traditions of art lay in the past, but the traditions of society in the future. Ruskin called himself a Tory of the old type; Morris was a Socialist."

The criticism has often been made that Morris's literary product deteriorated after he became a Socialist, but this Mr. Spargo vigorously denies. "I venture to make the claim," he says, "that the whole of Morris's marvelous output contains nothing finer than the best of his Socialist writings in prose and verse." Proceeding to speak of "The Pilgrims of Hope," a narrative poem with a Socialistic theme that ran through many issues of Morris's Socialist paper, *The Commonweal*, Mr. Spargo declares:

"There are prosy passages more than a few in 'The Pilgrims of Hope,' just as there are prosy interludes in 'The Earthly Paradise,' but there are also passages of wonderful charm and beauty, passages equal to anything he ever wrote. This, from 'The Message of the March Wind,' seems to me to be as perfect in its way as anything Morris ever penned:

Fair now is the springtide, now earth lies be-  
holding,

With the eyes of a lover the face of the sun;  
Long lasteth the daylight, and hope is enfolding  
The green-growing acres with increase begun.

Now sweet, sweet it is through the land to be  
straying

'Mid the birds and the blossoms and the beasts  
of the field;

Love mingles with love and no evil is weighing  
On thy heart or mine, where all sorrow is  
healed.

From township to township, o'er down and by  
tillage

Fair, far have we wandered as long as the day,  
But now cometh eve at the end of the village,  
Where o'er the grey wall the church riseth  
grey.

There is wind in the twilight; in the white road  
before us,  
The straw from the ox-yard is blowing about;  
The moon's rim is rising, a star glitters o'er us,  
And the vane on the spire-top is swinging in  
doubt.

Down there dips the highway, toward the bridge  
crossing over

The brook that runs on to the Thames and the  
sea.

Draw closer, my sweet, we are lover and lover;  
This eve thou art given to gladness and me.

"If it be objected that the selection from which these stanzas are taken is not a fair test of the matter we are discussing; that, altho appearing in a Socialist journal and written when Socialism was the dominant influence in the poet's life, it is still not a Socialist poem, but a picture of rare beauty and a love-song more justly to be classed with that little duet of almost incomparable sweetness and purity in 'Ogier the Dane' with its refrain

Kiss me, love, for who knoweth  
What thing cometh after death?

I cheerfully admit the point and turn elsewhere for illustration. Where, in any of Morris's poems, is there sweeter, purer, more inspiring verse than in the song, 'All for the Cause,' so often heard at Socialist meetings?—

Ah, it may be! oft meseemeth, in the days that  
yet shall be,  
When no slave of gold abideth 'twixt the breadth  
of sea to sea,

Oft, when men and maids are merry, ere the  
sunlight leaves the earth,  
And they bless the day beloved, all too short for  
all their mirth,

Some shall pause awhile and ponder on the bit-  
ter days of old;  
Ere the toil of strife and battle overthrew the  
curse of gold;

Then 'twixt lips of loved and lover solemn  
thought of us shall rise;  
We who once were fools and dreamers, then  
shall be the brave and wise;

There amidst the world new-built shall our  
earthly deeds abide,  
Though our names be all forgotten, and the tale  
of how we died.

Life or death then, who shall heed it, what we  
gain or what we lose?  
Fair flies life amid the struggle, and the cause  
for each shall choose."

Socialism undoubtedly betrayed Morris into a good deal of slipshod journalism, but so far from marring his literary genius, Mr. Spargo contends, it "brought into his work the glory of a more passionate inspiration and the force of a definite faith. After all," he concludes, "it is idle to attempt to separate the art of Morris from his Socialism: they were interdependent, parts of one glorious inspiring whole."



## THE MANUFACTURED LOVE-STORY OF ROUSSEAU AND MADAME DE WARENS



ACTS and documents lately discovered go to show, almost conclusively, that one of the most famous love stories in the history of the world—the affair between Jean-Jacques Rousseau and Madame de Warens at Les Charmettes—is in large part a fabrication. The evidence has been collected by French scholars, and is presented by Francis Gribble, a well-known English writer, in his new book, "Rousseau and the Women He Loved."\*

Rousseau, as everybody knows, was incurably romantic. Throughout his life-time he was obsessed by idealistic visions. His sociological work, "Le Contrat Social," which helped to bring on the French Revolution; his educational theories, as expressed in "Emile"; his glorification of love in "La Nouvelle Héloïse," were all expressions of this idealism. And behind the books was the man Rousseau, who sought romantic experience and then hungered for more. He felt that the highest romance had been denied him. He saw himself, in his declining years, a prey to painful maladies, approaching the end of his career without having fully tasted the pleasures he craved, without ever having given full play to the intensity latent within him.

Fame, indeed, crowned him beyond his wildest expectations. But the dream of his youth had been not of fame but of romance. Philosophy had been nothing to him then. He became a philosopher almost by accident—almost in spite of himself, philosophizing with his heart rather than with his head.

All through the "Confessions" of Rousseau the "heart-interest" is predominant. His autobiography is a monument to the women he loved. But discerning readers are bound to find in it a story of progressive disillusionment. There was Madame de Warens, his first love, who took pity on him as a vagabond lad and gave him the shelter of her house. She was old enough to be his mother. He shared her favors along with her steward, and was finally supplanted by a journeyman barber. There was a Madame de Mably, who snubbed him cruelly, and a certain Suzanne Serre, who preferred to marry a young tradesman. There was Madame Dupin, to

whose husband he wrote acknowledging her "visible disgust for me." There were Venetian courtesans who advised him to "leave the ladies alone and study mathematics instead." There was Madame d'Epinay, who almost had to turn him out of the "hermitage" she had lent to him for a while. Finally there was the Comtesse d'Houdetôt, whom he tried desperately to entice from her allegiance to another man. Jean-Jacques's one real conquest was a peasant woman, Thérèse le Vasseur, the mother of children whom he discarded. He went through a kind of marriage ceremony with her before he died, but even she betrayed him for the affections of a groom.

The record is far from cheerful, and it is hardly a matter for wonder that Rousseau, as he looked back over it, found it painfully unsatisfactory. Nothing in his experience had measured up to his dream; nothing had fulfilled his ideal. "Both George Sand and Madame de Staël," Mr. Gribble says, "could look back upon a golden age of however brief duration, in which love had indeed yielded all that could be asked from it. Jean-Jacques could not. Women had sometimes helped him to succeed in life; women had sometimes thrown themselves at his head. He had played the rôle of Adonis in the arms of Venus and of Joseph in the house of Potiphar; he had also bought the love that was for sale in the houses of ill-fame, and had waxed sentimental over the bargain. But nothing had come of it all. It was not merely that he had tired of the women, or that the women had tired of him. It was rather that he had never succeeded in lifting intrigue to the level of romance."

As he began, toward the close of his life, to write his "Confessions," he felt the need of some memory on which his mind could dwell with luxurious regret. He lived over in his own imagination, and determined to preserve for posterity, the love-romance that had come the nearest to affording him actual happiness—his romance with Madame de Warens at Les Charmettes. He let his fancy manipulate old recollection until he was half persuaded that things had really happened as he dreamed—"a curious anticipation in the realm of sentiment," so Mr. Gribble suggests, "of George IV's delusion that he had charged with the Guards at Waterloo."

\*ROUSSEAU AND THE WOMEN HE LOVED. By Francis Gribble. Charles Scribner's Sons.



The idyll of Les Charmettes is the result. No other episode in Rousseau's life is so well known as this. It is conceived and embellished with the artistic touches of a master. All of Rousseau's biographers dwell on it with emotion, eloquence and enthusiasm, uncritically accepting the sentimental version of the facts.

Everybody knows Les Charmettes from pictures and Jean-Jacques's descriptions. It was—and still is—a white farm-house not far from Chambéry in the province of Savoy, with a red roof and green shutters, surrounded by a garden arranged in terraces and containing bee-hives and a dove-cote. Adjacent and forming a part of the property were a small vineyard, an orchard, a group of chestnut trees, and a plot of meadow land. Cows, sheep and chickens completed the Arcadian ensemble. To this quiet spot Madame de Warens and Jean-Jacques repaired for the sake of the *solitude-à-deux*. "Here," he tells us, "the brief happiness of my life began, those peaceful and rapid moments which have given me a right to say, '*I have lived*.'" He proceeds to relate in detail the manner of his daily life.

He rose, he says, every morning before dawn, and walked along a road that skirted a hill-side, saying his prayers as he went. Returning from his walk, he approached the house to see if Madame de Warens was awake, and the moment her shutters drew back he hastened to embrace her.

They breakfasted together and chattered for an hour or so, and then Jean-Jacques sat at his books until mid-day. In the interval before dinner he visited the pigeons and bees. After dinner, when the weather permitted, they took their coffee in an arbor. A little later, study was resumed, tho sometimes varied with the outdoor work of the farm; and in the evening Jean-Jacques was in the garden again, astonishing his simple neighbors by taking astronomical observations.

This was the ordinary round, but there were also holidays and picnics. They wandered together far over the hills. One beautiful day they dined in a peasant's chalet, and after the meal lit a fire out of doors and partook of their coffee in the shade of a chestnut tree. Jean-Jacques was so happy that he embraced his friend "in a melting transport of tenderness," and cried: "This day of delight has long been promised to me and I do not look beyond it. Thanks to you, my happiness has reached its zenith. May it never decline! May it last as long as I



A MASTER OF ILLUSIONS

"Jean-Jacques Rousseau," the French critic, Jules Lemaitre, has said, "is always a poet, a romancer, a temperament of the same order as a Byron, a Leopardi, or a Musset. . . . He was pre-eminently, among illustrious writers, a creature of nerves, of weakness, of passion, of sin, of suffering, and of dreams."

continue to desire it. In that case, it will only cease with my death."

Nor was it only at such supreme moments that Jean-Jacques was ravished with delight. He was happy, he assures us, at all seasons:

"I rose at sunrise and was happy; I went for a walk and was happy; I saw her and was happy; I left her and was happy. I wandered through the woods, and on the hill-sides, and in the valleys. I read and I was idle. I worked in the garden, I gathered the fruit, I helped in the house, and wherever I went happiness followed me. It was happiness the seat of which was in my own mind, and it never deserted me for an instant."

Such is the idyll, as Mr. Gribble describes it. It has passed into universal currency. Whole books have been written about it. The scene of it is a place of sentimental pilgrimage, preserved as an historical monument at the public cost. Among the pilgrims whose names and sentiments are to be found in the visitors' book are Lamartine, Berlioz, Louise Michel, Stendhal, Saint-Saens, Octave Mirbeau and Maurice Barrès. Arthur Young,



long before any of these, had "viewed it with a degree of melancholy"; and Lord Morley has pictured the house "brooding in forlorn isolation like some life-wearied grey-beard over ancient and sorrow-stricken memories," and felt it stirring "those inmost vibrations which in truth make up all the short divine part of a man's life."

It seems a pity, almost a shame, Mr. Gribble declares, to destroy a legend consecrated by so many tributes of eloquence. But the truth is sacred, and well authenticated facts, he holds, make it clear that nothing of the kind narrated by Rousseau actually took place.

In the first place, the dates are wrong. Madame de Warens took possession of Les Charmettes, not in the summer of 1736, as the "Confessions" allege, but two years later. The lease has been discovered. "And in the meantime," Mr. Gribble tells us, "things had happened—things which Jean-Jacques wrongly represents as having been posterior to the settlement at Les Charmettes." Nor is his error merely of chronological significance. It was at this moment, and not later, as he intimates, that the journeyman barber Wintzinried arrived, whom he describes as "big, blond, insipid, with a flat face and a flat mind," and who was destined to become his rival and successor in Madame de Warens's affections. It is now certain, Mr. Gribble affirms, that Jean-Jacques walked out of the house almost as soon as Wintzinried entered it, and this not only before the sojourn at Les Charmettes took place, but before there was any talk of it.

This view is confirmed by a careful reading of Rousseau's own letters. They indicate unmistakably that matters were no longer on the old footing. Reproaches are mingled in them with expressions of affection. Jean-Jacques was absent for weeks at a time. After one of these periods of absence he returned, half-distraught, to find Madame de Warens in company with Wintzinried. He realized that his place was taken. The incident is described vividly in the "Confessions," and the impression there conveyed is that Jean-Jacques was overwhelmed with surprise and indignation by the new turn things had taken. "But it is not true," Mr. Gribble asserts, "that the presence of Wintzinried took Jean-Jacques by surprise; and it is not true, as the date of the lease has shown us, that the meeting took place at Les Charmettes as the dramatic culmination of an idyllic *solitude-à-deux*. It took place at Chambéry before the

removal to Les Charmettes; and the Les Charmettes story—that pastoral interlude on which Jean-Jacques and all his biographers have dwelt with poetical eloquence and loving and sympathetic enthusiasm—needs to be re-written in the hard, dry light of this discovery." Mr. Gribble pursues the investigation relentlessly:

"The details—some of them, and perhaps even a good many of them—may be true, and certainly cannot be disproved. It is credible enough that Jean-Jacques tamed the pigeons—that he said his prayers out of doors—that he drank his coffee in a summer-house—that the country people took him for a sorcerer when they saw him studying the constellations with the help of his planisphere. We need not throw any doubt upon the list of books which he tells us that he read: the 'Port Royal Logic,' Locke's 'Essay on the Human Understanding,' the works of Virgil, Leibnitz, Malebranche, and Descartes, and Banchieri's 'Cartella per Musica.' All this may stand. What we have to sacrifice is not the little points of fact but the pervading sentiment which was thought to color the facts and clothe them with beauty and poetry.


"For it is not true that Jean-Jacques and Madame de Warrens were lovers who fled from the world to be alone together. It is not even true that Les Charmettes was taken for Jean-Jacques's benefit, because he was ill and Madame de Warens, watching him with anxious, affectionate eyes, decided that he needed country air. It is not even true that he was consulted as to the removal to Les Charmettes, or probable that he was intended to reside there. The negotiations for the hiring of the country house were conducted while he was in the South of France; and Madame de Warens did her best to prevent him from returning. A greater than Jean-Jacques had arisen. His place was taken. The period during which, according to the 'Confessions,' his happiness was supreme and unalloyed was also the period during which the blond and burly barber with the flat face and the flat mind was preferred to him. The romance at Les Charmettes was, from beginning to end, the romance of a man who had accepted that extraordinary situation."

Thus one more of the world's illusions is dissipated, and we understand what Jules Lemaitre meant when he said in his lectures in Paris two years ago that "deceit is the soul of three-quarters of the literary products of Jean-Jacques." It is not likely that the streams of sentimental pilgrims who visit Les Charmettes every year will be deflected by the new revelations. But henceforth they will have to realize that the little farm house is the scene of one of the greatest love-stories of literature, not of history.



# Religion and Ethics

## SOCIAL AND POLITICAL ADVANTAGES OF SUPERSTITION

OT a few social institutions which civilized man deems beneficial have partially rested upon a basis of superstition. Without superstition it is difficult to perceive how such social blessings as are summed up in the general term civilization could have evolved at all. To this effect contends the able professor of social anthropology in the University of Liverpool, Dr. J. G. Frazer. His contention may be summed up in some three or four propositions. Among certain races and at certain times superstition has strengthened the respect for government and has thereby contributed to the establishment and maintenance of civil order. Superstition has in like manner strengthened the respect for private property and has thereby contributed to the security of its enjoyment. Superstition, again, has among certain races increased the respect for marriage, contributing thereby to stricter observance of the rules of sexual morality both among the married and the unmarried. Finally, among certain races and at certain times superstition has strengthened the respect for human life and made that respect ultimately what we see it to be to-day.

In dealing with these propositions Dr. Frazer confines himself to certain races of men and to certain periods of history, altho he seems to think that his conclusions are applicable to man generally and to history generally. He makes one cautionary observation. If it can be proved that in certain races and at certain times the institutions in question have been partly based on superstition, it by no means follows that even among those races they have never been based on anything else. On the contrary, there is a strong presumption that they rest mainly upon something far stronger than mere superstition. No institution founded wholly on superstition can be permanent. If it does not answer to some real human need, if its foundations be not based deeply in the nature of things, it must perish—the sooner the better.

Now government, private property, marriage, and respect for human life, avers Dr. Frazer, in the little book from which we copy

these observations,\* are the pillars upon which rests the fabric of civil society. "Shake them and you shake society to its foundations." Therefore, if government, private property, marriage and respect for human life are all good and essential to the very existence of human society, then it follows that by strengthening every one of them superstition has rendered a great service to the human race. Dr. Frazer writes:

"Superstition has supplied multitudes with a motive, a wrong motive it is true, for right action; and surely it is better, far better for the world that men should do right from wrong motives than that they should do wrong with the best intentions. What concerns society is conduct, not opinion: if only our actions are just and good, it matters not a straw to others whether our opinions be mistaken. The danger of false opinion, and it is a most serious one, is that it commonly leads to wrong action; hence it is unquestionably a great evil and every effort should be made to correct it. But of the two evils wrong action is in itself infinitely worse than false opinion; and all systems of religion or philosophy which lay more stress on right opinion than on right action, which exalt orthodoxy above virtue, are so far immoral and prejudicial to the best interests of mankind; they invert the true relative importance, the real ethical value, of thought and action, for it is by what we do, not by what we think, that we are useful or useless, beneficent or maleficent to our fellows. As a body of false opinions, therefore, superstition is indeed a most dangerous guide in practice, and the evils which it has wrought are incalculable. But vast as are these evils, they ought not to blind us to the benefit which superstition has conferred on society by furnishing the ignorant, the weak and the foolish with a motive, bad tho it be, for good conduct."

By way of illustration, Dr. Frazer reverts to his first proposition that superstition has strengthened the respect for government at certain times and among certain races and has thereby contributed to the establishment of civil order. Among many peoples, he reminds us, the task of government has been greatly facilitated by a superstition that the governors belong to a superior order of be-

\*PSYCHE'S TASK. By J. G. Frazer. The Macmillan Company.



ings and possess certain supernatural or magic powers to which the governed can make no claim and can offer no resistance:

"Thus Dr. Codrington tells us that among the Melaneseans 'the power of chiefs has hitherto rested upon the belief in their supernatural power derived from the spirits or ghosts with which they had intercourse. As this belief has failed, in the Banks' Islands for example some time ago, the position of a chief has tended to become obscure; and as this belief is now being generally undermined a new kind of chief must needs arise, unless a time of anarchy is to begin.' According to a native Melanesian account, the authority of chiefs rests entirely on the belief that they hold communication with mighty ghosts and possess that supernatural power or *mana*, as it is called, whereby they are able to turn the influence of the ghosts to account. If a chief imposed a fine, it was paid because the people firmly believed that he could inflict calamity and sickness upon such as resisted him. As soon as any considerable number of his subjects began to disbelieve in his influence with the ghosts, his power to levy fines was shaken. It is thus in Melanesia religious scepticism tends to undermine the foundations of civil society.

"Similarly Mr. Basil Thomson tells us that 'the key to the Melanesian system of government is Ancestor-worship. Just as every act in a Fijian's life was controlled by his fear of Unseen Powers, so was his conception of human authority based upon religion.' The dead chief was supposed still to watch jealously over his people and to punish them with dearth, storms, and floods, if they failed to bring their offerings to his tomb and to propitiate his spirit. And the person of his descendant, the living chief, was sacred; it was hedged in by a magic circle of taboo and might not even be touched without incurring the wrath of the Unseen. 'The first blow at the power of the chiefs was struck unconsciously by the missionaries. Neither they nor the chiefs themselves realized how closely the government of the Fijians was bound up with their religion. No sooner had a missionary gained a foothold in a chief's village than the taboo was doomed, and on the taboo depended half the people's reverence for rank. The taboo died hard, as such institutions should do. The first-fruits were still presented to the chief, but they were no longer carried from him to the temple, since their excuse—as an offering to persuade the ancestors to grant abundant increase—had passed away. No longer supported by the priests, the Sacred Chief fell upon evil days'; for in Fiji, as in other places, the priest and the chief, when they were not one and the same person, had played into each other's hands, both knowing that neither could stand firm without the aid of the other.

"In Polynesia the state of things was very similar."

Without following Dr. Frazer's instances through the tribal life of the Kaffirs and into the history of pre-Homeric Greece, it suffices to observe that he traces the most enlightened form of government among men to an original superstition that invested the ruler and his authority with a species of awe. It is the same with private property. Nowhere, perhaps, does this appear more plainly than in Polynesia where the system of taboo reached its highest development. The effect of tabooing a thing was, in the opinion of the natives, to endow it with a superstitious or magical energy which rendered it practically unapproachable by any but the owner.

"Thus taboo became a powerful instrument for strengthening the ties, perhaps our socialist friends would say riveting the chains, of private property. Indeed, some good authorities who were personally acquainted with the working of taboo in Polynesia have held that the system was originally devised for no other purpose. For example, an Irishman who lived as a Maori with the Maoris for years, and knew them intimately, writes as follows: 'The original object of the ordinary *tapu* seems to have been the preservation of property. Of this nature in a great degree was the ordinary personal *tapu*. This form of *tapu* was permanent, and consisted in a certain sacred character which attached to the person of a chief and never left him. It was his birthright, a part in fact of himself, of which he could not be divested, and which was well understood and recognized at all times as a matter of course. The fighting men and petty chiefs and every one indeed who could by any means claim the title of *rangatira*—which in the sense I now use it means gentleman—were all in some degree more or less possessed of this mysterious quality. It extended or was communicated to all their movable property, especially to their clothes, weapons, ornaments and tools, and to everything in fact which they touched. This prevented their chattels being stolen or mislaid, or spoiled by children, or used or handled in any way by others."

Altho the restrictions imposed by taboo were often vexatious and absurd and the whole system has sometimes been denounced by Europeans as a degrading superstition, yet observers who looked a little deeper have rightly perceived that its enactments, enforced mainly by imaginary but still powerful sanctions, were often beneficial. In other parts of Polynesia, in Samoa and in Madagascar, to name but a few regions, taboo or its equivalent built up a system of private property upon which a civilization of a sort based itself.





MADAME THE COUNTESS

It is she who owns all the pleasant things her distinguished husband, the aged Tolstoy, condemns—private property, luxuries, a beautiful home.

Leaving private property and the right of the individual as an outcome of personal taboo, Dr. Frazer comes to the institution of monogamous marriage as the product of a species of social taboo. Violation of the marriage vow was deemed serious by primitive and by savage man, he says, because it was thought to be the forerunner of bad crops, bad weather and ill luck in war and the chase. It mattered not that the guilty sinned in secret. The god or the deity or the influence, at first favorable, became unfavorable:

"Some of the tribes of Assam similarly trace a connection between the crops and the behavior of the human sexes; for they believe that so long as the crops remain ungarnished the slightest incontinence would ruin all. Again, the inhabitants of the hills near Rajamahl in Bengal imagine that adultery, undetected and unexpiated, causes the inhabitants of the village to be visi-

ted by a plague or destroyed by tigers or other ravenous beasts. To prevent these evils an adulteress generally makes a clean breast. Her paramour has then to furnish a hog, and he and she are sprinkled with its blood, which is supposed to wash away their sin and avert the divine wrath. When a village suffers from plague or the ravages of wild beasts, the people religiously believe that the calamity is a punishment for secret immorality, and they resort to a curious form of divination to discover the culprits, in order that the crime may be duly expiated. The Khasis of Assam are divided into a number of clans which are exogamous, that is to say, no man may marry a woman of his own clan. Should a man be found to cohabit with a woman of his own clan, it is treated as incest and is believed to cause great disasters; the people will be struck by lightning or killed by tigers, the women will die in child-bed, and so forth. The guilty couple are taken by their clansmen to a priest and obliged to sacrifice a pig and a goat; after that they are made outcasts, for their offense is inexpiable."

The particular superstition which has led to respect for human life is the fear of ghosts—especially the ghosts of the murdered. The ancient Greeks believed that the soul of any man who had just been killed was angry with his slayer and troubled him; hence even an involuntary homicide had to depart from his country for a year until the wrath of the dead man had cooled down. If his victim chanced to be a foreigner, the homicide had to shun the country of the dead man as well as his own. The legend of the matricide Orestes reflects faithfully the ancient Greek conception of the fate which overtakes the murderer at the hands of the ghost. Not only does the hag-ridden homicide go in terror of his victim's ghost, he is himself an object of fear on account of the angry spirit which dogs his steps.

It would be easy to multiply evidence of the terror which a belief in ghosts has spread among mankind and which has probably served a useful purpose by enhancing the sacredness of human life. "For it is reasonable to suppose that men are more loth to spill the blood of their fellows when they believe that by so doing they expose themselves to the vengeance of an angry and powerful spirit whom it is difficult either to evade or to deceive. Fortunately in this matter we are not left wholly to conjecture. In the vast empire of China, as we are assured by the best living authority on Chinese religion, the fear of ghosts has actually produced this salutary result."



## ROCKEFELLER VERSUS TOLSTOY—A PROBLEM IN ETHICS

**R**OCKEFELLER or Tolstoy: whose is the higher creed? This is the question debated by Maximilian Harden, the brilliant editor of the *Zukunft* (Berlin) in an imaginary disputation between the saint of latter day Russia and the king of the Standard Oil. Both men stand to him for great world forces, and the fact that Mr. Rockefeller, at least, is likely to repudiate some of the views attributed to him, cannot rob the argument of its philosophical value. The idea was probably suggested to the editor of the *Zukunft* by a newspaper report of an exchange of letters between the two men, each, in his way, representative of his nation's temperament and genius.

Harden first pictures Tolstoy to us, on his eightieth birthday, striving to express to himself the sum total of his experience and teaching. "For thirty-five years," Tolstoy meditates, "I lived as a nihilist; not as a Socialist and revolutionary, but as one in whom there was no spark of faith,—nothing. I wrote books like so many others, and attempted to teach what I did not know. But with inexorable rage the Sphinx pursued me, saying: 'Solve my riddle or I shall destroy you.' Science with all its reputation, explained nothing. The man who listens to her must needs join company with the choir of sages from Solomon to Socrates, from Sakya-Muni to Schopenhauer, and, like his great predecessors, pronounce life a meaningless

evil. I wanted to kill myself. At last, however, I was illumined by a thought of seeing the great mass of mankind *live*."

Tolstoy goes on to tell how he rediscovered for himself the teachings of Christ, unadulterated by the traditions of priestcraft and dissociated from the State. "All I see and feel confirms me in the belief that I have found again the true meaning of the teaching of Christ. Resist not evil; judge not; kill not! We are diminutive particles of the great world-soul, and our only duty is to guard our purity. What need have we, therefore, of government, weapons, courts, judgments, gaols and wars?"

At this point there is an interruption.

"And with such a confession of faith you have become the hero of two continents, its almost worshipped favorite? Curious!"

Leo Nikolayevitch raises his massive head. He sees a man, old, but muscular; with furrowed forehead and serious mien. Without asking for an invitation, the stranger seats himself upon a straw-covered chair.

"Curious," he repeats, "why curious? Would you have men hate one whose gospel is love?"

"Yes, curious it seems to me. Men are not wont to treat prophets and those who denounce them with kindness. They have stoned some, and crucified others; the stake, not the throne, is the martyr's reward."

"You speak as tho I received only gratitude, only love, not as tho all the powers that be had conspired to chain my hands."



THE GATES AT YASNAYA POLIANA

Showing the entrance to the vast estate in which the apostle of poverty has made his home.





A GERMAN BRISBANE

Maximilian Harden is easily the most brilliant journalist of the German Empire. Through the force of his individuality he has made the *Zukunft* a potent political and literary organ. Tho his methods are often unscrupulous, his honesty of purpose cannot be denied.

"Are you really in so dismal a plight? Of Savonarola it was said by Alexander the Sixth: 'That man would have to die even if a second John the Baptist died in him!' But Alexander the Third replied, when asked to deliver you up to the vengeance of the Holy Synod: 'This man is an apostle; I will not make him a martyr.' No hair of your head has been harmed. When the enemy threatened your country bleeding from a hundred wounds, and it needed comfort as a starving man needs a crust of bread, you spat venom into the face of the famished land; you sought to make your mother defenceless. And yet this mother loves you; regards you proudly; celebrates your eightieth birthday like a national feast. In the chronicles of martyrs there is no life like yours."

Two eyes flash; glances parry. Fire leaps from the snow-white head of the prophet.

"Jesus Christ be with you on all your ways. He who tells others the truth, must be prepared to hear the truth himself. Such I take it, was the purpose of your call?"

"No, it was really curiosity that brought

me hither. Here, in this land, I see factories rising where temples reared their heads. Yet, if your doctrines prevail, they will be torn down and temples again reared in their place. I came to see the man who preaches retrogression, who wants to turn the world back to barbarism."

"As an enemy, then, you come? Even thus are you welcome."

"Not as an enemy. 'Anna Karenina' and 'Peter Bezuchow' count me among their most ardent admirers. I revere the poet, not the philosopher."

"We two stand on different ground. I can not thank you for your praise of me as a poet. You have probably also praised a Shakespeare, a Maupassant and other pernicious growths on the tree of life, and I know that your admiration is for the art of the story-teller which is a thing of no value at all. The only thing that matters is the ethical relation between author and reader and the unfailing discernment between good and evil. The true meaning of life was defined by Christ nineteen hundred years ago. That you have not grasped the essence of my endeavor with all your proud reasoning, every word of your lips proclaims. Yes, I desire a world without mushrooms, goose liver *patés*, automobiles, races, churches, wars, and legitimate or hidden strumpetry. Whatever Jesus Christ wished is my wish. And you think you can convert the octogenarian?"

"Such, indeed, has not been my purpose. I came to see a living saint. One loudly praised. One glorioled with love. I, the most abused of men, by rage and jealous hate cast into utter darkness."

"And who are you, who evoke the hatred of your brethren? One who has dragged the sons of the people to slaughter?"

"I am an American, John Rockefeller. On the eighth of July I shall be seventy. A pleasure-loving youth I never was. The years you wasted, a young lieutenant, I spent behind the ledger. When you grew tired of the mad orgies of Russian court-life, I had already made two fortunes. The curves of our fates diverge widely."

"Widely, indeed. An industrial lord and a peasant; a tyrant and a child of God; the richest man on this un-Christian earth and the poorest!"

"The poorest. Yes. All the good things one sees and eats here belong to Madame, your wife; you eat simple fare; you even brush your own clothes (such things are not unheard of in my country.) It is all a sport



which you can give up the moment it no longer agrees with you. He is poor, who never ate well, who would love to live pleasantly, and cannot; not the over-sated who needs only to stretch out his hand to satisfy every desire. . . . In the last analysis I live as you live, as every old man lives who would not injudiciously hasten the end. I must use every facility, charter special trains, automobiles, because time is valuable to one who in ten minutes can call values out of nothing. God Himself could not make room for the great without limiting the space of the small. He who accomplishes nothing and folds his hands, need not stain his cloak. We are all sinners compared with God's saints. No one ever asks what the market would be if John Rockefeller had not stood for unity and organization. Every demagog, whether his name be Bryan or Roosevelt, spits upon his honor. That I cast small obstacles from my path, they call a crime. . . .

"And crime it is against the Holy Ghost. One who lives as you live is the Devil's henchman, even if he goes to church at the hour prescribed and swallows dogmas like pills. What? To heap human beings together in the stench of factories and in pestilential caverns underground, to organize robbery sanctioned by the State, and then come here to—"

"To see a saint. Here, Mr. Tolstoy, if anywhere is the right place for a primitive Christian community. But what do I find! Is the land divided among the peasants! No,—it belongs to Madame, the Countess! She has a fortune, servants, luxuries, all Monsieur the Count, her husband, condemns as un-Christian, and in turn, will bestow it upon her children. Yet let us not calculate pedantically whether black-souled Rockefeller has freely given his people sixty or eighty million dollars. The University of Chicago alone received thirty millions. . . . But that is inconsequential. What sums has this arch-rogue paid into the coffers of the state since he began to deal in oil at Cleveland? How many countries has he enriched? Comparison will show how he has raised the standard of living."

"Beware of boasting into God's ear of ill-gotten riches!"

"A higher judge shall decide who of us is the braggart. I, at least, have never posed as a savior. . . . The vanity of saints on their pillars cannot rob me of the certainty that I have made men happier and led my little band forward along the path of progress. Science, art, culture, are they mere de-

lusions? Why, then, did God labor for six days? And do you mean to imply that what was the law by the Lake of Tiberias should still be the law in Frisco and Tula, in Paris and Mukden, in Sicily and Alaska?"

"Even so. The Lord did not write His law for three months, as you write your drafts. And he had no consideration for thieves, robbers, slave-dealers and slayers of men!"

"Yet He has not barred His world to them. He has placed many whom you would call by such names right in the midst of it. His all-seeing eye perceived that the man of the tropics, whose bare needs are supplied by nature herself, is incapable of development and retains the habits of his ill-smelling ancestor, the simian spouse of Cain. He desired the creation of the sixth day to rise in the scale of progress, not to perish or become as beasts. He gave them the whip of desire for might and the spur of need. I am not afraid of your Buddha smile! Human needs increase in number and in kind, and what seems to you sacrilegious, may be part of the divine scheme. In this faith we work—thieves, robbers, slave-dealers and slayers of men. It is true, we take the lion's share of our conquest, but not for ourselves alone; it is we who base production itself on a surer and more comprehensive basis. We believe in a God who desired nature to be subjected to man and presses as much as the reluctant substance can yield out of human muscle and human brains. The process is not always clean and gentle. But the sum of human intelligence grows and distributes itself. Where we have worked, organized, and pocketed our gains, the world is not as it was before. My people live no longer in times of pastoral complacency. We have more intellect and more joy of the senses. Yes, they must obey, or we should have, instead of one instrument serving all, a heap of useless splinters. But slaves? Each is a lord in his own small way, free to make contracts, free to break them. And because I have enriched my country, insured a living to millions, and opened up the path of culture to many thousands, therefore I, albeit a sinner, value my life higher than that of a barren saint. The mob consigns me to the pillory, you to glory. You have made yourself comfortable in peasant's boots and peasant's garb. Mankind must go on; and will accomplish without Rockefellers what we have taught them. Therefore down with us! But calendar saints under a glass globe cannot impede its march!"



## JEANNE D'ARC'S "VOICES"



IT IS not without a certain deep significance that the ceremonial at the Vatican conferring sainthood on Jeanne d'Arc coincides with a period of engrossing interest in psychical research. We are coming to see more and more clearly that psychic phenomena, so far from being a modern portent, are engrained in the very fiber of all human history. In every age men have felt the mystery of the seemingly supernormal. The very words, "ghosts," "witches," "sorcerers," bear witness to this. But whereas in the old days, "witches" were burnt, they are now "investigated" by men of science in solemn conclave.

Jeanne d'Arc, the Maid of Orleans, presents one of the best authenticated cases in modern times of what many would call "psychic control." She saw visions; she was guided by "Voices"; and her Voices led her from victory to victory until she died a martyr at the stake. We may say, as Roman Catholics do, that her Voices were miraculous messages from God. We may say, with the Spiritualists, that angels and saints quite literally "possessed" her. Or we may say, with contemporary students of the psychic, that she exhibited such faculties as "second sight" and "telepathy." But whichever theory we accept, the mystery remains as deep as ever.

Here was a simple country maid, the daughter of peasants and unversed in books. According to her own statement, she was about thirteen years of age when her "visions" first came to her. She was sitting at a spinning wheel outside her cottage door in Domremy one beautiful summer afternoon when suddenly a bright light shone beside her and she heard a mysterious Voice. It brought her a simple message, well suited to the faculties of a child; it merely said: "Joan, be good." She could not help being frightened, yet she trusted the Voice. She knew that no spirit of evil would give such advice to a little girl who was thinking no evil, but only spinning in the summer day.

After that, quite frequently, the wonderlight shone about her, and out of the light, more and more distinctly, definite figures emerged. Preeminent among the rest was a noble, warlike man who called himself Michael, the Archangel of God. She trembled in his presence, but he won her confidence and told her of the destiny to which God had

called her, how she was to deliver her country from the hand of the invader and crown her King at Rheims. There were other figures that came out of the radiance, gentle women in shining garments, with golden circlets about their heads, who spoke to her with sweet and sisterly sympathy. They called themselves saints—Saint Catherine and Saint Margaret; but the burden of their message was the same as the Archangel Michael's, the deliverance of her country and the coronation of her King.

All through her career, Jeanne d'Arc acted directly under the inspiration of her "Voices." To the heavenly influences she ascribed whatever power was in her. And when at the last she was tortured in prison and signed a document which gave the lie to her professions, she said: "My Voices have told me since that I greatly sinned in that deed, in confessing that I had done ill. What I said, I said in fear of fire."

Every biographer of Jeanne d'Arc bears witness to the dominating control of her "Voices," and each has endeavored, according to his temperament and predilections, to explain them. The foundation for a rational solution of the problem, on natural rather than on supernatural grounds, was laid in the middle of the last century, when Jules Quicherat laboriously and conscientiously gathered together all the documents connected with the two trials of Jeanne. He opened the way for a wonderful period of research into the history and legend of the Maid. "Without doing violence to the documents of her history," said Sainte-Beuve, the great critic, on the publication of Quicherat's work, "I believe it not impossible that there will one day arise from critical and impartial study a Jeanne d'Arc at once sincere, sublime and natural." This prophecy has been fulfilled in our own time by the most distinguished living Frenchman of letters, Anatole France.

M. France, whose masterly portrayal of the Maid was treated at length in these pages last July, presents us with a Jeanne at once sincere and sublime, but above all things natural. He follows Quicherat, Sainte-Beuve, Salomon Reinach and many others, in adopting the rational explanation that the Maid, when she heard her Voices, was under a hallucination; and hallucination, in the sense in which M. France uses the word, is neither madness nor miracle, but a fact proved by



science. The Maid's voices really came from her own heart, or, as modern psychologists might say, from her subconscious mind. According to Anatole France's theory, they never told her more than she knew already.

M. France also argues that Jeanne was "indoctrinated" by priests. That is to say, he thinks she communicated her early visions to some ecclesiastic who recognized the marvelous powers of the girl and determined to use her in the salvation of France. This hypothetical priest must have studied her intimately, directed her mind-currents, and emphasized her prophetic sense.

The theories of Anatole France have attracted world-wide attention and have been heatedly discussed, during recent months, by his fellow-countrymen and by students in other lands. His most determined opponent has proved to be Andrew Lang, the famous Scotsman of letters, whose admiration for the Maid once led him to declare:

Yet art thou with this earth's immortal three  
With him in Athens that of hemlock died,  
And with thy Master dear, Whom this world  
crucified.

Mr. Lang has just published his own biography\* of Jeanne, a book that in scholarly quality and depth of research rivals Anatole France's work. It is felt, however, to be seriously marred by its controversial tone. Derogatory references to the French writer abound. There are many passages in which Anatole France as an object of attack bulks larger than Jeanne d'Arc herself.

Outsiders can hardly be expected to share Mr. Lang's controversial zeal. Many, indeed, will feel that in his attempts to trip up his opponent and in his preoccupation with ancient texts, he at times magnifies mole-hills into mountains. Moreover—and this is the curious feature of the controversy—both Andrew Lang and Anatole France are rationalists. Equally they reject "supernatural" explanations. But the Scotsman thinks that Jeanne was a genius, while the Frenchman, as already stated, believes that she heard her voices under a hallucination. Mr. Lang says:

"Nobody now asserts that her psychical experiences were feigned by her; nobody denies that she had the experiences; nobody ascribes them, like the learned of Paris University, to 'Satan, Belial, and Behemoth.' . . . I incline

to think that in a sense not easily defined, Jeanne was 'inspired,' and I am convinced that she was a person of the highest genius, of the noblest character. Without her genius and her character, her glimpses of hidden things (supposing them to have occurred) would have been of no avail in the great task of redeeming France. Another might have heard Voices offering the monitions, but no other could have displayed her dauntless courage and gift of encouragement; her sweetness of soul; and her marvellous and victorious tenacity of will."

But what was the character, it may still be asked, of this "inspiration" which Jeanne's ecclesiastical biographers call divine and M. France rejects altogether? In answering the question, Mr. Lang cites Dr. George Dumas, an eminent neuropathologist: "If hysteria had any part in Jeanne, it was only by way of permitting her unconscious thought to become objective in the form of heavenly voices and visions; it was only the open gate by which the divine—or what she conceived to be the divine—entered into her life, fortified her faith, and consecrated her mission. But as regards her intelligence and her will, Jeanne remained sane and upright. Nervous pathology can scarcely throw a feeble glimmer of light on a part of this soul."

Mr. Lang not only repudiates the theory of "hallucination." He contests, with emphasis, M. France's idea that Jeanne was "indoctrinated" by priests. "There is no warrant," he says, "for the literary hypothesis that the Voices long confined themselves to pious advice till some priests, hearing from her of the visions, induced the Voices to urge her to ride in the van of the army."

The arena in which Andrew Lang and Anatole France have been fighting their controversial battle is now being invaded by others. A writer in the London *Saturday Review* inclines to the view that Jeanne possessed "second sight," or clairvoyant vision. The New York *Times Saturday Review* favors the theory of "automatism." It says:

"Admitting a conditional presence of hysteria, and, at the same time, affirming that Jeanne's will and intelligence were normal, the Maid's voices and visions may be explained as 'automatism'; that is to say, expressions by which were made manifest to her the monitions of her unconscious thought.

"This is a most important theory. The conditional hysteria accounts for Jeanne's seeming contradictions, recantations, and relapses at her trial, all being induced by the unconscious hypnotic suggestions of her judges and prosecutors or by the reaction which followed such sugges-

\*THE MAID OF FRANCE. Being the Story of the Life and Death of Jeanne d'Arc. By Andrew Lang. Longmans, Green and Company.




tions. As to the 'automatisms,' these may account for those phenomena expressed by her knowledge of 'the King's secret,' which she imparted to him and refused to impart to her judges, her discovery of the buried sword at Fierbois, and her absolute foreknowledge of the arrow wound she was to receive at Orleans. A consciousness of these things cannot be explained by normal agencies, and yet they rest, as Quicherat says, 'on bases of evidence so solid that we cannot reject them without rejecting the very foundation of the history. I have no conclusion to draw. Whether science can find her account in the facts or not, the visions must be admitted, and the strange spiritual perceptions that issued from the visions. These peculiarities in the life of Jeanne seem to pass beyond the circle of human power.'"

There remains, of course, the theory of Spiritualism, that Jeanne actually heard spirit voices, that the Archangel Michael and the Saints Catherine and Margaret and many others in very truth spoke to her and through her. This theory is beautifully expressed in an address on Jeanne d'Arc as "the Great

Spiritualist Martyr," delivered by Mr. J. W. Boulding, of London, and printed in *Light*, the weekly Spiritualist organ of that city. He concludes:

"Reviewing all the stages of this marvellous story, I ask you, is it feasible, is it probable, is it not, in fact, impossible that all this could have been done by a village girl—a girl of seventeen, without learning, knowledge, or experience, a girl who had never seen a field of battle, much less fought in one, or manipulated an army; a girl who knew nothing except to tend her father's sheep in the forests of Domremy or sew beside her mother at her cottage door—impossible, I say, that she could have done all this in her own wisdom or her own strength; and is it not probable, nay, is it not certain, that she did see those visions and hear those voices, and that it was in the strength of some supernatural power, of some princely Michael from the hosts of God, champion of down-trodden and oppressed nationalities, clothed in the thunder of an invincible might, that she went forth on her mission and smote the foe, delivered her country, and crowned her King?"

## HOW SPIRITUAL HEALING "WORKS"

 VERY general confusion prevails, even among those who are well informed in regard to religious affairs, concerning the exact methods used and advocated by the spiritual healers whose doctrines are now so strongly in evidence in America. Nor is this to be wondered at, in view of the fact that each "school" of religious therapeutics advocates somewhat different methods. The outsider is almost sure to be puzzled by over-much talk about the "conscious" and the "sub-conscious" mind, and the "Divine Mind," and he is likely to end by asking the plain question: What is it that heals?

M. A. Stobart, a writer in *The Fortnightly Review*, has lately formulated what may be termed the "psychotherapeutic" or scientific answer to this question. He declares that the sub-conscious mind is what heals, and he defines the sub-conscious mind as the medium through which Nature works to "preserve the Idea of the Species." More specifically, he says: "To the clairvoyant eye of Nature every organism is an archetype, invisibly but beautifully impressed with the divine Idea of a Form perfect in its power of adaptation to its environment, and it is towards the preservation of this typical Idea of the Species that Na-

ture—left to herself—is persistently at work." If man is to co-operate most effectively with this "natural" process, he must completely eliminate the conscious intelligence, so Mr. Stobart holds. "It is precisely," he argues, "in proportion as the therapeutic system or healer, to whom the sufferer resorts, has the power of eliminating the *conscious* mind, and thus leaving the whole field clear for the recuperative operations of the *Sub-conscious* mind—of the 'Vis Medicatrix'—of the *Natura naturans*—that success will be achieved." According to Mr. Stobart, the success of Christian Science is to be attributed principally to its success in eliminating the conscious mind of the patient. As he puts it:

"The method of elimination employed by Christian Science is indeed drastic. There is no beating about the bush. It doesn't attempt metaphysical discriminations between Conscious and Sub-conscious and all the rigmarole which has here been adopted. It simply says to the patient: 'You have no mind at all,' and there's an end of it. And tho it hereby would eliminate the Sub-conscious as well as the Conscious mind—that is of no consequence and does no harm, for if you can only make sure of eliminating the positive *Conscious* mind of the patient—and there's not generally much difficulty in eliminating



a mind which has already agreed to its own non-existence—you need not then worry about the *Sub-conscious*. That can be trusted to go on with its evolutionary work of preserving the species even in face of Mrs. Eddy's denial of its existence."

But Mr. Stobart, while he defines his own attitude clearly, assuredly fails to state the Christian Science point of view. Christian Science, according to its accredited exponents, acknowledges two sorts of mind—the Divine Mind and human or mortal mind—and it teaches that the healing process takes place as a result of the identification of the human mind with the Divine. Mr. Alfred Farlow, the general manager of the Committee on Publication for the Christian Science denomination, explains the matter thus:

"There are and can be but two mental methods of treating the sick or influencing a fellow mortal—one is that which recognizes no other mind, hence no other power but God, good; the other is that which is based upon the human, mortal or 'carnal' mind. Now either there is but one Mind, one God, or there are minds many, Gods many. Which proposition is true? The Scriptures teach the fact that there is but one God. God is Spirit, Life, Truth, Love. Hence the implied teaching that there is but one Life, one Spirit, one Love, 'one good.'

"An erroneous belief seems to prevail to some extent that all mental methods employed in the treatment of human ills are fundamentally alike. Experience will correct this error, for, as a matter of fact, God, divine Mind, is the only real Cause and the only actual exterminator of evil. Either a method of healing recognizes this fact or else it does not. If it does, it will proceed in complete confidence of the power of God to deal with all cases. It will not require a diagnostician to determine whether in the premises God is competent to act. If, on the other hand, a method of healing does not admit that God is the only cause, then the 'mind' employed in its mental healings will be human mind. Its power is the force of human will and its cures not fundamental. The supposed changes which are produced by the exercise of human will, and which are regarded by some as genuine healings will eventually be discovered to be only temporary changes of mortal consciousness, which are not real corrections, but simply substitutes of certain erroneous mental conditions for others equally erroneous. They are the outcome of the condition mentioned in the Scriptures, 'God is not in all their thoughts.'"

An effort to explain the mysteries of religious healing from still a third point of view appears in *The Contemporary Review*. The writer of the article, Dr. A. T. Schofield,

is an eminent English doctor and author who believes in psychotherapy, and who looks with favor on the new religious emphasis. He tries to summarize the best methods used by all the therapeutic "schools." There are, he thinks, three powers undoubtedly operative—"the gift of healing," "healing by faith," and "the prayer of faith"; and there may be, he adds, a fourth possibility of "miraculous healing," on the lines indicated in the Acts of the Apostles.

Regarding the first, the "gift of healing," Dr. Schofield tells the following remarkable story:

"I believe there does exist a power or force resident in some persons which is called the 'gift of healing.' I cannot find, however, that this 'gift' is confined to the clergy, nor, indeed, that it is necessarily connected with any form of religious profession at all. I have known personally of several people who appear to possess some such therapeutic force; none of them was a clergyman, and three possessed the power from an early age.

"One of these, indeed, called on me and complained much about having a power he did not in the least desire, and which interfered very much with his profession, since he was continually being called away to cure people. (I may say no idea of making any charge ever occurred to him.) He told me that, amongst other calls, he was constantly being pressed to go to the house of a very rich city merchant when any of the family suffered from aches or pains of body or brain, and that soon after he entered the room the trouble disappeared. I went to the city in order to corroborate the statement and found the person in question, who was the head of a large firm near St. Paul's Churchyard, and he said it was quite true, and that relief invariably followed his friend's visits. His object in calling on me was to ask if I could in any way relieve him of this undesired gift.

"I should not, perhaps, have paid so much attention to him had I not had at the time a very near relative dying of rodent ulcer in the eye—a terribly agonizing affection—for whom no relief could be found save from one who possessed this power of healing. Her case being well known to the profession, I need hardly say all was done that the skill of specialists could suggest. The difficulty was with regard to the pain, for, as she could not take morphia in any form, her sufferings were unrelieved. One day I called in a man who in his touch had 'the gift of healing,' which gift, I believe, he possessed from his youth. It was enough for him to hold the sufferer's hands for half an hour each day for her to be entirely free from pain for twenty-four hours. The patient was neither emotional nor imaginative. Indeed, when the healer had to go away for three days, he begged her to imagine he was with her. She failed entirely to do so, and the pain was dreadful. In this case physical contact was



needed, and by this means alone could the sufferer be kept free from pain till she died. I need hardly say there was no suggestion of hypnotism in the treatment."

Between this first therapeutic power, the "gift of healing," and the second, "healing by faith," Dr. Schofield, draws a sharp distinction. The one is resident in the healer, the other in the patient. But in the public mind this distinction is far from being clear. In every age faith-healing has "worked," and always the popular idea has been that it is the object of faith that effects the cure. Only when it is carefully noted that, however many and various the objects of faith, the cures are always the same, does it become evident that the object cannot be the active agency. "For instance," says Dr. Schofield, "equally credible cures are recorded from faith in idols, fetishes, charms, repulsive objects, or powders or drafts; apparatus such as a thermometer or special bits of wood or iron; or in the vision at Lourdes or the holy coat of Treves, or in relics of all sorts; or in kings or holy men, or in trees, flowers, fruits; or in impostors such as Dowie, or in systems of faith, or in the gods of Greece or Egypt; or in a thousand other objects, in themselves powerless."

What is it, then, in connection with faith-healing that *does* cure? Dr. Schofield's answer to this question is the same as that of the writer in *The Fortnightly Review* already quoted. He says: The sub-conscious mind. He continues:

"Time would fail to record the marvellous resources and extraordinary ingenuity of this unconscious curative power. Some of them are enumerated by Dr. Mitchell Bruce, Sir Frederick Treves, and others; and physicians in all ages have recognized this power, which acts without any hesitation in novel and untried situations, and deals successfully with invading microbes of new diseases, the whole action postulating mind of a high order, tho unconscious."

"No true physician stands by his patient's bedside without reverently recognizing that the sufferer is already being treated by one greater than himself, and that his wisest course is to follow the lead given, and seek to help and not hinder the action of 'nature.' In many cases, however, this force, good and wise as it is, is not sufficient of itself to cope with the complicated disorders which are the results of an effete civilization. In a state of nature little medicine and few doctors are needed."

Unlike Mr. Stobart, however, Dr. Schofield does not believe that the sub-conscious mind works best when completely divorced from the

conscious intelligence. He holds, on the contrary, that the patient will get the best results who reinforces the sub-conscious process by his own will. "Faith," he declares, "can stimulate this latent power amazingly; and as is shown in hysteria when the power is disordered, it is capable of doing almost anything with the body, producing high temperature, blisters, tumors, and other affections at will." When the sub-conscious process is sufficiently energized by faith, not only functional diseases can be removed, but material objects, such as warts and varicose veins, can be made to disappear. Without this *vis medicatrix naturæ* no cure is possible; the bones will not knit, the sores will not heal.


The question may be asked: If this power be natural, and healing by faith merely the excitation of a natural process, where does God come in, and where is the power of the Divine? Dr. Schofield replies, with reverence: "That process which you glibly call natural is a great power placed by God in the body for its own cure, and hence is Divine." "Tho any faith," he adds, "if strong enough, may effect a cure of the mere bodily ailment, faith in God alone can cure the man, can restore the spirit, and bring the sufferer into tune with the Infinite, and thus make the result a fasting blessing."

Turning, last of all, to a description of the "prayer of faith," Dr. Schofield reveals something quite different from "the gift of healing" or from "healing by faith." Both of these, he has shown, are dependent upon either the exceptional possession or stimulation of natural powers, and are not necessarily dependent upon Christianity. The "prayer of faith," on the other hand, requires "a soul so lofty, so spiritual, so full of faith, that in prayer it can reach God, and in accordance with His will bring down blessing on the sufferer." To quote, finally:

"This, like all other contact of the human with the Divine, is a high and holy mystery, which may not be lightly touched by irreverent hands, but is one which, in speaking on spiritual healing, we must recognize as a natural power, tho one that can be reached by few; and which differs from other modes of healing in being absolutely dependent upon the Divine Will and the deep spirituality of the intercessor. One must never forget in these matters that to take it for granted that health is always a blessing, and is the will of God for us, and that all illness is a curse to be at once removed, is a cardinal error of the first magnitude. There is no rule, and there can be none, in these matters."



## ARE THE CLERGY BIG ENOUGH FOR THEIR TASK?

SERIOUS indictment of the Christian ministers of the country has lately been formulated by Dr. Henry Smith Pritchett, President of the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching. He says in his annual report that "the profession of the preacher has not kept pace with the enormous advance in popular education"—that, in fact, "the ministry has relatively retrograded." These statements have led to considerable discussion in the religious press, and are endorsed by at least one clergyman of high standing, the Rev. Dr. Charles F. Aked.

A hundred years ago, Dr. Pritchett declares, ministers were the educated men of their communities, and their power was in proportion. In the interval the congregations have risen enormously in the scale of general education. With this rise the law and medicine have to a large extent kept pace. But the church has relatively fallen back. The standards of admission to it have not kept pace with the general progress. To quote verbatim:

"Much has been said in recent years of the decay of churches, and the weakening of church ties, particularly among Protestants. Many explanations have been given of this tendency. No doubt many factors have a share in the result which we see. Among these one of the most evident is the inefficiency of the ministry, due in the main to low standards of admission. In the Protestant churches, where the power of authority has largely passed by, the work of the church depends on the quality of the religious leadership of its preachers. The efficiency of this leadership is low. In the small towns one finds the same conditions as exist among lawyers and physicians. Four or five ministers eke out a living where one or two at most could do the work efficiently. Like the doctors of their villages, these men concern themselves with chronic cases and specific remedies, while the great problems of the moral health of their communities go untouched."

With this state of affairs, Dr. Pritchett compares conditions existing in the Roman Catholic Church. The old mother church, he thinks, has pursued a more far-sighted policy than that pursued by the majority of her daughters. She requires of all her priests a long and severe training. "However one may criticize the kind of education which they receive, or the large factor of loyalty to the ecclesiastical organization which forms

part of it, the wisdom of the requirement is unquestionable. To it is due in very large measure the enormous moral power of the Roman Catholic Church throughout the world, particularly among the great masses of working people in the cities, where Protestantism has been so markedly ineffective, partly, at least, because of defects that an adequate modern education would go far toward remedying." Then follows the argument:

"The Protestant ministry faces today a most serious economic difficulty. The low standards of admission, coupled with the multiplication of sects and church buildings, have brought into the profession of the minister a large number of ill-trained men, and have at the same time brought down the financial recompense of the minister to a very low basis—the basis, indeed, of the inefficient man. However indispensable is the altruistic motive in the life of the preacher or of the teacher, neither preaching nor teaching can be considered independent of their economic relations in the social order unless the solution of the Roman Catholic Church is accepted, under which preachers are celibate priests and draw their support from the church. So long as preachers are to marry and bring up families, and assume a place in the social life of their communities, so long will the efficiency of the preacher have a direct relation to the quality of his financial support. The poverty of this support at this time, its uncertainty, the uncomfortable attitude of begging for oneself which many preachers have to assume, particularly in small communities, all operate powerfully to turn away able and serious men from this profession."

All of this Dr. Aked endorses fervidly. He feels, with Dr. Pritchett, that the ministry has not kept pace with the culture of the age, and that one secret of the whole trouble is to be found in the antiquated devotional standards imposed on candidates for the ministry. In an interview published in the *New York Globe*, he says:

"Few things are more grievous than the spectacle of really intellectual, highly educated, devoted young men turned back from the ministry. A ministerial friend of my own vouches for the truth of this statement, which he makes from his own personal knowledge of the university in question. Man after man of great ability and great attainments and high character intending to devote himself to the ministry, before his university career closes has changed his mind and gone into law or railroad work or journalism and literature or something else, simply because he was too big a man to pass through the mis-



erable little wicket gate set up by the keepers of the denominations. These men have felt themselves called to maintain the orthodoxy of the churches, a narrow, stupid, stodgy little orthodoxy, out of harmony with our modern thinking, denied by all that we know today under the continuous operations of the Living Spirit of God. Men who respect themselves, real men, men who have it in them to do some good in the world, are not going to stultify themselves by submitting to the absurd little tests which these absurd little men propose."

Dr. Aked goes on to express his full agreement with what Dr. Pritchett says in regard to the inadequate pay of ministers. "One of the very first reforms, perhaps the first, demanded in this day," he concludes, "is to double the salary of every preacher on the continent." He adds:

"It is by no means wonderful that Dr. Pritchett talks about the inefficiency of the ministry. Of course we are inefficient. I bring no railing accusation of my brethren. I only know we are not big enough for the tasks which the new age brings to us. My friend Dr. W. J. Dawson was at one time a Wesleyan Methodist minister in England. He said in those early days that if John Wesley were to come back to earth his first act would be to give orders that one-half the present race of Methodist ministers should be shot in the nearest field. I should not like to be responsible for Dr. Dawson's opinion; I should be afraid of the retort that if that happened I should be among the first led out to face the firing party! I associate myself in all sincerity with my brethren, and I repeat that the work of reinterpreting the Gospel of Jesus Christ in the language of the twentieth century, and of applying its principles to the development of our complex civilization, is so gigantic that we are not big enough for it. All that Dr. Pritchett says and all that he can do and all that the Carnegie Foundation can do toward raising the standard of the ministry is good work for the future of this nation."

*The Christian Work and Evangelist* (New York) comments at length on these two utterances. They involve, it admits, problems of most vital concern to the churches, but they are "not to be taken," it thinks, "as the last word nor without much qualification." It continues:

"For instance, there never was a stronger, saner, more prophetic, brainier set of ministers in New York City than there is today—and men of great leadership and dauntless courage. Dr. Charles E. Jefferson, of the Broadway Tabernacle, has a much more vigorous intellect than had Dr. William Taylor, altho perhaps Dr. Tay-

lor was more of an orator. . . . No preacher of the last century in New York was producing sermons of the profundity and grasp of religious experience of the recently published sermons of Dr. Charles H. Parkhurst. In Brooklyn, Hillis and Cadman are towering as great as did Behrends and Buddington and Storrs. A great critic has recently remarked that the sermons recently published by George A. Gordon, of Boston, 'Through Man to God,' are as great and powerful as the sermons of Bushnell or Munger, and we agree with this critic. For brilliancy Slicer is the equal of any minister New York has ever known, not excepting Crosby; for passionate oratory and prophetic fervor Aked is proving a second Phillips Brooks. We have wide acquaintance among the ministry of the Eastern States, and we are rather inclined to think that on the whole they are as able a body of men as were their fathers, and fully equal in intellectual acumen and vigor and culture to the lawyers and physicians of the town."

Nevertheless, the same paper proceeds, there is truth enough in some of Dr. Pritchett's remarks to cause the churches to think seriously about the future. Without doubt, "many of our theological seminaries have not kept pace with the advance in the law schools and medical colleges." Fully one-half of the problems the modern minister has to meet are absolutely new. The whole temper of man's thinking has changed. Our intellectual horizons have been enlarged. The study of comparative religion has altered previous conceptions of the Orient. A new social conscience and a new ethics have come into being. The emphasis in religion has changed from the metaphysical and doctrinal to the ethical and practical. But many theological seminaries remain indifferent to all this. They offer the same courses today that they offered thirty or forty years ago.

On the other hand, *The Christian Work and Evangelist* insists, there are many theological seminaries that are up to date, and pedagogically as much abreast of the times as the best law schools or medical schools in the country.

"To mention only those we know—Yale, Harvard, Andover, Chicago and Union, for instance, lay great stress on sociological subjects and applied Christianity, demand high grade of philosophical ability, are fully abreast in their theological and Biblical teaching of the best and latest knowledge of the day, are using the case system extensively in their teaching of pastoral functions and are striving to make preachers who shall know both the needs of to-day and their most vital satisfaction. There are no better or more modern or prophetic students of the




whole social problem from its religious aspect than Graham Taylor, of Chicago, or Thomas Hall, of Union, or William Bailey, of Yale, or Francis J. Peabody, of Harvard. These are the men preparing our ministers for the new tasks of the new day."

This editorial closes with the argument that the churches can have just the kind of ministers they want. The reform, it urges, should come from the churches, not from the ministry.

"Young men are not going to spend fourteen years fitting themselves to be prophets when they

know they are not wanted with their prophetic message, but a lively, brisk young organizer and money raiser is desired. The kind of men being called to many of our prominent churches is very discouraging to the men who have great messages to deliver in great prophetic ardor. We are inclined to think that what deterioration there is in the ministry is due largely to deterioration in the congregations. Congregations with minds eager to grapple with the great problems of the day and enjoying the masterly unfolding of great thought and ready to follow the prophet in new ventures and untried ways will soon produce a harvest of great preachers. But congregations that want sweet, fifteen-minute sermonettes will never produce prophets."

## "CREATIVE ASSERTION" AND ITS LIMITATIONS

HE basis of the whole psychotherapeutic school today, it has been said, is the theory that whatever you set your mind upon you can get, if you only have an intense enough desire. Not unreasonably it is being urged by a host of "New Thought" teachers that success or failure in life depends upon one's capacity for "creative assertion." A problem is involved here that teaches not merely psychology and religion but life in its every aspect.

Christian Scientists, for instance, would have us believe that Mrs. Eddy can make apple trees blossom by her creative assertion that it is time for them to do so. Thomas W. Lawson, the Boston dramatizer of high finance, tries to make markets for investment by buying entire pages of newspapers and issuing sensational manifestoes. We are all familiar with the political bluffers who "claim everything" before every election, and with the real-estate boomers who create towns with the aid of a great deal of assertion intended to be creative and a few sign-posts to show where streets ought to be.

It is easy to condemn such over-exuberant tendencies of human nature as "a game of bluff." But is the issue so simple? Do not these individuals actually succeed in creating somewhat of that which they affirm? Dr. Richard C. Cabot, the distinguished Boston physician, thinks that they do. Writing in *Psychotherapy* (New York), he says:

"The Christian Scientists probably do not make apple trees bloom, but they certainly do cure a great many people. Mr. Lawson does not increase the substantial value of his stock for investment.

Yet he does create something: he 'calls spirits from the vasty deep,' and *something* comes, even tho it is not the spirits. So your political 'claim-everything' man probably produces some results, influences some votes by his claims, or he would not make them; and there is no question that the real-estate boomer does succeed, by mere force of reiterated assertion and contagious enthusiasm, in creating an atmosphere in which something more substantial can grow."

The defense that professional "bluffers" would make, if arraigned, would doubtless be that things are not fixed and finished; that what a man says does sometimes change facts; that since the world is in flux, it is "up to" anybody to shape it as it should be shaped. Doctors are wont to justify the deception of patients on the ground that absolute truthfulness often produces deleterious results. If a sick man knows that he is expected to die, he is much more likely to die than if he is kept in ignorance. The vehement assertion that the patient will get well, it is argued, tends to create its own truth, tends to make itself real. Political "spellbinders," real-estate promoters and stock manipulators might all offer the same sort of arguments; "and we cannot help perceiving," Dr. Cabot remarks, "that there is much that is plausible, even much that is true, in all this special pleading." On the other hand, it is equally evident that statements of this kind are at times perilously like lying, are dangerously near to imposture and quackery. Where shall the line be drawn between the justifiable and useful, and the rascally and dangerous, in this field? Or, to state the problem otherwise, when is a creative assertion valid?

In answering these questions, Dr. Cabot



makes it clear that creative assertion is successful in just the degree that "we penetrate sympathetically or by scientific comprehension of natural law the persons or things around us." He illustrates this point in a very simple way:

"If you lift the dampers from the strings of a piano by pressing the 'loud' or sustaining pedal and then sing a good loud note, the corresponding piano string will answer with the same tone. Sing an arpeggio, or any series of notes, and the piano will instantly copy them, tho somewhat faintly. This well-known experiment depends on the principle of 'sympathetic vibration.' It is perfectly easy to get the result, provided you obey the laws of sound; otherwise it is impossible. If you press by mistake the wrong pedal, or if you press the right one, and it is not in good working order, you can sing away all day without getting any response; but with the dampers lifted, you 'can call spirits from the vasty deep,' and they will come. Provided all the conditions are right—all the notes of your voice represented by intact piano strings, none broken, and all free to vibrate when the sound wave hits them—and provided you have a fairly loud voice and are not too far from the piano, then your will can evoke the answering note."

This is an illustration from the physical world, but the same law holds good in the psychic and spiritual world. The power which a good conductor exerts over his orchestra, or a skilful orator over his hearers, or a business man over his staff, is equally dependent on "sympathetic vibrations."

"When a captain says to his crew, 'Now we're off!' he uses the indicative mood; he is apparently stating a fact, describing a situation. Yet this is a laughably untrue account of what his hearers understand him to say. Altho he makes an assertion in the indicative mood, they understand it in the imperative mood; and, curiously enough, an assertion is often all the more effective for not having the form of a command. It appears to be a statement made in the middle of the event, on board a boat already started (so it seems), altho, in fact, the boat may be still motionless. By this form of words he projects his hearers into the future, or draws the future into the present; both of which acts are peculiarly characteristic of the creative process and of effective command.

"Watch Henry V whetting his army's courage before Agincourt:

I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,  
Straining upon the start. The game's afoot;  
Follow your spirit . . . !

"The king is not merely describing the facts before his eyes; he is helping to create them by

his assertion. Doubtless he does see the men 'strain upon the start'—after he has said so, and perhaps a little before—with the eye of faith.

"Present assertion, prophetic vision, and creative affirmation melt and blend into one another in this speech, as in all the greatest feats of leadership. So the Hebrew prophets with their 'Thus saith the Lord' are prophetic and creative as well as affirmative."

But obviously there are limits to what a great leader or prophet can do. It is just in the recognition of these limits that a man shows his greatness. The reckless "bluffer" ignores all such boundaries and fails. There are leaders whom no one follows, prophets who have no disciples. Creative assertion, then, has its limits, and these limits, Dr. Cabot says, depend upon the closeness of the relation between the asserter and the asserteree. He adds, in concluding:

"The man who says 'I will succeed in business' finds his affirmation crowned with success only in so far as his assertion is the prelude to an intelligent comprehension of the situation around him. If he is keen enough, or hard-working enough, to discover a rising wave on whose back he can ride to success, his assertion will turn out to be creative—otherwise not. So the boy who says, 'I will learn to jump a five-foot bar,' may be answered, 'Yes, if you train, develop, practice properly; otherwise you will probably be limited to the jumping powers of the ordinary man, about two feet and a half perpendicularly.'

"When we go beyond ourselves, there is no question that we do find ourselves possessed in some cases of the power to free each other's energies, to evoke, to disengage, to focus unused powers; but only if we understand the lives or tissues which we undertake to enter. We do not yet understand cancer, Bright's disease, or broken legs in any way so intimate as to make possible the success of our fiat, or even of our prayer, for their healing. The assertion, 'I will cure you,' or even 'God will cure you,' may be powerful or powerless, according to the degree of our penetration of the mysteries of health and disease confronting us. Disease may be as stubborn as a mountain, and as irremovable by the faith or by the affirmation of the ordinary man. On the other hand, disease may be quite plastic, quite yielding. There is nothing in advance of actual experience to tell us to which of these two classes a given disease belongs.

"We must discover, step by step, what we can do by physical, by chemical, and by psychical means. . . . Only by experience, by unprejudiced inquiry, can we learn to predict what is accomplished by anyone's assertion. Its powers are great, its dangers are great; we must steer our way sanely, and cautiously, without groundless dread or groundless confidence."



# Music and the Drama

## THE MUCKRAKER IN THE PLAYHOUSE



HE stage is worse today in the judgment of Archbishop Farley, than it was in the days of paganism. "Men and women," he recently exclaimed, "old men and old women who ought to know better, bring their young to these orgies of indency." A distinguished Rabbi has heartily concurred with the Archbishop. "I don't care," he says, "if most managers are Jews,—they are all heathens." Then the unexpected happened. Mr. Charles Burnham, President of the Manager's Association, pleaded guilty for himself and his colleagues to the Archbishop's indictment and predicted a public censor if managers continued to put on the indecent shows that have drawn the crowds for the last twelve months. He insinuated that five plays are now running on Broadway that should be closed at once. The Dramatic Muse, thus impeached in the house of her friends and found guilty in the ecclesiastical court, forthwith proceeded to trial before the tribunal of the public and as a result the theatrical muckraker is now drawing his rake in search of evidence through unpleasant and prurient plays. Especially has Mr. Walter Pritchard Eaton, formerly dramatic editor of *The Sun* (New York), manifested his vigilance in the case of the theatrical trust. An unprecedented wave of licentiousness in theatrical entertainments, he maintains (in *Success*), has arisen and is moving slimily from the "Tenderloin" of New York into the real United States. Vaudeville is already inundated, while the musical comedy has in the past two or three years sunk in many cases to the level of back-alley indecency. The dramatic stage itself, he continues, has felt the influence and let down the gates to farces of the rankest suggestion. Such plays pay in "the Tenderloin" of New York and so acquire a reputation that piques curiosity throughout the country. Managers state in defence: "We'll give the public what they want and pay for. We've got to live." Mr. Eaton, however, is of a different opinion. "No," he shouts back, "there is no sufficient reason for your living. There are hardly a dozen of you in the country whose work could not be better done, vastly better done, by somebody else."

The ethics of the theatrical manager, he affirms, do not as a rule reach beyond his pocket-book; and it is there alone we can hit him. The blue pencil of the censor and the bludgeons of the police cannot save us; we must appeal to the public, not the public of "the Tenderloin" but of the country. We safeguard our dwellings, the writer goes on to say, by forbidding saloons within so many feet of a school. We safeguard health by forbidding expectoration in public places. We keep certain books off the shelves of our public libraries and exclude objectionable matter from the United States mails; but "we are permitting every man, woman and child to-day who goes to a vaudeville theater—the best of vaudeville theaters—to see naked women exposed to view and almost naked women going through the filthy motions of the most obscene of Oriental dances." Further:

"We are permitting our young men in so-called 'first-class' theaters to hear licentious dialog which is not spoken to illustrate a social truth, with serious purpose, but solely to rouse laughter at sexual immorality. We are permitting these same young men to face the constant assault on their lowest passions of indecent gestures by young women on the stage, of craftily arranged nudity, and the specious glamor of foreign 'fast life.' And we are permitting it because we have got into the habit, in recent years, of permitting even laxer dramatic standards to prevail, giving even more and more rope to the present vulgar herd of theatrical managers, allowing the taste of the Tenderloin in New York ever more and more to dictate the character of entertainments in the American theater."

New York, Mr. Eaton reminds us, is the theatrical arbiter of the land because, in small towns where traveling attractions seldom remain longer than one or two days, the public is shy of buying unknown dramatic ware, and unless a play comes heralded by a New York run there is no way of determining its merit. The inevitable result of this, we are told, is that New York's theatrical tastes are imposed on the rest of the country. The trail of "the Tenderloin" is over us all. Unless a play pleases Broadway it has small chance anywhere else, except in independent Chicago.



"And," Mr. Eaton continues, "because the theatrical syndicate and a few vaudeville 'magnates' control between them nearly all the theaters in the country (save a few in the hands of the Shuberts, who maintain a partial and gratifying independence), the manager of the theater out in your town, even when he would like to refuse certain plays or certain vaudeville acts, can not do so. He has to take whatever is sent him by Klaw and Erlanger, or Keith and Proctor, or William Morris. He is nothing but a janitor. There is no such thing as local option in our theaters. There is no such thing as personal liberty. Men who want decency can not have it. The trail of 'the Tenderloin' is over the local managers as much in your town as in New York."

Broadway, however, while quick to detect crudities of style, is blasé, cosmopolitan and incapable of enthusiasm. "Tenderloin" audiences are only in part composed of normal American men and women, acting under normal conditions. A large percentage, the writer says, are foreign born and have little sympathy or understanding of national conditions north of the Harlem river. Mr. Eaton seems to forget for the moment that the foreign population of New York has theaters of its own, one of which is acknowledged to be superior in many respects to any American playhouse. The bane of the theater in New York, Mr. Eaton goes on to say, consists of the multitudes who go to the theater merely to kill time. Because they are incapable of understanding it, they avoid like the plague anything which they contemptuously describe as "high-brow." This is not all. "The Tenderloin" is intimately related to the rest of the country, for it is composed only in part of New Yorkers. "You, Madam, out in Grand Rapids, or down in Georgia or Worcester (Mass.)," Mr. Eaton asserts, with startling directness, "your brother or your father or your husband is a very important part of 'the Tenderloin.' There are between one hundred thousand and two hundred thousand transients in New York hotels every day. Every night these visitors go to the theater. Without them, half of the New York theaters would close up tomorrow. There is nothing so indecent in New York as a visiting deacon."

The managers, Mr. Eaton exclaims, not without a trace of snobbishness, are mostly of low origin in the social scale and have no social background which they respect. Uneducated, they know nothing about dramatic art in its relation to other arts and to society,

nothing even about its traditions or history. They keep the material side of the stage in their own hands by shrewd and often unscrupulous business methods, and have in recent years almost stifled competition, which in the history of the drama has always proved to be the life of dramatic art. We have, he admits, some high-minded managers, such as Charles Frohman, who conducts his large business on a decent and dignified plane, altho chained to the wheels of the theatrical trust. Most of our worthy managers, we are assured, are either actors themselves (Mrs. Fiske, E. H. Sothern, Henry Miller, for instance), or are men like Belasco who know and love the theater as a means of artistic expression. Henry W. Savage, a college graduate, enjoys the artistic satisfaction of producing plays. But now more than ever, Mr. Eaton reiterates, "the powerful ones are, with a few honorable exceptions, men of low origin and mean intelligence, men unblessed with ideals."

New York, however, stands not altogether alone in its iniquity. "Take," Mr. Eaton says, "the most indecent musical comedy of last winter. Before that play ever came to New York it sold out the theaters in Albany merely on its suggestive title. And Boston, the pure, the proper, the chaste, the cultured, that kicked the Bacchante out of the Public Library; Boston, that sits by its foggy bay and hugs itself with righteous approval, a pharisee of cities, Boston has been known to tumble over itself to hear the Ziegfeld indecencies. The poison which has emanated originally in New York has spread now throughout the country; it is tolerated, sought for and applauded in the best theaters. It is time to call a halt, cries out Mr. Eaton. "Every time a licentious play prospers while a worthy drama is neglected next door, the path is made much harder for the writer of worthy drama, dramatic art is forced down one step toward the mire." To quote further:

"Perhaps you are a little skeptical. Perhaps you are even a trifle annoyed by the vehemence of all this—this talk of 'poison' and 'indecent' and lurking danger. *You* don't go to such shows. Your pleasant suburb seems quite as pleasant as ever, quite as moral.

"No, my dear sir or madam, you don't go to such shows. But are you sure your son doesn't? And be very sure that if *your* son would not do such a thing, other people's sons may not be so well restrained. Is it not 'poison' to the adolescent mind when half-naked women make suggestive gestures, in the glare of the footlights, direct-



ly in his face? Is it not 'poison' when he listens to gross dialog and indecent songs spoken and sung that they may be laughed at, when he hears one thousand men and women around him laughing at this indecency, thus very justly seeming to him to give it their sanction and approval? Is it not 'poison' when scores and scores of children who, poor things, are taken weekly to 'refined' vaudeville because our stage provides no more suitable entertainment for them, are permitted to see naked women on the stage, are thus taught that modesty is not, after all, a virtue? Is this not preparing them in a few years for the more ready acceptance in the 'legitimate' theater of the doctrine, already prevalent there, that chastity is not a virtue, either? Is it not 'poison' when nightly thousands of men and women gather in this or that theater solely for the purpose (secret or avowed) of finding pleasure in appeals to their lowest instincts?"

Nothing is more certain, Mr. Eaton goes on to say, than that suggestion plays a mighty part for good and evil. And nothing, in his opinion, is more certain, in our theaters today than that we are at present starting a frightful number of our young men—and older men, too—on the way toward looseness and the easy acceptance of public immodesty. "In New York alone, at one time this winter, four plays and musical pieces were running and at least two vaudeville entertainments were being given which made frank, bald and unequivocal appeal to the lowest sexual passions. That means that nightly at least seven or eight thousand men and women were being subtly debased in their moral standards. Is this not poison? Is this not something to get indignant about?" But, the writer admits, these are general charges. Are the facts really as bad as all this? He proceeds, in his charge, to more definite facts. Vaudeville, until recently, made a boast of catering to the family. Ten years ago Mr. Keith would not allow an actress who impersonated a French maid to wear silk stockings because silk stockings were suggestive of fast life. Today vaudeville "headliners" wear no stockings at all.

"At Oscar Hammerstein's roof-garden last summer (Oscar poses as a patron of Art with a big A!) Gertrude Hoffman appeared in a so-called 'Salome' dance, imitated from the dance of a female in London. (In originating indecency our managers are not yet expert, falling back on the older capitals of Europe.) Mr. Hammerstein this winter has produced at his Opera House Strauss's opera of 'Salome.' Perhaps he was craftily working up interest in advance. Miss Hoffman appeared almost naked, and slobbered over a wax representation of a severed head.

"So great was the 'success' of this act that a host of imitations at once sprang up and went the rounds of vaudeville in other cities. Incidentally, in some theaters, the word 'refined' still blazed ironically on the programs. But as the Salome craze began to subside, a public already whetted by salacious excitement demanded a new thrill. The managers met this demand. Recently a female has been appearing in the vaudeville theaters controlled by William Morris (ironic name!) without so much as a gauze skirt and jewels.

"At the same time the rival vaudeville circuit, headed by the passionately proper Mr. Keith, was exhibiting a professional woman swimmer in a skin-tight union suit, and in order to make the act, which is naturally only an athletic exhibition, suggestive, the managers put on the stage a man with a camera to impersonate a peeper. Two sets of naked, shivering females, known respectively as the Bare Bronze Beauties and the Three Golden Graces, are this winter posing as statues, covered with bronze paint, in the rival vaudeville houses. The bronze paint dehumanizes them, to be sure, so that they chiefly resemble very bad and clumsy bronze plaster casts. But they are intended to act as a licentious lure, even if they fail in their effect.

"At Hammerstein's New York theater a woman appeared last January who used to appear at the Howard Athenaeum in Boston—a low joint—who, the week before Hammerstein took her, was performing at Huber's Museum in New York, a Bowery resort. Why was she elevated into 'refined vaudeville'? Because she dances, also half naked, the grossest of Oriental dances. At the World's Fair of 1893 this dance was greeted with yelps of outraged propriety. Only five years ago it was stopped by the police in New York. Now it is accepted in leading vaudeville theaters, accepted and applauded, without comment or interference."

On the "legitimate" stage, the same passionate advocate for the prosecution continues, we find the bulk of indecency in the musical comedies produced by a perniciously active and very powerful number of managers. Some of the serious plays like Walter's "The Easiest Way" and Sheldon's "Salvation Nell" deal soberly and truthfully with corruption and are perhaps, Mr. Eaton concedes, aids in the cause of morality. Indecency in a play he holds to be a matter of intention rather than of subject. "Mrs. Warren's Profession," closed up by the New York police, is a play that arouses no salacious speculation but inspires only pity and sociological interest. But the musical comedies, as held up for condemnation in Mr. Eaton's indictment, are written frankly for the sole purpose of appealing to the baser instincts of the audience. The worst



of them, he informs us, the most pretentious and the most popular, are produced by Florence Ziegfeld, Jr., the husband of Anna Held. In New York they are exhibited in theaters controlled by the theatrical firm of Klaw and Erlanger, the booking agents of the so-called theatrical syndicate, and consequently the most powerful managers (financially) in the country. At the present writing, Mr. Eaton remarks, the front of the New York Theater blazes with a huge electric sign announcing Anna Held in "Miss Innocence." Miss Held impersonates a school-girl reared in complete ignorance of the world who escapes from school into a fast café. The dialog, unfit for publication in any magazine that goes through the United States mails, is pruriently and intentionally suggestive. The songs are suggestive and the costumes are suggestive and there is more danger, especially for the young, in one musical comedy such as this than in a score of such plays as "Mrs. Warren's Profession" or "The Easiest Way," against which some people rage even while they have tickets for "Miss Innocence" in their pockets. Another emanation from the same contaminating source, Mr. Eaton goes on to say, is "The Soul Kiss," now on the road. Why, he remarks, it is called "The Soul Kiss" nobody has found out, for the soul is the only portion of the human anatomy that is never displayed. The star is Mademoiselle Genée, one of the most light-footed, graceful and sprite-like dancers ever brought to this country. "To watch her in 'The Soul Kiss,'" Mr. Eaton declares, "is like watching an angel dance on a dung heap." Even worse than "The Soul Kiss," he tells us, is "The Queen of the Moulin Rouge," the dullness of which is its only redeeming feature. Indecency alone, he alleges, has kept it on the stage. His wrath, however, is kindled to a flame by "The Girl from Rector's," a remade French farce announced by the managers as "a spicy salad with very little dressing." "The posters for this play," Mr. Eaton maintains, "cause every decent woman to turn away as she passes them on the street. In Trenton, at least, the police very properly ordered these posters off the fences and finally closed the play up. Indeed, the play was of such character that it was promptly promoted to Broadway, Joe Weber housing it at his theater."


Matthew Arnold once delivered an address in New York in which he contended that the majority is always wrong and that a nation's salvation rests with the remnant. The Athens of Plato and the Judah of Isaiah perished because the remnant was too small. But because

in America the remnant sprung from Germanic stock is numerically so large, he looked to it always for a weathering of moral storms. We have not yet, Mr. Eaton maintains, accepted the "great goddess Lubricity" to which Arnold made allusion in the course of his great address. Prurient plays still run counter to our better instincts, and they appeal to us not as natural but as vicious. In fact, it is the flavor of the naughtiness that sends us there. "But," Mr. Eaton warningly asserts, "that is an inevitable step in accepting them as natural, in coming to rely on their lewd appeal as part of our legitimate theatrical pleasures. Every acceptance of an indecency is making easier our acceptance of the next. It is high time in our theater to call on the aid of the remnant, on the saving minority. 'The trail of the Tenderloin,'" he adds, "could most easily be obliterated by opening up competition throughout the country giving better plays a little better chance."

And already, it seems, the theatrical trust is cleft. Abe Erlanger, so it is asserted, in an editorial in *Collier's Weekly*, at present rules the American stage. Frohman, Klaw, Nixon, Zimmermann, and even Hayman, become his puppets more and more. The rising power of Lee Shubert, however, is a menace to Erlanger's authority. The Shuberts, we learn, have been expanding rapidly as producers and quietly extending their control of a number of theaters so widely as to promise them immunity from Erlanger's domination. Already they are able to conduct their own theaters in the principal cities and still play to houses for which the syndicate acts as agent. The advantage to the public, the dramatist, and the actor of having two booking routes, the writer asserts, can scarcely be overstated. "Of course there ought to be more, but between one and two lies all the difference between slavery and freedom. Even when the power of the syndicate was most severe, a few managers held out. Such were the men who control the local theatres at Binghamton, New York, and Williamsport, Pennsylvania; but, as may be guessed from illustrations of such modesty, a rare bird has been the local manager who, in defying the trust, has managed his house to suit himself." With the central power divided, the local managers may yet take heart and open their theaters to plays in which they themselves have confidence. With competition, the great American public will be able to render its verdict and to indicate clearly whether or not it wants indecency on the stage.



## PITIFUL PLIGHT OF THE AMERICAN PLAYWRIGHT

 FROM our dramatists comes a cry of distress. Mr. Wilton Lackaye announces that he has asked his Congressman, William S. Bennett, to father a bill levying a heavy duty on foreign plays. The American playwright, it is said, finds himself in a pitiful plight. Managers turn the cold shoulder to him, and if Mr. George Jean Nathan, writing in *The Bohemian*, is right, the aforesaid playwright is rapidly losing his hold on the public. We are the capital of big industries and financial power, but when we turn in the atlas to drama-land we find ourselves theatrical suburbs of London, Paris, Berlin and Vienna. Of peculiar significance in this connection are the plans for the New Theater, now in course of construction, from which much has been hoped for the American drama. At last, we have been told, we are to have a National Theater. "That is," Mr. Nathan sarcastically remarks, "a National Theater for the presentation of plays of other nations." When the band at the dedicatory exercises seemed to play "My Country 'Tis of Thee" we were fooled, he thinks. It was really playing "God Save the King." The New Theater, the writer facetiously adds, "is going to be opened with a play written by a young author named William Shakespeare. Mr. Shakespeare's light has been hidden under a bushel for so long and his worth is so unknown to Americans that the gentlemen in control of the glorious, independent Red-White-and-Blue theater have shown a master stroke of commendable originality, not to say bravado, in declaring their intention of giving him a 'chance.'" To quote further:

"In this 'National' theater, moreover, the managers promise us we shall subsequently see the choicest plays of such budding American playwrights as Mr. Pinero, Mr. Jones, and other dramatists who are loyal subjects of the Goddess of Liberty when they see her on the face of our silver dollars. Lest any capable American playwrights be overlooked, the New Theater powers have commissioned Mr. William Archer to scour every nook and cranny of Great Britain in search of suitable dramatic material."

Where once we may have had some slight independent dramatic status, we find ourselves today, in Mr. Nathan's opinion, devotees of a "denationalized stage." The public, not the managers, are, however, to be blamed if our theater resembles "a chop suey made up of

foreign ingredients." Our own snobbishness, Mr. Nathan contends, forces our leading producers to rely almost entirely on foreign authors. A glance over Mr. Frohman's productions this season from "Love Watches" to "Jack Straw," from "Samson" to "Lady Frederick," and from "What Every Woman Knows" to "The Mollusc" and "Malia," fails to reveal evidence of the stars and stripes. Even "The Patriot" was constructed by an English pen. In Frohman's musical productions, patriotism had its way only in "Fluffy Ruffles," but Mr. Frohman was the only patriot concerned and the play was exiled from the metropolis. The other managers, with few exceptions, have followed in the footsteps of Mr. Frohman. Even in plays by American playwrights, the foreign touch was seldom absent. "Take 'The Man From Home,' an American play by American authors, conceived and written in Italy, with its scenes laid in Italy and several of the prominent characters English. Take 'Girls' and 'The Blue Mouse,' adaptations from the German, and 'The World and His Wife,' reconstructed from the Spanish."

The foreign influence is as evident in nearly every musical comedy. American librettomakers almost invariably lay their settings in foreign countries. "The Boys and Betty," "Mlle. Mischief," "Marcelle," "Miss Innocence," "The Queen of Moulin Rouge," "The Golden Butterfly," "The Prima Donna"—all from American pens, have borrowed their local color from Europe. Even Mr. George M. Cohan lays the scene of his "The American Idea" in Paris. The place of "Fluffy" is taken by such foreign young ladies as "Kitty Grey" and "The Girls From Gottenburg," and even Mr. Savage has put his foot down on American musical plays. We are "beaten to a frazzle," declares Mr. Nathan, in the theatrical battle. We look to English dramatists for serious plays. German comedies are hurried overseas to fortify the stage. French shocks are heard in New England. We sing songs of Vienna, smile at the wit of Molnar and stare at the dances of sun-scorched southern lands. What sallies we have made into the enemies' country have been mostly disastrous. "Paid in Full" has been a failure abroad, and our "College Widows," to use the language of Mr. Nathan, "have been first injured to the Ade." "The Squaw-Man" managed to get along because its central character was an



Englishman. "Leah Kleshna," despite reports to the contrary, was not a great financial success abroad, while "Mrs. Wiggs" was regarded as a curiosity, not as a play. Our managers take it for granted that foreign successes will be successes in America, and they are seldom mistaken. But their frenzied dashes after Maugham, their rush after Molnar and Bernstein have no analogies in instances of foreign producers clamoring to get in touch with our Walters, our Ades, our Thomases or our Broadhursts. To quote again:

"While we are after the man who wrote the Merry Widow waltz, no foreign managers are reciprocally bothering the life out of the man who made the Red Mill grind. Ivan Caryll, Lionel Monckton and the other foreign music show-makers have not the competition to fear that have our George Hobarts, our Frank Pixleys and our Gustav Luderses. The truth must out: We are a theatrical suburb and Europe knows it well, even if we, its dog, do not.

"No one ever hears of a foreign producer trying to make an impression upon his audience by announcing that his play will be presented in America. Over here, tho, whenever a manager wants to impress the theater-goers he publishes the statement that 'Plans have now been completed for the presentation of — in London in May.'"

The increasingly insistent demand for the "imported" sign of theatrical productions, Mr. Nathan continues, must eventually compel the home dramatic author to battle against foreign authors with their own material. Before long we shall see our playwrights shift their scenes from Harlem flats to English manors. It is interesting to speculate on what would have been the chance of a foreign play like "Love Watches" with an American environment, and what we should have said of "Samson" if Brachard had been named Billings, Anne-Marie Mary Ann, and Le. Govain Gibson; if that panic had been started on the Stock Exchange instead of the Bourse, and that scene laid in the Holland House instead of the more or less unknown Hotel de Ritz? As it were, the blue pencil took the red blood of dramatic life out of both plays. "But," asks the writer, "what cared we? They were foreign—sufficiency." He goes on to say:


"There is something coarse to us about 'police-man' but we like 'bobby.' The Derby is more to our ears' liking than the Brooklyn handicap. The dramatic food tastes better at Maxim's than at Rector's. We say 'Ah' when what she has on is by Worth, and 'um' when it's from the Osborne

shop. We vociferously applaud Stage-England and then go 'round the corner and get into a fight because a fellow in tweeds in the café says New York isn't nearly as good as London. We want American material; we say so, and we fight to prove we mean what we say. But we are liars."

It may be urged in reply to Mr. Nathan's contentions, that the fault probably lies with our playwrights more than with the public. Why, for instance, have we never produced a worthy drama embodying our struggle for independence? Our attempts at a national drama, as Mr. Eaton points out in his recently published book on "The American Stage Today" (Small, Maynard & Company) have been lamentable failures. "But," he adds hopefully, "the American drama is just now waking up to look about with a man's eyes, to put ideas, speculation and comment where silly sentiments did duty before. 'Great Divides' and 'Witching Hours' have succeeded the trivialities of the past." There is no reason why the public should accept bad plays because they are American. As a matter of fact, it seems to us, that even fairly well-made American plays have a better chance than the greatest European "hits." Two of the season's three great successes, "The Gentleman From Mississippi" and "The Easiest Way" are almost aggressively American in spirit. While numberless foreign plays have come and vanished, "The Chorus Lady" and "The Traveling Salesman," both by James Forbes, both typically American plays, triumphantly hold their own. "Co-Eds," a musical success, is distinctly domestic in brand. Mr. Fitch has never had cause to complain of wanting an audience here, and his "Truth" is even now featured on the billboards of Berlin. Percy Mackaye, in whose plays the human note is often conspicuously absent and the artistic note not always conspicuously present, has never been denied the chance of a hearing, and the prosperity of Messrs. Augustus Thomas and Charles Klein vouch for the gratitude of the American public. Mr. Nathan admits that exceptions are found to our worship at alien shrines; "but," he asks, "are they of sufficient strength to batter down the greater part of the wall that has been reared by ourselves against ourselves? And, furthermore, is it not true that these exceptions are gradually becoming less and less in number and are fading away as the European theatrical sun rises higher and higher in our American sky?"



## THE PUZZLE OF GERHARDT HAUPTMANN

AS Gerhardt Hauptmann, the erstwhile realist, forsaken symbolism, his second love, or has he mystified us more completely than ever before? Such questions were discussed in Berlin on the presentation of "Griselda," the new Hauptmann play, based, nominally at least, on the ancient tale of the faithful Grisel. Berlin was puzzled. Of course it has also been puzzled by "Pippa Dances" and "Charlemagne's Hostage," but there seems to be a primitive note in "Griselda" that eludes the analysis of the super-subtle. While "Pippa" and "Charlemagne's Hostage" were mystifying enough, one could always read a significance, vast and mysterious, between the lines. In "Griselda" the note of symbolism seems to be absent. Hauptmann has apparently contented himself with telling his elemental tale without attempting to secrete a cosmic philosophy in the folds of his theatrical garment. Therefore Berlin critics, whose tortuous minds are like twisted Japanese trees, are completely at sea. They can understand everything but simplicity; everything but the natural passes for nature in Berlin. At last a clever head hit upon a way out of the obvious open into the mystical jungle. "Griselda," he whispered at the top of his voice, is not a drama of human passion but a cunning political pamphlet! The melancholy poet merely smiled his cryptic smile at this revelation and, very wisely, said nothing.

Every Hauptmann *première* nowadays is a theatrical battle, and the theatre is divided into inimical cliques and clans. At the first presentation of "Griselda," there were misgivings in many minds as to the outcome, but as the play proceeded there was no doubt that the poet had scored a victory—for the first time in many years—altho, in the picturesque phrase of the New York Times, the opposition made itself felt at the end like a flock of angry swans. Hauptmann appeared before the curtain many times, but the Berlin reviewers chilled the ardor of the poet's admirers with luke-warm praise, and the comment of their colleagues in Vienna, where the piece was produced simultaneously, were likewise unfriendly. Hauptmann's hero, Count Ulrich, margrave of Lombardy, is more interesting in his development than the titular heroine of the play. He is a man of "instinctive vice" whose one delight it is to wield his medieval power over the women on his

estate. In Griselda, a buxom self-willed peasant girl, he meets with violent opposition. The scene in which the will of the girl is pitted against the tyrant is perhaps the finest scene in the play and raises hopes which, in the opinion of Mr. C. Tower, Berlin correspondent of the Boston Transcript, to whom we are largely indebted for information, were not subsequently fulfilled. The result of the struggle, he tells us, is a foregone conclusion. The will of Griselda falls before the feudal power of Count Ulrich. To quote:

"Yet the victory of the Count is not so complete as might appear. Nothing is better calculated to excite the passion of the half-savage Ulrich than the sense that while his position gave him a victory over the body of his subject and serf, in a straight-forward contest of wills hers might prove the stronger. To the amazement of his court he announces that as his advisers have urged him to marry, so he will; but his wife shall be none other than the peasant-maid Griselda. He goes back with his retinue to the cottage and there he finds Griselda picking apples. He is determined to make his ultimate victory plain to all his court, so he sends his courtiers one by one, to endeavor to snatch a kiss from Griselda. One by one equally she sends them flying at the point of a large kitchen knife. The scene, save for its subtle meaning, would be almost broad farce. Then when his courtiers are discomfited the Count himself enters the contest, first disarms Griselda and then offers to right the wrong he has done her by making her his wife. The swift acceptance of Griselda is dramatically the weakest and least convincing part of the play.

"Thus far the poet follows tradition. What follows is all his own and somehow lacks persuasion. The presumption is that the Count having, as he says, secured the right of husband as well as of a feudal lord over a healthy country girl, 'who can stand a good spell of the cudgel,' will proceed to exercise upon her in her new and yet more helpless condition all the refinements of cruelty, mental and physical, that his humanized animalism can suggest. But Hauptmann paints the result otherwise. Count Ulrich becomes as passionately proud of his wife and her rustic intelligence and strong will as he expected to become proud of his conquest. In a curious scene on the lawn of his castle he puts Griselda, so to say, through her paces. We see the new-made countess in her bridal array wielding a scythe whilst the proud count explains to the sneering ladies of his court that such and such only are the qualities which it is worth while to tame. From pride of possession to a passion of love is, for Hauptmann, only a step, and from such love to jealousy is an even more



natural course. The count becomes madly, savagely jealous of anything that may come between himself and his wife. He kills even the cats because she has stroked them.

"At last Ulrich's jealousy falls upon the unborn child, and there is a terrible but absolutely persuasive scene in the ante-room of the birth-chamber. It is a scene which ought never to have been staged, and which was greeted even at the *Lessing Theater* with unmistakable signs of disapproval. In it the Count's jealousy goes so far that when the child is born he sends it away to be nursed at a distance, hoping that now his wife will have no thought save for himself. He is mistaken; for Griselda's first and only words when he goes to see her after a lapse of three weeks are 'Where is my child?' She herself explains that the words were forced from her by some power within her. She had intended to welcome her husband with all the warmth of her love for him, but when he came the cry for her child was the only speech that would rise to her lips. Without reply or explanation the Count strides from the room and leaves the castle to hide himself and his agony on an almost inaccessible mountain peak. To Griselda this desertion, this twofold loss of child and husband, bring back the angry and strong-willed spirit of former days. She is no longer the loving woman yielding herself gladly and without struggle to all that her husband wills, but once more the sturdy, almost shrewish, country girl. Donning her peasant-clothes, she goes back to her cottage home and vows that never again will she return to the castle except as a servant. In fact, Griselda does so return and we see her scrubbing the hall steps. 'I will wash clean both my body and my soul,' she repeats as she works. On the steps she meets the nurse who is bringing back her child. When it is her own again, her heart is once more changed, and a little later, on the same steps, comes the reconciliation of

wife and husband and the woman's explanation of all the man's trouble: 'Dear, you must love me just a little less.'

The political interpretation of the play is based on a chance remark made by the provost of the Lombard court: "It is a thankless task to ponder the peculiarity of reigning princes." "Has not the Kaiser periodical fits of headstrong rashness?" the Berlin wisecracker asks. "Is not his court like that which Hauptmann pictures? Is not the real cure for him to go back to the people, to the old stern agricultural Prussians, and from them to learn the lesson that for his country's sake he must love his country with somewhat less violent emotions?" This interpretation is not widely accepted.

A likelier explanation is ventured by Mr. Tower, who regards the play of "Griselda" as one of Hauptmann's curious sermons on the evolution of the civilized man from the savage earth child. In "Pippa" Hauptmann gives us a half unintelligible picture of elemental human forces in their wildest, most absolutely unearthly, form. In the story of Griselda and Count Ulrich he seems to carry the story a step further and to try to show the earth-man whose elemental passions are first modified into cruelty and vice through all the stages of self-torture and refined into a spiritual fire.

"Griselda," it may safely be said, marks a new epoch in Hauptmann's artistic development. Either the poet has stepped out of his "misty mid-region of Weir" into the larger life, or he has steeped himself in symbolism to such an extent that the symbolism itself is no longer apparent.

## "THE WITCHING HOUR"—A PLAY THAT HAS MADE DRAMATIC HISTORY



ROBLEMS of the mind are, it seems, at present of paramount interest to our playwrights. It was Mr. Augustus Thomas in "The Witching Hour" who instituted what future historians of the American drama may designate as its "psychic era." His excursion into the realm of telepathy and the subconscious self, opening as it were the trail for an increasing number of playwrights, may be said to have made dramatic history. But for Mr. Thomas's success, "The Road to Yesterday," "The Vampire," "The Third Degree" and "The Dawn of To-Mor-

row" might never have had a fighting chance on the American stage. Two more plays recently produced, "The Conflict," by M. V. Samuels, and "The Faith Healer," by William Vaughn Moody, author of "The Great Divide," while presenting interesting studies in the vein of New Thought, seem to have fallen by the wayside, theatrically speaking. Mr. Samuels has based his play on Balzac's delightful and terrible tale of the "Magic Skin," adding a creative touch of his own, but failing to convince the critics. Mr. William Vaughn Moody, while convincing the critics, left his audiences in a haze. "The Witching Hour,"



however, the first and most successful of "psychic" plays, still enjoys the undiminished vigor of its prime and Mr. Thomas is reaping the reward of his bold invasion of a field hitherto restricted to science. The novelization of the play\* has also met with considerable success. Our extracts are made, by permission, directly from the author's manuscript of the acting version.

Not a small share of the success of "The Witching Hour" is due to Mr. Thomas's judicious choice of local color and to his dexterity in interweaving with the psychic plot a stirring chapter of recent political history. We are introduced, in the first act, to the home of Jack Brookfield, in Louisville, Kentucky. Brookfield is a man of great emotional and intellectual power which has been sadly mispent in running a fashionable gambling house frequented by Frank Hardmuth among others, the assistant district attorney. Other characters at the opening of the play are Jack's sister, Mrs. Alice Campbell, and her daughter Viola; Mrs. Helen Whipple, his erst-while sweetheart, and her son Clay, in love with Viola; Tom Denning, a foolish young millionaire, one of Jack's patrons; and an old "sport," Lew Ellinger, a friend of Jack and an inveterate gambler. Hardmuth is also in love with Viola and presuming on his relations with Jack, he asks him to support his courtship. He meets with unexpected opposition which results in a veritable "show-down" between gambler and district attorney.

JACK. There's another man in the running and I think she likes him.

HARDMUTH. You mean young Whipple? Well, he took second money in the box party to-night and at the supper table too. I'll agree to take care of him if you're with me.

JACK. I think he's your biggest opposition.

HARDMUTH. But you? Can I count on you in the show down?

JACK. If Viola didn't care enough for you, Frank, to accept you in spite of everything I shouldn't try to influence her in your favor.

HARDMUTH. But you wouldn't try to influence her against me?

JACK. (Pause.) She's about the closest thing to me there is, that niece of mine.

HARDMUTH. (Pause.) Well?

JACK. I'd protect her happiness to the limit of my ability.

HARDMUTH. If she likes me or should come to like me enough, her happiness would be with me, wouldn't it?

JACK. She might think so.

HARDMUTH. Well?

JACK. But she'd be mistaken. It would be a mistake, old chap.

HARDMUTH. I know twenty men twelve to fifteen years older than their wives, all happy, wives happy too.

JACK. Tisn't just that.

HARDMUTH. What is it?

JACK. She's a fine girl that niece of mine, not a blemish.

HARDMUTH. Well—

JACK. I want to see her get the best, the very best, in family, position, character.

HARDMUTH. Anything against the Hardmuths? (Jack shakes head.) I'm assistant district attorney here and next trip I'll be the district attorney.

JACK. I said character.

HARDMUTH. Character?

JACK. Yes.

HARDMUTH. You mean there's anything against my reputation?

JACK. No, I mean character pure and simple. I mean the moral side of you.

HARDMUTH. Well, by God!

JACK. You see, I'm keeping the girl in mind all the time.

HARDMUTH. My morals!

JACK. Let's say your moral fibre.

HARDMUTH. Well, for richness this beats anything I've struck. Jack Brookfield talking to me about my moral fibre.

JACK. You asked for it.

HARDMUTH. Yes, I did, and now I'm going to ask for the show down. What do you mean by it?

JACK. I mean, as long as you've called attention to the "richness" of Jack Brookfield talking on the subject, that Jack Brookfield is a professional gambler. People get from Jack Brookfield just what he promises—a square game. Do you admit that?

HARDMUTH. I admit that. Go on.

JACK. You're the assistant prosecuting attorney of the city of Louisville. The people don't get from you just what you promised, not by a jugful.

HARDMUTH. I'm the assistant prosecuting attorney, remember. I promised to assist in prosecution not to institute it.

JACK. I expect technical defense, old man, but this was to be a show down.

HARDMUTH. Let's have it. I ask for particulars.

JACK. Here's one. You play here in my house and you know it's against the law that you've sworn to support.

HARDMUTH. I'll support the law whenever it's invoked. Indict me and I'll plead guilty.

JACK. This evasion is what I mean by lack of moral fibre.

HARDMUTH. Perhaps we're a little shy somewhere on mental fibre.

JACK. You make me say it, do you, Frank? Your duty at least is to keep secret the information of your office. Contrary to that duty you've

\*THE WITCHING HOUR. By Augustus Thomas. Copyright, 1908. Harper & Brothers, New York.





AN EXPLORER OF THE SUBCONSCIOUS

Mr. Augustus Thomas, author of "The Witching Hour," has been called our leading playwright. Unlike Clyde Fitch and others, he is not content with laurels once achieved, but ever pushes on to new fields of dramatic endeavor.

betrayed the secrets of your office to warn me and other men of this city when their game was in danger from the police.

HARDMUTH. You *throw* that up to me?

JACK. Throw nothing, you asked for it.

HARDMUTH. I stand by my friends.

JACK. Exactly. And you've taken an oath to stand by the people.

HARDMUTH. Do you know any sure politician that doesn't stand by his friends.

JACK. Not one.

HARDMUTH. Well there!

JACK. But I don't know any sure politician that I'd tell my niece to marry.

HARDMUTH. That's a little too fine haired for me.

JACK. I think it is.

HARDMUTH. I'll bet you a thousand dollars I'm the next prosecuting attorney of this city.

JACK. I'll take half of that if you can place it. I'll bet even money you're anything in politics that you go after for the next ten years.

HARDMUTH. Then I don't understand your kick.

JACK. But I'll give odds that the time'll come when you're way up there, full of honor and reputation and pride, that somebody'll drop to you, Frank, and—flash! You for down and out.

HARDMUTH. Rot.

JACK. It's the same in every game in the world. The crook either gets too gay or gets too slow or both and the "come on" sees him make the pass. I've been pall bearer for three of the slickest men that ever shuffled a deck in Kentucky. Just a little *too* slick, that's all. And they've always got it when it was hardest for the family.

HARDMUTH. So that'll be my finish, will it?

JACK. Sure.

HARDMUTH. You like the moral fibre of this Whipple kid?

JACK. I don't know.

HARDMUTH. Weak as dishwater.

JACK. I don't think so.

HARDMUTH. I'll do him at any game you name.

JACK. He's only a boy. You should!

HARDMUTH. I'll do him at this game.

JACK. What game?

HARDMUTH. The girl. I thought I could count on you because—well for the very tips that you hold against me. But you're only her uncle, old man, after all.

JACK. That's all.

HARDMUTH. And if she says "yes"—

JACK. (*Pause.*) Frank! Some day the truth'll come out as to who murdered a governor-elect of this State.

HARDMUTH. Is there any doubt about that?

JACK. Isn't there?

HARDMUTH. The man that fired the shot's in jail.

JACK. I don't want my niece mixed up in it.

HARDMUTH. What do you mean by that?

The two men are interrupted by the entrance of Helen, who informs Jack that young Denning, more or less drunk, is annoying Clay. Hardmuth goes out and Helen subjects Jack to a severe scolding, having learned by accident that her son, Clay, has gambled at Brookfield's tables. "It's no gambling with your boy," remarks Jack, in defence of himself. "He has not won a dollar."

HELEN. I'm glad you're able to smile over it.

JACK. Perhaps it would be more humorous to you if he'd won.



HELEN. If he plays, I'd rather see him win, of course.

JACK. That's what put me in the *business*—winning. The thing that makes every gambler stick to it is winning *occasionally*. I've never let your boy get up from the table a dollar to the good, and because he *was* your boy.

HELEN. Why let him play at all?

JACK. He'll play somewhere till he gets sick of it—or marries.

HELEN. Will marriage cure it?

JACK. It would have cured me. But you don't see it that way.

HELEN. You made your choice.

JACK. I asked you to trust me. You wanted some ironclad pledge. Well, my dear Helen, that wasn't the best way to handle a fellow of spirit.

HELEN. So *you* chose the better way.

JACK. No choice. I stood pat. That's all.

HELEN. And wasted your life.

JACK. That depends on how you look at it. You married a doctor that wore himself out in the Philadelphia hospitals. I've had three meals a day, and this place, a pretty fat farm and a stable with some good blood in it.

HELEN. And every one of them, Jack, is a monument to the worst side of you.

JACK. Prejudice, my dear Helen. You might say that if I'd earned these things in some respectable business combination that starved out all its little competitors. But I've simply furnished a fairly expensive entertainment to eminent citizens looking for rest.

HELEN. I know all the arguments of your—profession, Jack, and I don't pretend to answer them any more than I answer the arguments of reckless women who claim that they are more commendable than their sisters who make loveless marriages.

JACK. I'm not flattered by the implied comparison, still—

HELEN. I only feel sure that anything which the majority of good people condemn is wrong.

JACK. I had hoped that twenty years of charitable deeds had made you also charitable in your judgment.

HELEN. I hope it has.

JACK. Don't seem to ease up on my specialty.

HELEN. You called your conduct wild oats twenty years ago.

JACK. It was. But I found such an excellent market for my wild oats that I had to stay in that branch of the grain business. Besides it has been partly your fault, you know.

HELEN. Mine?

JACK. You throwing me over for my wild oats put it up to me to prove that they were a better thing than you thought.

HELEN. Well, having demonstrated that—

JACK. Here we are—

HELEN. Yes—here we are.

JACK. Back in the old town. Don't you think it would be a rather pretty finish, Helen, if despite all my—my leopard's spots and despite that

(*pause*) that Philadelphia episode of yours—

HELEN. You call twenty years of marriage episodic?

JACK. I call any departure from the main story episodic.

HELEN. And the main story is—?

JACK. You and I.

HELEN. Oh—!

JACK. Wouldn't it be a pretty finish if you took my hand and I could walk right up to Camera and say "I told you so?" You know I always felt that you were coming back.

HELEN. Oh, did you?

JACK. (*Playfully*.) Had a candle burning in that window every night.

HELEN. You sure it wasn't a red light?

JACK. (*Remonstrating*.) Dear Helen, have some poetry in your composition. Literally "red light," of course, but the real flame was here. (*Hand on breast*.) A flickering hope that somewhere, somewhere, I should be at rest with the proud Helen that loved and—rode away.

HELEN. (*Almost accusingly*.) I believe you.

JACK. Of course you believe me.

HELEN. You had a way, Jack, when you were a boy at college of making me write to you.

JACK. Had I?

HELEN. You know you had. At nights about this hour I'd find it impossible to sleep until I'd got up and written to you—and two days later I'd get from you a letter that had crossed mine on the road. I don't believe the word "telepathy" had been coined then, but I guessed something of the force. And all these years I've felt it—nagging! nagging!

JACK. Nagging?

HELEN. Yes. I could keep you out of my waking hours, out of my thought. But when I surrender myself to sleep the call would come, and I think it was rather cowardly of you, really.

JACK. I plead guilty of having thought of you, Helen, lots, and it was generally when I was alone, late, my—my clients gone. In this room,

"Whose lights are fled,

Whose garlands dead,

And all save him departed."

HELEN. And, as you say, here we are.

JACK. Well, what of my offer? Shall we say to the world, We told you so? What of my picturesque finish?

HELEN. You know my ideas. You've known them twenty-two years.

Here an elderly man, Judge Prentice of the Supreme Court, is announced and ushered in. Helen exits, and the Judge explains that in passing through the city he has called to see a painting by Corot which he understood Jack had recently bought. "You don't object to my looking at it," the Judge asks. "Certainly not," Jack replies.

PRENTICE. That's it. (*Pause*.) I thought at one time that I would buy this picture.

JACK. You know it, then?



PRENTICE. Yes. (*Pause.*) Are you particularly attached to it, Mr. Brookfield?

JACK. I think not irrevocably.

PRENTICE. (*After close look at Jack.*) Oh! (*Pause, during which Judge looks at picture.*) Do I understand that is what you paid for it, or what you intend to ask me for it? (*Jack starts.*)

JACK. What?

PRENTICE. Sixty-five hundred.

JACK. (*Astonished.*) I didn't speak the price, did I?

PRENTICE. Didn't you? Oh! (*Pause.*) I couldn't pay that amount.

JACK. That's its price, however.

PRENTICE. I regret I didn't buy it from the dealer when I had my chance. (*Looks about.*) I couldn't have given it so beautiful a setting, Mr. Brookfield, nor such kindred. But it would not have been friendless. (*Points to picture over fireplace.*) That's a handsome marine.

JACK. Yes.

PRENTICE. Pretty idea I read recently in an essay of Dr. Van Dyke's. His pictures were for him windows, by which he looked out from his study into the world. Yes?

JACK. Quite so.

PRENTICE. (*Pause.*) M—Washington.

JACK. (*Again astonished.*) What?

PRENTICE. My home is Washington. I thought you asked me?

JACK. No, I didn't.

PRENTICE. I beg your pardon! (*Regards another picture.*)

JACK. (*Aside.*) But I'm damned if I wasn't going to ask him.

PRENTICE. I didn't know until I missed the picture how large a part of my world, my dream world, I had been looking at through that frame.

JACK. Well, if it's a sentimental matter, Judge, we might talk it over.

PRENTICE. I musn't submit the sentimental side of it, Mr. Brookfield, and where I have so—so intruded.

JACK. That's the big side of anything for me—the sentimental.

PRENTICE. I'm sure of it. And I musn't take advantage of that knowledge.

JACK. You're sure of it?

PRENTICE. Yes.

JACK. Is that my reputation?

PRENTICE. I don't know your reputation.

JACK. Then how are you sure of it?

PRENTICE. Oh, I see you, and—well, we have met.

JACK. Ah!

PRENTICE. Good night.

JACK. One moment. (*Pause.*) You said your address was Washington?

PRENTICE. Yes.

JACK. You thought at the time I was about to ask you that question?

PRENTICE. I thought you had asked it.

JACK. And you thought a moment before that I had said sixty-five hundred for the picture?

PRENTICE. Yes.

JACK. Do you often—pick answers that way?

PRENTICE. Well, I think we all do at times.

JACK. We all do?

PRENTICE. Yes. But we speak the answers only as we get older and less attentive and mistake a person's thought for his spoken word.

JACK. A person's thought?

PRENTICE. Yes.

JACK. Do you mean that you know what I think?

PRENTICE. I hadn't meant to claim any monopoly of that power. It's my opinion that everyone reads the thoughts of others. That is some of the thoughts.

JACK. Every one?

PRENTICE. Oh yes.

JACK. That I do?

PRENTICE. (*Regarding him.*) I should say you more generally than the majority of men.

JACK. There was a woman said something like that to me not ten minutes ago.

PRENTICE. A woman would be very apt to be conscious of it.

JACK. You really believe that—that stuff?

PRENTICE. Oh yes. And I'm not a pioneer in the belief. The men who declare the stuff most stoutly are scientists who have given it most attention.

JACK. How do they prove it?

PRENTICE. They don't prove it. That is, not universally. Each man must do that for himself, Mr. Brookfield.

JACK. How?

PRENTICE. Well, I'll tell you all I know of it. Every thought is active—that is, born of a desire, and travels from us. Or it is born of the desire of some one else and comes to us. We send them out or we take them in. That is all.

JACK. How do we know which we are doing?

PRENTICE. If we are idle and empty-headed, our brains are the play-rooms for the thoughts of others—frequently rather bad. If we are active, whether benevolently or malevolently, our brains are work shops—power houses. I was passively regarding the picture; your active idea of the price registered, that's all. So did you wish to know where I was from.

During this startling interview tragedy stalks through the house. Tom Denning, in his drunkenness, irritates Clay Whipple beyond endurance and annoys him especially with a scarf pin, a cat's eye, which, for some unaccountable reason arouses a curious hereditary aversion, if not actual dread, in the boy. "Why," asks Hardmuth sneeringly, "should he criticize Tom's scarf-pin?"

CLAY. It's a cat's eye and I don't like them, that's all. I don't like to look at them.

LEW. (*To Tom.*) Let him alone, Tom.

TOM. Damn if he ain't scared of it, ha, ha! (*Pushing pin in front of Clay's face.*)



CLAY. (*Much excited.*) Don't do that.

HARDMUTH. (*Sneering.*) 'Twon't bite you, will it?

CLAY. (*More excitedly.*) Go away, I tell you.

TOM. 'Twill bite him—bow—wow—wow!  
(*Runs after Clay.*)

CLAY. Don't, I tell you. Don't.

TOM. Bow—wow—wow.

LEW. Tom!

HARDMUTH. (*Laughing and restraining Lew.*) Let him alone.

CLAY. Go away.

TOM. Bow—wow! (*Enter Jack.*)

JACK. What's the matter here?

TOM. (*Pursuing Clay.*) Wow— (*Clay in frenzy swings a large ivory paper knife from table; it strikes Tom, who falls, hitting his head against iron guards at fire.*)

JACK. Clay!

CLAY. He pushed that horrible cat's eye right against my face.

JACK. What cat's eye?

HARDMUTH. Only playing with him—a scarf pin.

LEW. (*With Tom.*) He's out, Jack. (*Jack kneels by Tom. Enter Jo.*)

CLAY. I didn't mean to hurt him, really I didn't mean that.

HARDMUTH. (*Taking ivory from Clay.*) The hell you didn't. You could kill a bull with that ivory tusk.

VIOLA. (*Entering.*) What's the matter?

CLAY. Oh, mother, I've killed him.

HELEN. Killed him—whom?

HARDMUTH. Tom Denning.

CLAY. But I never meant it. Jack, I just struck—struck wild.

HARDMUTH. With this!

HELEN. With that! Oh, my boy!

Hardmuth sets heaven and earth in motion to bring about the speedy conviction of Clay Whipple. The jury, selected by him for their lack of imagination, find a verdict of guilty. The one chance left is an appeal to the Supreme Court on an extremely technical point. Jack remembers Judge Prentice and hastens to Washington with Helen and Viola to persuade the eminent jurist. Judge Prentice at first angrily resents the attempt to bias his judgment, until Helen discovers to him that Margaret Price, the sweetheart of his youth, was her mother. She tells him of the strange fear of cat's eyes that has been running in the family for several generations, and he remembers that Margaret Price had also suffered from this curious obsession. He tells her that medical jurisprudence is full of such cases. "Why," he says, "should we deny them? Is nature faithful only in physical matters? You are like the portrait of your mother, Margaret Price. Na-

ture's behest should have also embraced some of the less apparent possessions."

JACK. We urged all that at the trial, but they called it invention.

PRENTICE. Nothing seems more probable to me.

HELEN. Thank you. Well, as I was saying, Clay, my boy, had that dreadful and unreasonable fear of the jewel. I protected him as far as possible, but one night, a year ago, some men, companions, finding that the sight of this stone annoyed him, pressed it upon his attention. He did not know, Judge, he was not responsible. It was insanity, but he struck his tormentor and the blow resulted in the young man's death.

PRENTICE. Terrible! terrible!

HELEN. My poor boy is crushed with the awful deed. He is not a murderer. He was never that, but they have sentenced him, Judge Prentice; he is to die!

JACK. Now, now, compose yourself.

VIOLA. You promised.

HELEN. Yes, yes, I will.

PRENTICE. All this was ably presented to the trial court, you say?

JACK. By the best attorneys.

PRENTICE. And the verdict.

JACK. Still was guilty. But, Judge, the sentiment of the community has changed very much since then. We feel that a new trial would result differently.

HELEN. When our lawyer decided to go to the Supreme Court, I remembered some letters of yours in this old book. Can you imagine my joy when I found the letter was on the very point of this inherited trait on which we rested our defense?

JACK. We have ridden twenty-four hours to reach you. The train came in only at 10 o'clock.

HELEN. Oh, Judge. You are not powerless to help me. What is an official duty to a mother's love, to the life of her boy?

PRENTICE. My dear, dear Madam, that is not necessary. Believe me, this letter comes very properly under the head of new evidence. (*To Jack.*) The defendant is entitled to a rehearing on that.

HELEN. Judge! Judge!

VIOLA. There—there—

PRENTICE. Of course that isn't before us, but when we remand the case on this constitutional point—

HELEN. Then you will—you will remand it?

PRENTICE. Judge Henderson had convinced me on the point as you called. So I think there is no doubt of the decision.

HELEN. You can never know the light you let into my heart.

PRENTICE. What is that perfume? Have you one about you?

HELEN. Yes, on this handkerchief.

PRENTICE. What is it?

HELEN. Mignonette. A favorite perfume of



mother's. This handkerchief of hers was in the book with the letter.

PRENTICE. Indeed!

HELEN. Oh, Judge, do you think I can save my boy.

PRENTICE. (*To Jack.*) On the rehearing I will take pleasure in testifying as to this hereditary aversion and what I know of its existence in Margaret Price.

JACK. May I tell the lawyers so?

PRENTICE. No. They will learn it in the court to-morrow. They can stand the suspense. I am speaking comfort to the mother's heart.

HELEN. Comfort! It is life.

PRENTICE. Say nothing of this call.

JACK. We shall respect your instructions,

PRENTICE. And now, good night.

VIOLA. Good night.

HELEN. Good night, Judge Prentice. You must know my gratitude. Words cannot tell it.

PRENTICE. Would you do me a favor?

HELEN. Can you ask it?

PRENTICE. If that was the handkerchief of Margaret Price I'd like to have it.

HELEN. My blessing and her prayers in heaven with it. (*Jack, Helen and Viola go out. Judge goes to table, takes picture. Clock strikes two.*)

PRENTICE. Margaret Price! People will say that she has been in her grave thirty years, but I'll swear her spirit was in this room to-night and directed a decision of the Supreme Court of the United States! (*Goes to fire, notices handkerchief and smells it.*)

The delicate odor of Mignonette,

The ghost of a dead and gone bouquet—

Is all that tells of her presence—yet

Could she think of a sweeter way?

The second trial is in progress. Hardmuth is pressing the persecution with the utmost rigor. He is a candidate for the governorship and his influence with the jury is thereby enhanced. Brookfield now takes a momentous step. He publicly denounces Hardmuth as the murderer of the Governor-Elect. A terrible political uproar ensues. Lew enters the house in excitement. "I've been hedging," he says. "I told the fellows I'd bet Jack had not said it." "But I have said it," Jack replies. His object, he explains, has been to reach the jury. "Do you think," Judge Prentice asks, "that half a million good Kentuckians can be in a white heat over that knowledge and none of it reach the thought of those twelve men?" And, indeed, after a little while the jury hands in a verdict of acquittal and Clay is restored to his mother.

While all are rejoicing, Hardmuth suddenly enters. He rushes in and faces Jack. "You think you'll send me to the gallows," he cries, "but, damn you, you go first yourself." Suit-

ing the action to the words, he puts a deringer to Jack's belly. Jack suddenly turns a flash of light upon him. "You can't shoot that gun. You can't pull the trigger. You can't even hold that gun." Hypnotized by Jack's gaze and the flash, Hardmuth drops the gun. "Now, Frank, you can go," Jack calmly remarks. Hardmuth goes out weakly, mumbling, "*I'd like to know how in hell you did that to me!*" He escapes, but a warrant for his arrest is issued the following morning. Clay now expresses his hatred for his tormentor. "I'd like to see him suffer as he has made me suffer," he says.

JACK. You can carry your hatred of Hardmuth and let it embitter your whole life, or you can drop it, so! The power that any man or anything has to annoy us we give him or it by our interest. Some idiot told your great-grandmother that a jewel with different colored strata in it was "bad luck" or a "hoodoo." She believed it and she nursed her faith and passed the lunacy on to your grandmother.

HELEN. Jack, don't talk of that, please.

JACK. I'll skip one generation. But I'd like to talk of it.

ALICE. Why talk of it!

JACK. It was only a notion, and an effort of will can banish it.

CLAY. It was more than a notion.

JACK. Tom Denning's scarf pin which he dropped there (*indicates floor*) was an exhibit in your trial. Judge Bagley returned it to me to-day. (*Hands in pocket.*)

VIOLA. I wish you wouldn't, Uncle Jack.

JACK. (*To Clay.*) You don't mind, do you?

CLAY. I'd rather not look at it—to-night.

JACK. You needn't look at it. I'll hold it in my hand and you put your hand over mine.

ALICE. I really don't see the use in this experiment, Jack.

JACK. (*With Clay's hand over his.*) That doesn't annoy you, does it?

CLAY. I'm controlling myself, sir. But I feel the influence of the thing all through and through me.

HELEN. Jack! (*Viola turns away in disgust.*)

JACK. Down your back, isn't it, and in the roots of your hair—tingling—

CLAY. Yes.

HELEN. Why torture him?

JACK. Is it torture?

CLAY. (*With brave self-control.*) I shall be glad when it's over.

JACK. (*Severely.*) What rot! That's only my night key! Look at it; I haven't the scarf pin about me.

CLAY. Why make me think it was the scarf pin?

JACK. To prove to you that it's only thinking, that's all. Now, be a man. The cat's eye itself is in that table drawer. Get it and show Viola



that you're not a neuropathic idiot. You're a child of the everlasting God, and nothing on the earth or under it can harm you in the slightest degree. (*Clay opens drawer and takes the pin.*)

While this marvelous "cure" is being effected, Lew enters, and it appears that he knows where Hardmuth is hiding. Jack insists that Clay should go out and bring the fugitive to the house. Clay obeys, and returns with Hardmuth.

HARDMUTH. I know what a case they'd make against me, but I'm not guilty in any degree.

JACK. (*Rings.*) I want to do this thing for you, Frank. Don't make it too difficult by any lying. When I said I wasn't fully convinced of your guilt, my reservation was one you wouldn't understand.

JACK. My coat and goggles?

CLAY. Below in the reception room.

JACK. Thank you. I wish now you'd go to Viola and her mother and keep them wherever they are.

CLAY. All right. (*Goes out.*)

JACK. (*To Hardmuth.*) Hungry?

HARDMUTH. No, thank you.

JACK. Got money?

HARDMUTH. Yes. (*Enter Jo.*)

JACK. Jo, take Mr. Hardmuth below and lend him one of the fur coats. (*To Hardmuth.*) I'll join you immediately. (*Hardmuth and Jo go out.*)

HELEN. What does it all mean, Jack?

JACK. Lew, I called that ace of hearts a while ago, didn't I?

LEW. And the three queens.

JACK. Because the three queens and the ace were in your hand.

LEW. I don't see any other explanation.

JACK. Suppose instead of the card there'd been in your mind a well developed plan of assassination, the picture of a murder—

LEW. Did you drop to him that way?

JACK. No, Raynor told me all I know of Hardmuth; but here's the very hell of it! Long before Scovill was killed I thought he deserved killing, and I thought it could be *done*, just as it was done.

HELEN. Jack!

JACK. I never breathed a word of it to a living soul; but Hardmuth planned it exactly as I dreamed it, and, by God, a guilty thought is almost as criminal as a guilty deed. I've always had a considerable influence over that poor devil that's running away to-night, and I'm not sure that before the Judge of both us that guilt isn't mostly mine.

HELEN. That's morbid, Jack, dear, perfectly morbid.

JACK. I hope it is. We'll none of us ever know in this life, but we can all of us—  
(*Pause.*)



THE GREAT HYPNOTIC SCENE IN MR. THOMAS'S  
PLAY

JACK: (*turning the flash of light upon his assailant*):  
"You can't shoot that gun! You can't pull that trigger!  
You can't even hold that gun!"

LEW. What?

JACK. Live as if it were true. (*Changes manner.*) I'm going to help him over the line. The roads are watched, but the police won't suspect me, and they won't suspect Lew, and all the less if there's lady with us. Will you go? (*To Lew.*)

LEW. The limit.

JACK. Get a heavy coat from Jo.

LEW. Yes. (*Goes out.*)

JACK. You know you said I used to be able to make you write to me when I was a boy at college?

HELEN. Yes.

JACK. And you were a thousand miles away, while this fellow Hardmuth was just at my elbow half the time.

HELEN. It can't help you to brood over it.

JACK. It can help me to know it and make what amend I can. Will you go with me while I put this poor devil over the line?

HELEN. (*Taking Viola's coat.*) Yes, I'll go with you.

JACK. Helen, you stood by your boy in a fight for his life.

HELEN. Didn't you?

JACK. Will you stand by me while I make my fight?

HELEN. You've made your fight, Jack, and you've won.

CURTAIN.



# Science and Discovery

## THE GROWING ALARM OVER SLEEPING SICKNESS

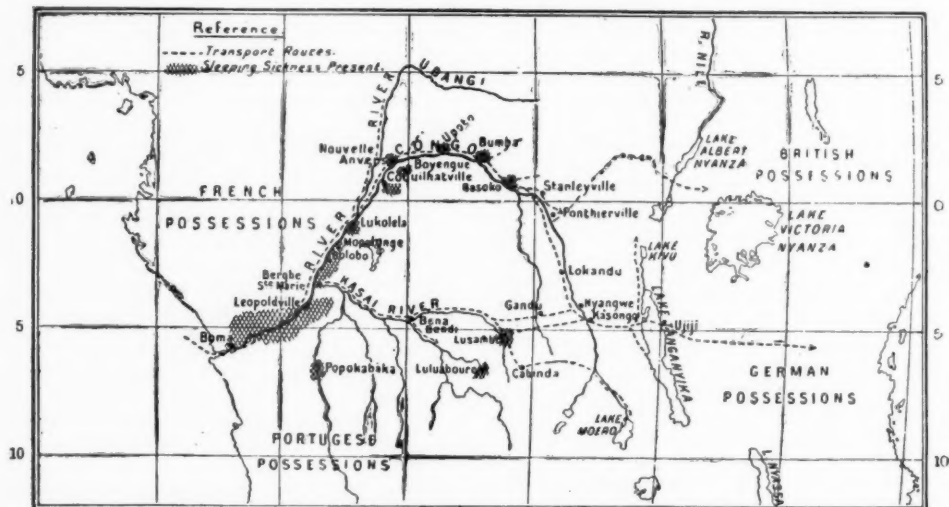
**N**OTHING connected with the hunting trip of Theodore Roosevelt through the wilds of the African big game region has occasioned more surprise in European scientific circles than is caused by his alleged amusement at the possibility of becoming infected with sleeping sickness. The peril is far more substantial than Mr. Roosevelt seems to suspect, according to the correspondents of European dailies writing from the Zambesi and Uganda. If Mr. Roosevelt will look at a map of the region he is to traverse and compare it with the chart of the distribution of sleeping sickness published four years ago he will see reason to feel less "amused" at what awaits him, according to the *Paris Temps*. During the years since the publication of this chart the scourge has widened the area it ravages.

No long time has passed, it is pointed out in London *Knowledge*, since Mr. Hesketh Bell, the governor of Uganda, called attention to the terrible ravages of sleeping sickness in that territory. "Sufferings which are calculated to excite the most lively compas-

sion in the minds of all who are able to realize either their character or their extent," we are assured, are in store for the mighty hunter so unfortunate as to fall a victim to the disease. Nevertheless, insists our authority, the sleeping sickness, in spite of the discoveries with reference to it made during the past ten years, remains a great mystery.

The place of origin of the disease, it appears from this study of the topic, is uncertain. All the literature about it is quite recent. It is believed by some experts to have been introduced into Uganda from East Africa. Other students of the spot contend that it arose in the Congo region, whence it gradually made its way along the western shores of the Victoria Nyanza. Several years ago eight cases of "a new malady" were noted among the natives of Uganda and six months later it was reported that this new malady had occasioned two hundred deaths on the island of Buvuma and that thousands of persons seemed to be infected.

Reports of its continued prevalence and of its universal fatality, continued to be received from all directions. Six years ago



SLEEPING SICKNESS IN AFRICA A DOZEN YEARS AGO

This map was made at the time of the first observations on any extended scale of the malady which has since attracted the attention of the world's scientists under the name of sleeping sickness. It was not then supposed that the disease could spread or that it had anything infectious about it.



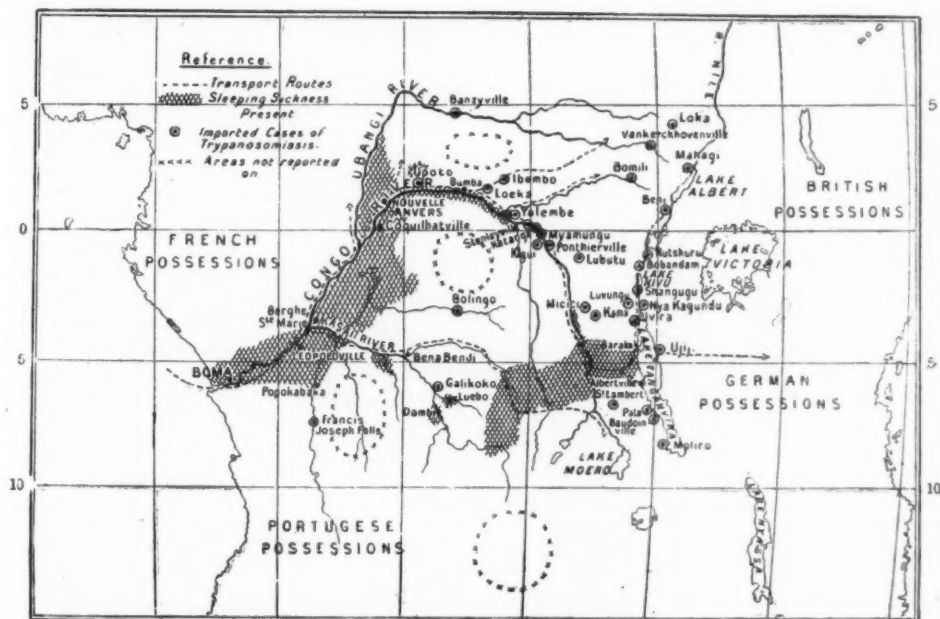
the records for the district of Usoga alone told of twenty thousand deaths from the period of first discovery, a year previously. The disease was then spreading so rapidly that thirty thousand deaths in one year in a district smaller than Kansas did not inspire special wonder. In six years two hundred thousand deaths from sleeping sickness are on record for Uganda. There have been, it is true, reductions in the number of deaths in certain districts, but these reductions, says *Knowledge*, are referable simply to the disappearance of population. Sleeping sickness is wiping out the human race in vast African regions. "The great lake shore and the islands of the lake have been almost completely depopulated and thousands of the sick have been abandoned by their terror-stricken relatives to starvation or wild beasts."

Extremely curious and interesting, according to the authority we quote, is the scientific history of sleeping sickness. The British Government at an early period of the prevalence of the previously unknown disorder took measures to institute inquiries as to its nature. Through the instrumentality of the Royal Society, the services of medical investigators were enlisted. One result has been the outbreak of a fierce controversy concern-

ing the credit for the series of discoveries that ensued.

Exactly six years ago, Colonel Bruce, of the Royal Army Medical Corps, announced his conviction that the sleeping sickness was due to the introduction of an animal parasite into the human system through the agency of the *Glossina palpalis*, a species of tsetse fly, closely allied to the *Glossina morsitans*, which had long been known to convey fatal disease to horses and cattle. This discovery—for which some give credit to Dr. Bruce and others to Dr. Aldo Castellani—was soon abundantly confirmed and the parasite was found without difficulty in the blood and tissues of affected persons. It belongs to the class of protozoa, that is to say, of minute animalcules, each consisting of a single cell and multiplying by fission with great rapidity. It is of elongated form, provided with a mobile terminal flagellum, by which it is presumably impelled in the blood current or through the interstices of tissues. It has received the generic name of "trypanosome," presumably to express its powers as a "boring" or penetrating body.

Nothing is yet definitely known of the original source of these trypanosomes. It seems to be certain that the flies, altho always abun-



THE LATEST OFFICIAL CHART OF THE RAVAGES OF SLEEPING SICKNESS

This map indicates in the shaded areas the increase in the virulence of the disease since the preceding map was plotted. The very latest accounts indicate that the scourge is spreading north and south at a rate as rapid as the increase of the recent past.



dant, were not carriers of them prior to the year 1901 and that they now constantly derive them from the blood of infected persons and convey them to the previously sound. The presence of even a single diseased person in a locality infested by the flies may entail the infection of the entire community. It is not quite certain that an infected female fly may not infect her larva and thus produce a new individual capable, without fresh infection from a human source, of communicating the disease. There is said to be no authenticated instance of the transmission of the disease from sick to healthy persons in districts where the flies are not found and they are found only in the near neighborhood of fresh water, where the vegetation is luxuriant and the shade abundant. They quickly abandon places from which these conditions have been removed and the belt of country in which they are fulfilled appears to be a narrow one. From some localities the flies appear to have been entirely banished by planting lemon grass, the fragrance of which is repugnant to them and which has the additional advantage of furnishing an essential oil of commercial value. It is believed that the disease would neces-

sarily die out if the flies could be destroyed or if all the infected persons could be removed from fly-infested areas so that the flies themselves could no longer obtain the parasite from human beings. The attainment of these two objects is now the aim of a great scientific crusade. The flies exist in such countless numbers that their destruction is not within the limits of near possibility; but the removal and segregation of the sick is being carried into effect as rapidly as circumstances will permit and with an increasing amount of co-operation on the part of the natives and their chiefs.

Meanwhile the attention of the scientists who are studying the scourge of sleeping sickness has been directed towards a search for some form of curative treatment. The direction in which this may be hoped for is clearly indicated by the somewhat analogous case of intermittent fever, a disease caused by the presence in the blood of a protozoon introduced through the agency of a mosquito bite and easily killed by quinine without injury to the patient. Search is being made in all likely directions for a drug which shall be fatal to the trypanosomes and equally free from



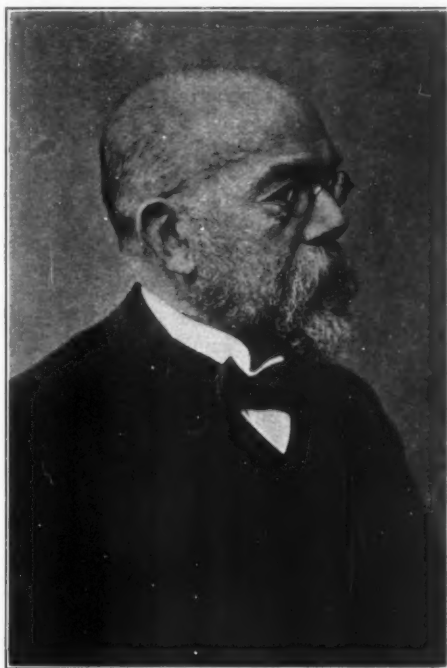
A SCENE IN THE STRUGGLE WITH SLEEPING SICKNESS

The eminent bacteriologist, Professor Koch, spent many months on an island in the great lake of Africa investigating the nature of the malady which renders so vast an area of the dark continent uninhabitable.



injurious action upon mankind. The substances thought most likely to be available for this purpose are first those derived from aniline compounds and secondly those derived from a group of metals of which arsenic and antimony are representative. Drs. Thomas and Breinl, of the Liverpool School of Tropical Medicine, after prolonged and very careful experiments upon rats and other animals, introduced to the notice of the medical profession a preparation called atoxyl, a combination of aniline with metarsenious acid, which has so far furnished better results than have been produced by anything else that has been tried. Professor Koch has used it extensively in the Sesse Islands and reports very favorably on the result. Yet it is certain that much has to be learned concerning the best methods of employing it as well as concerning the amount of reliance to be placed upon apparent improvement in those using it. Experience gained in England upon infected Europeans who have gone home for treatment has shown that atoxyl causes a rapid disappearance of trypanosomes from the blood yielded by superficial vessels, but there is reason to fear that the parasites are at first only driven to deeper organs, possibly to pass into another phase of existence, and it is certain that after a longer or shorter period of time they may reappear abundantly and may reproduce the original symptoms and the original dangers. It has been found that the blood of an apparently cured human subject, in which no trypanosomes could be discovered by careful and repeated examination, produced typical sleeping sickness when injected into a monkey. Such injections into monkeys or rats are now employed as tests of the reality and probably permanence of the result.

It has further been suggested that the supposed alternative phase of existence of the trypanosomes, after the administration of atoxyl, may be one in which they are susceptible to the action of other drugs, as, for instance, of mercury, and that alternations of two different kinds of treatment may afford the greatest promise of eventual cure. In the past few years much has been done to encourage hopefulness. Professor Koch, for instance, has discovered that there is a distinct connection between the crocodile and sleeping sickness. Wherever crocodiles are found the disease may be discovered, although only in places near the banks. Professor Koch has experimented with the crocodile by the use of poisoned meat, gaining some idea of



THE AUTHOR OF THE CROCODILE HYPOTHESIS  
OF SLEEPING SICKNESS

This is Professor Koch, the German bacteriologist who suggests that the African fly transmits the scourge from the crocodile to man.

the mode in which the disease might be transmitted from the crocodile to man through the medium of the fly. We are warned, however, not to pay too much attention to the fantastic stories recently circulated to the effect that there is a demonstrated transfer of the disease from the crocodile to man. The whole matter is for the time being hypothetical. In order to gain his data Professor Koch had to live for eighteen months on a desolate island belonging to the Sesse group in the middle of Lake Victoria Nyanza with an army medical sergeant as his sole white companion. They dwelt in a straw hut similar to those occupied by the natives and saw only three Europeans throughout their stay. Their only means of communication with the outside world was a primeval native boat fashioned out of a tree trunk which conveyed them to the mainland. The sleeping sickness is particularly prevalent in the Sesse Islands, the inhabitants of which are dying off through the ravages of the disease. Professor Koch regards it as an enormous peril to the whole of East Africa unless extensive measures be taken to combat it.



## RESULTS OF THE LATEST EXPEDITION TO THE SOUTH POLE

HAVING penetrated to within a hundred and eleven miles of the South Pole, and, apparently, disproved the hypothesis that an area of atmospheric calm surrounds it, Lieutenant Shackleton, who left England on the *Nimrod* nearly two years ago, terminated the most brilliant of Antarctic expeditions last month. The ascent of the volcano of Mount Erebus—over thirteen thousand feet high—the attainment of the magnetic pole, the discovery of no less than eight mountain chains and the survey of some hundred unmapped mountains are among the collateral achievements of this British feat of exploration.

Lieutenant E. H. Shackleton himself, in telegrams to the *London Mail*, reproduced simultaneously in the *New York Sun*, tells the story of what the despatches call "this momentous expedition." It culminated in the planting of the British flag in latitude 88 degrees, 23 minutes, longitude 162 degrees east—that is to say, 111 miles from the South Pole. "This is the most southerly point ever reached, being an advance of 340 miles on Scott's record of December, 1902." Before giving, however, Lieutenant Shackleton's description of his final dash, it is necessary to say a word regarding his equipment, which constituted a unique feature in this branch of scientific work. His vessel, the *Nimrod*, presented nothing remarkable to record, for she is but a Newfoundland sailing schooner, of

250 net tonnage, capable of carrying three hundred tons of coal in addition to all supplies. What imparted its touch of originality to this Shackleton expedition was the fifteen horsepower, vertical, four cylinder air-cooled motor car built specially for service throughout the Lieutenant's dash for the Pole. In appearance this car is surprisingly like ordinary vehicles. The four cylinders are set vertically beneath the usual "bonnet," but have gills or flanges cast around them, because they are air-cooled instead of water-cooled. The chassis is exceptionally strong, the steel used having been specially made by a famous Scottish engineering firm. Magneto ignition and high tension coil and battery are fitted in, and the expedition seems to have been able to recharge its accumulators from its base at winter quarters. A long, large pipe carries the hot exhaust gases from the engine to the carbureter, nor is their use then ended, for they pass next to a foot-warmer which forms the ordinary footboard of the car, and, yet again, through a metal trough placed at the side of the chassis and fed with snow, which is thus melted. The expedition was thus never without water—one of the sources of difficulty in previous Antarctic expeditions. The wheels are somewhat like those of the ordinary motor stage in design.

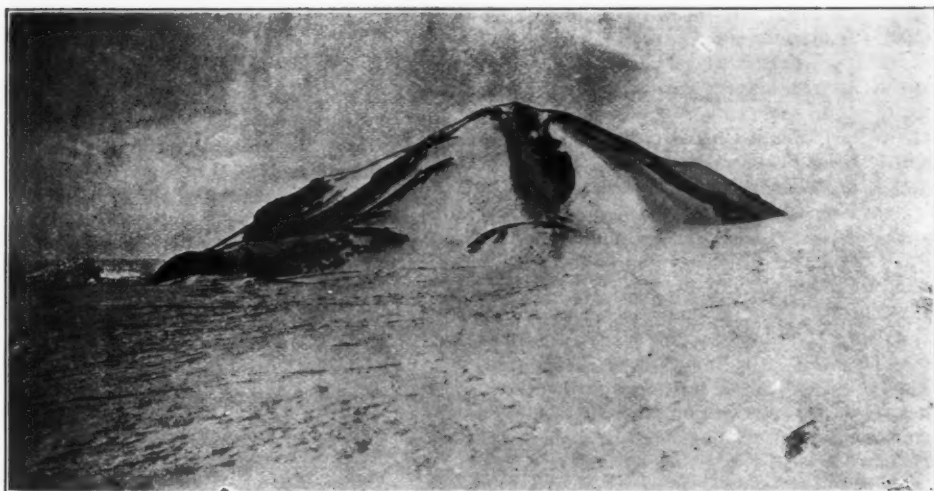
When the running could not be done on pneumatics, the wheels were wood-shod. The front ones rested on a pair of slides or giant "ski," having a six inch tread, exactly as have



LIEUTENANT SHACKLETON AND THE MEMBERS OF HIS ANTARCTIC EXPEDITION

The famous British explorer, who is easily distinguishable as the central figure in the white cap, was accompanied on his great run to the South Pole by many distinguished men of science, by a crew of trained sailors and a pack of Siberian hounds.





Photograph by Paul Thompson

#### THE MOST SOUTHERLY POINT REACHED BY THE SHACKLETON EXPEDITION

It is known as Mount Gauss or Gauss Mountain and seems to be one of the natural wonders of the world so far as its effect upon terrestrial magnetism and local atmospheric conditions is concerned.

the wheels themselves. These wooden runners did not wear out. It was found that the much narrower ones used by the men, who are heavy on them in these marches because they have to pull laden sledges behind them, showed little appreciable wear after seven hundred miles of journeying. It seems that these slides for the wheels were used only when soft snow had to be negotiated. Their means of attachment are simple, being effected by a couple of screw bolts to near the centre of the wheels. They served the purpose of making a track for the rear wheels to bite into. These driving wheels were equipped with diagonally set iron ribs having two holes apiece, into which four inch spikes were always fixed when what are called the blown spaces of smooth ice had to be traversed. Narrow sledges were drawn in the tracks of the car, the arrangement having been in series and pairs, so that each sledge slid only over the surface smoothed out by the passage of the car, and did not upset when slight inequalities were encountered because each was balanced or kept stable by its companions.

By traveling at the rate of some twenty miles daily, or, on an average, it was possible to go with a train of sledges and a reserve of fifteen Siberian ponies—an appreciable convenience in the matter of establishing depots between the winter quarters, whence the expedition set forth, and the farthest point south reached. The vehicle served also as a track

maker for the return journey, enabling the way to be retraced on foot when necessary because of fog. It hauled sledges for miles. With three men aboard—one driving, one seated beside him and awake, and the third in his sleeping sack at the back—it made dashes of a hundred and fifty miles a day upon occasion. Only the official report, however, when it is compiled, can be conclusive as to the value of this feature of the expedition.

All levers, or other metal handles, were covered in chamois leather to prevent those who had to use them from "burning" their hands. Moreover, whenever camping, the entire car, from the runners on the front wheels to the hindmost part, were covered in a sort of giant sheet made of gabardine and weighing only four pounds altogether. The blizzards that rage in this southern region were the reason for this device, for without such protection the snow could get into the machinery like the sand in a desert. Lieutenant Shackleton is authority for the statement that his journey is not comparable in severity with Prince Borghese's drive from Peking to Paris, because the Antarctic surfaces are incomparably better. His car was fitted with a celluloid wind screen, as a glass one might have proved brittle in the frigid air. The use of this car, as well as the use of the Siberian ponies, constituted a distinctly novel experiment, full data regarding which will not be available until this summer.



The expedition, in its various stages, included, besides Lieutenant Shackleton, who commanded, Dr. Eric Marshall, the senior surgeon of the shore party and the cartographer of the trip, Lieutenant Adams, R.N.R., who was in charge of the meteorological work, Sir Philip Brocklehurst, who has had great experience in survey work and field geology, and Ernest Joyce, lately first-class petty officer in the British navy, who did excellent work on the *Discovery* expedition, and who was in charge of the dogs and sledges. Dr. Edworth David, professor of geology at Sydney University, supervised the preparation of data and the collection of the observations. All told, the officers and staff and the crew of the *Nimrod* in the course of her long voyage numbered thirty-four persons. In Lieutenant Shackleton's own words, telegraphed after his return last month:

"The most southerly point reached in our antarctic expedition was latitude 88 degrees 23 minutes, longitude east 162 degrees, a distance of 111 miles from the pole itself.

"The journey was very difficult. After crossing several mountains, we reached a plateau 10,000 feet high. Several new mountain ranges were discovered.

"The distance traveled was 1,708 statute miles, and the time occupied 126 days. In all more than 100 new mountain peaks were discovered.

"Both equipment and food supplies proved very satisfactory. The Manchurian ponies did as well as was expected. We all felt the hardships of the

journey very severely. Good zoological discoveries were made, and important sledge journeys were undertaken west and north.

"The south magnetic pole was reached in latitude 72 degrees 25 minutes; longitude 154 degrees. J. K. Davis, first mate; Forbes Mackay, assistant surgeon, and Marson made northwesterly sledge journeys lasting twenty-two days and covering a distance of 124 statute miles.

"The winter was mild, and the lowest temperature they encountered was 40 degrees below zero, Fahrenheit. The geological results of the expedition are as important as the zoological. Mount Erebus, the southernmost volcano in the world, 13,200 feet high, was ascended for the first time.

"The geographical south pole is doubtless situated on a plateau 10,000 to 11,000 feet above sea level. Violent blizzards in latitude 88 degrees show that if the polar calm exists, it must be small in area or not coincident with the geographic pole."

Professor Edworth David gave the following account of a trip from the *Nimrod*:

"The party reached the magnetic pole 260 statute miles northwest of the Drygalski depot on January 16, and hoisted the Union Jack. The position of the pole was determined by Marson with a Lloydreack dip circle as in the vicinity of latitude 72 degrees 25 minutes, longitude 154 degrees east. The party, returning, travelled from sixteen to twenty miles daily."

About a hundred and twenty-two days were taken up in the journey. Including relays, however, the party traveled 1,260 statute miles.



Photograph by Paul Thompson

#### ONE OF THE SHACKLETON OBSERVATION STATIONS

This locality was given the name of Kinguelin and was used as a base of supplies as well as a post for the important studies made by the scientists in the expedition to the Antarctic.



## THE CHEMISTRY OF HELL



IT HAS been pointed out in more than one scientific organ during the comparatively few years that have elapsed since the discovery of the radio-active elements how readily the new knowledge lends itself to the belief in an eternal hell of fire and brimstone. To the lay mind, as a Paris paper points out, hell is supposed to be a scientific impossibility, whereas it has been made, on the contrary, a physical and chemical fact. The physics and the chemistry of hell must not be taken to demonstrate the habitability of hell by the souls of the damned. The souls of the damned may not be there, but the place exists precisely where the scholastic theology places it—namely, in the center of the earth. In considering a proposition, or rather a hypothesis, that hell exists, the scientist will differentiate between the place, the ruler of the place, and the subjects under his sway. In this order of ideas science has to do only with the place, leaving the devil and the damned out of account altogether.

The internal heat of the earth has been much discussed of late, not only by that brilliant scientist, Sir Ray Lankester, but by all chemists and physicists. The discoveries growing out of the influence of radium have given the theme a new importance. The interior of the earth is hot. Science indicates that it is destined to remain hot indefinitely, and here and there is heard a declaration that the earth's interior is growing hotter. In *Harper's Magazine*, for example, we have Dr. John Joly, professor of geology at the University of Dublin, saying that while the earth is very certainly cooling at the surface and to some depth inwards, "there may be, there probably is, a rise of temperature slowly progressing in the deep interior." To understand the basis upon which this statement rests, we must remember what Kelvin has formulated regarding the secular cooling of the globe.

"Our earth, if ever at the temperature of molten rock throughout, would even after the lapse of one thousand million years have only cooled to a shallow depth. The great nucleus within, for a radial dimension of about 3,500 miles, would have parted with practically none of its heat. Kelvin assumed the internal materials to possess sensibly the same conductivity and capacity for heat as those external rocks which are available for our investigation. In short, the mass of hot materials surrounding this nucleus is great enough to sup-

ply all the surface loss taking place throughout this great lapse of time and so to protect the inner parts from cooling.

"Now the probable period which has elapsed since the formation of a stable crust began is measured in tens or at most in hundreds of millions of years. A duration of one thousand million years is, in fact, probably ten times the geological age of the earth. It follows that there has from the first been complete thermal insulation of the outer from the interior parts of the earth; an insulation due entirely to the slowness of the flux of heat in the terrestrial materials. True, this rate may be greater than Kelvin assumed. That is, the inner materials may conduct better than those at the surface. Even making allowance for this, the thermal isolation of the exterior parts probably remains a fact, altho the surface loss of heat may have affected depths greater than Kelvin's investigation shows.

"Unless now, we are prepared to deny that radio-active substances enter into the composition of about half the bulk of the terrestrial materials, we must conclude that there is a rising temperature within in the central parts, the measured accumulation of radio-active energy which would not have reached the surface by the slow process of conductivity. Uranium is the heaviest substance known, and, even were it not so, the entire absence (or for that matter the entire absence of any one) of the elements in the interior ingredients is unlikely in the extreme. Moreover, it enters very probably into the composition of the sun, contributing to its thermal supplies and presumably from the sun ultimately all terrestrial stuff is to be traced. Again, radium has been found in meteorites. The denial of uranium and its chain of radio-active descendants to central parts of the earth is an entirely arbitrary assumption with no probability in its favor. Thus, altho the rise of temperature is probably small or its effects in some manner kept under control, that the temperature is rising instead of falling seems the only logical view open to us on our present knowledge."

The complete destruction of the earth by fire on the last day to which theology refers would mean in scientific language that conditions are such as to involve the accumulation of great stores of the atomic energy. The destruction of the earth in this manner is scientifically possible. "Who knows but that the sudden flaming up of a star remote in the heavens may not mark the inevitable catastrophe, and define in some distant planet the end of a great cycle of organic evolution?"


It is not sufficient to establish the physical and chemical existence of hell. There is the question of its habitability. Now, as the



London *Lancet* has pointed out, and as has been affirmed by some experts before the British Association, life may be a chemical process. The perduration of a vitality for indefinite eons in an environment such as that provided by the earth's heated interior would become a matter of chemical combination only. That is, the eternal torment of the damned in

a hell of fire and brimstone would be expressible in terms of chemical formulæ—a workable hypothesis. "The revolution of scientific opinion, or, rather, perhaps," to quote the London *Lancet*, "it should be said, the alteration of view in regard to the nature of life that results from larger knowledge is not destitute of its humorous aspect."

## THE SOUL AS AN ATOM

N BRINGING forward his idea that the soul is an atom, Dr. John Butler Burke, the physicist, warns us against identifying this conception with "the crude materialism of Haeckel." It is a theory which Dr. Burke says is not so "far-fetched" as the spiritualism of Lodge. It is only the monad of Leibnitz, he avers, in a modern dress. "It emphasizes the insignificance of magnitude in space." It is possible, suspects Doctor Burke, who writes in the London *Quarterly Review*, that human souls, "like vortex rings in the ether fluid," may move through space, approach and react on one another, as when incarnate they can become conscious of each other by ethereal disturbances, such as those of light and heat, and so forth. When dissembled, might they not likewise and perhaps more freely become conscious of a still greater variety of sensations from the vast complex of ether disturbances, in their perfect freedom, a consciousness produced by the harmonic vibrations of the most perfect kinds.

As the electric charge is concentrated in the electron, but spreads its energy throughout all space, so may the soul or vital unit be concentrated in the nucleus of the cell and yet extend its sphere of action throughout the universe. The analogy of a magnetic field is perhaps, says Doctor Burke, even more appropriate. For example, the properties of electrified and of unelectrified matter are different. So also are those of living and dead matter. We should look for such differences in the physical properties of the nucleus which is supposed to consist in its ultimate form of biogen, a substance which we may assume to have been evolved from inorganic matter by natural selection. This is plausible on the supposition that the atoms of all matter are to some extent vital units and units of consciousness, but that by the fortuitous formation of suitable aggregations of electrons out of countless millions of failures, the types adapted to reproduction and all its necessary

relations have been sifted out in the course of events as fitted to survive. It is indeed natural selection in the evolution of the organic from the inorganic, of the building up of the complex from the simple elements. But then these unstable aggregations are once more disintegrated into simpler and more stable ones till they are again resolved into the inactive elements of inorganic matter.

This integration and disintegration, building up and breaking down of molecules, is metabolism on a large scale, the units of time being eons instead of seconds.

Life, in the other hand, may be something that unites itself for a while with matter and then vanishes into another kind of existence, like dew that condenses on a polished surface and afterwards disappears by evaporation. The view has been put forward by Sir Oliver Lodge. Dr. John Butler Burke says his idea is not exactly that, but it has some resemblance to it. There is something in the nucleus which regulates the protoplasm, causes it to move, to grow, to nourish itself from its surroundings, to reproduce itself, and finally to die. This ultimate nuclear substance is, Dr. Burke believes, matter, too.

Like Leibnitz's monads, the atoms of all matter may be conceived as possessing to some extent the qualities of mind, to however small an extent that may be. They only differ in degree. They are all arranged "higgledy-piggledy" at first, and gradually find their level, so to speak, till this fortuitous formation of the most appropriate aggregates, and their survival becomes equivalent to natural selection. Then, as if against all opposition, the types best suited to the particular work which life necessitated arrived. They are all "higgledy-piggledy," as has been said, like the stars, "all fire and every one doth shine." But in all those millions there is one—but one perhaps—that, unassailable, holds its own unchecked motion, and that one forms a nucleus of living matter, to evolve into a Shakespeare or a Bismarck.



## MARRIAGE AS THE YOUNGEST OF THE SCIENCES



WO misconceptions on the subject of marriage seem well nigh ineradicable in the general mind, according to that student of feminine psychology, Professor W. I. Thomas, of the University of Chicago. The two misconceptions he has reference to are stated by himself in *The American Magazine* to be, first, that monogamy is itself "something which, if consistently practiced, will settle all the troubles attaching to the state of matrimony," and, second, that "the participation of woman in activities or interests outside the home will lead to the destruction of the family." For the first of these ideas "the historical church," affirms this authority, "has stood conspicuously." The historical church, "recognizing the importance of permanence in family life," elaborated the conception that marriage is not merely a human arrangement but a divine institution, a sacrament, "a sanctity which when entered upon was indissoluble under all circumstances." To inventive minds was thus opened up what Professor Thomas terms "a rich field for graft." The young and inexperienced heiress could be sold to the old rogue and the foolish youth could be exploited by the adventuress. A long line of evils led at last to the practical enforcement of the legal theory that marriage is a contract and to be dealt with accordingly.

Combined with the idea that marriage is a sacrament, the church, Professor Thomas says, has held another view. This other view, he thinks, has been equally prejudicial to society. It is the view that marriage is something "vile," a concession to the carnality of man, a concession not to be made by any man if he had the character and the virtue to refrain from it. Professor Thomas writes:

"This classing of marriage at once with the obscenities and the sacraments has much, though not everything, to do with the fact that marriage and sex remain among the questions which it is not safe or polite to handle. The whole question of sex is of profound interest to society, but by its historical contiguity with the disreputable on the one hand and the sacred on the other it has been placed to a large extent outside the region of frank examination and scientific control.

"Properly speaking monogamy claims our respect because it is more valuable to society than any other form of sexual relation. But it is not even a distinctively human institution. In some animal societies indeed it is more consistently practiced than by ourselves. In the lowest forms

of life reproduction takes place by division of the parent form or by budding, without resort to the fact of sex at all. In the first stage of sexual reproduction the mother expends a prodigious amount of physiological energy, on the chance that one in a million or even one in a hundred million eggs will by hook or crook reach maturity, but otherwise she gives relatively little attention to the matter. And, finally, in the mammalian forms the development of the young takes place within the mother, and after birth the father assists in caring for them. This is the form of reproduction of which the lioness boasted, in the fable of *Æsop*, that it produced only one at a birth, 'but—a lion.'

"The admirable point about monogamy, as practiced both by animals and by mankind, is that it assures the offspring unremitting attention from both parents until the period of puberty, when the new generation is prepared to take up life on its own account. And the longer the period of immaturity in the offspring the more important is monogamy. But it is only an admirable form within which, as we have seen, the more serious abuses may exist, and marriage is in its present shaky condition precisely because we have failed to fill the form with more intelligence and with more good will."

Of the other "misconception," that if the woman extends her interests beyond the home she will break up the home, that the sphere of woman is comprehended by what the Germans call the four K's—Kinder, Kirche, Kleider, Küche (children, church, clothing, cooking)—modern ethical theory, Professor Thomas asserts, regards it as irrational, anti-social and immoral.

The family, as historically constituted, represents the power and ownership of man. Originally man had the power of life and death over his wife and children, and until the last century woman was not a person in the eyes of the law. But in the meantime the idea of personality has successfully invaded every part of society except marriage and the home. The home, in so far as it represents the superiority of man, is the survival of a system which is outworn and abandoned. If the family is to continue, woman must be recognized fully as a personality and the home must become a part of society, while preserving its integrity. It must work out on society and be worked back upon by society and the two must permeate each other. The home is the point where society begins and where youth gets its first training in mind and character, and the home can certainly not



afford to be less intelligent than society at large. Otherwise society will eventually take charge of the child. The preservation of the home depends on woman's possession of an intelligence worthy of her influence and responsibility. This she can secure only by being of the outer world as well as of the home. To quote again:

"I am aware that any view of marriage which would make the home a part of public life and the woman a separate personality is distasteful to many persons. It is especially urged that such a change would destroy the romantic element in marriage and make women unattractive to men. Now the romantic affection which springs up between young people is very sincere and very beautiful, and the proper beginning of a life in common. But it is an infatuation in its nature, dependent on appetite and to some extent on inaccessibility, and consequently tends to be impermanent and discontinuous. The two types of relation which tend to become settled and permanent are the one of friendship and mutual activity and interest, based on like-mindedness, and the one of superiority and subordination, as in the relation of master and slave or man and dog. Docility and submission are very sweet to the disposition of man. He is a dominant and pugnacious creature and loves the feeling of his own power. This accounts for the fact that even in the time of the cave men he had made one of his happiest relations with the dog. The dog may be regarded as a 'candidate for humanity,' who failed to enter but who still implores the society of man. He possesses a grade of intelligence approaching that of man, but not dangerously near it. He is the most comfortable of friends, never attempting to manage, asking no questions and passing no criticisms, always interested in his master's movements but never meddling, sensitive to neglect but never sulking. Now this is also essentially the type of relation with woman which man has historically preferred, rather than a relation of friendship and like-mindedness. Especially as he has accumulated property and through this the means of controlling woman more completely he has shown a preference for the docile and even the frail type rather than the sturdy, child-bearing and functionally admirable types of womanhood designed by nature to feed a new generation and bear the strain of life. Female beauty is a worthy object, but it is a bad outlook for society when we confuse beauty with the signs of ill health.

On the sentimental side much can be said for the dominance of man and the docility of woman, just as much can be said for the relation of master and slave and for the old political doctrine that the best form of government is a benevolent despotism. But if we admire this type of marriage we must at the same

time recognize that it is even more consistently worked out in the Orient than among ourselves. What the romantic view has done for woman and for society is very well represented in art. Our literature of the imagination, which is so important in forming the images of life in the mind of the young is very largely a literature of sexual infatuation. The persistence in man of the animal instincts and the romantic attitude has had a demoralizing effect on the mind and character of woman. Now no injury to woman can fail to work an injury to society. At present, women as a class have not only not an intelligence equal to the proper rearing of children but they have so completely accepted marriage as a means of luxury, or at least as a means of livelihood, that they are apt to end with being contented to have nothing to do with children at all. The substitution of artificial interests has so enfeebled the interest in children that the irresponsible classes—the insane, the idiotic and mentally defective, the diseased from birth and from excess and the habitual criminal—are in some sections increasing at a more rapid rate than the normal population. In parts of England the increase in the insane and idiotic is 150 per cent. where the increase in the population as a whole has been only fifty per cent.

"Among the rich especially, the woman who marries does so with the expectation of luxury and finery, and the husband expects to provide them. They are a part of the system and the system breaks down without them. And after marriage the department stores, the milliner's, the massage parlor, the silent sacrament of bridge whist, and the struggle for social preeminence almost drive the family and family life from her mind. Unfortunately these standards not only prevail among the rich but they are penetrating all classes, until the young man in moderate circumstances can hardly undertake marriage at all. I recently heard a lady reproaching two well-to-do bachelors and asking them what stood in the way of their marrying. They replied that silk petticoats stood in the way; and when pressed for a more general formulation of the obstacles to marriage, they said they were not able to offer any girl in their set the standard of living to which she was accustomed.

"To the extent, indeed, that women make finery and luxury dominant ideals and provide themselves with no charms of mind and character they are putting themselves, and marriage as well, in competition with the prostitute class, in which these are the dominant and sole ideals. Irreproachable conduct is the grand stock in trade of the respectable woman, and marriage is often an arrangement by which she trades her irreproach-



able conduct in perpetuity for irreproachable gowns."

Up to the present time, man has shown a very lively interest and ingenuity in improving his breeds of stock and dogs but has shown no systematic interest in the improvement of the quality of his own offspring. Indeed the degree of intelligence he has shown in this connection has been in the way of checking the production of children rather than improving their quality. But there has recently been founded in England a society and a science of eugenics, or conscious race culture, the object of which is the study of those social agencies that influence, mentally or physically, the racial qualities of future generations. The advocates of this science entertain the hope that to produce a nation healthy alike in mind and body may become a fixed idea—one of almost religious intensity. Without discounting the importance of hygiene, education and general environment, they hold that the only fundamental method of race purification and race improvement is selection of the germ. In this connection Professor Karl Pearson said recently in an address at Oxford: "I have often heard false pride of ancestry condemned, but I have not seen the true pride of ancestry explained and commended. Surely the man who is conscious that he comes of a stock sound in body, able in mind, tested in achievement, and who knows that, mating with like stock and maintaining himself in health, he will hand down that heritage to his children, surely such a man may have legitimate pride in ancestry. . . . It seems to me that those who have the welfare of the nation and our racial fitness for the world struggle at heart, must recognize that this is the ideal which the racial conscience demands of its saner members." Commenting on this, Professor Thomas says:

"In tribal society there was, indeed, a very definite interest in having a large number of children, because the preservation of the group depended on numbers. And among the Greeks the idea of eugenics in the modern sense—the interest in the quality and the breeding of children as distinguished from the number of them—had a very definite development. But like our other legacies from the Greeks, this one was lost during our chaotic feudal welter, and marriage degenerated into something very near a play interest.

"A science for the production of human thorbreds seems at first a startling proposition, but the idea is so important that its late appearance is to be accounted for only by the action of the church and society in placing a taboo on questions

of marriage and sex. And it is fortunate that, in spite of the prejudice and conservatism of the social mind, society is capable of being revolutionized by the operation of ideas. The state is of no effect in this connection, except as an executive. We are distinguished from the Orientals, for instance, by less profound differences than we are in the habit of thinking, and our distinction lies in the possession and operation of such ideas as political and religious liberty, free thought and free speech, scientific research, free schools, civic integrity and responsibility, and the like. An idea is also capable of becoming so saturated with feeling that it spreads through the population like a contagion. And certainly the idea of children well born and well nurtured, and marriage as a means of adding health and sanity and beauty and meaning and perpetuity to the racial life, is one capable of carrying the maximum amount of sentiment."

Thus do we see the race working its way slowly and painfully to the truth that marriage is, essentially, a science. The old romantic notion of love dies hard, but the progress of our species, humanly speaking, has ever been from the poetical to the demonstrable. The traces of the love theory of marriage still linger, will, doubtless, continue to linger for generations; but when the idea of producing a newer, because physically better, variety of human being has become religious through its force as a fixed idea, an ideal, marriage, as the youngest of the sciences, will have evolved.

At first sight it might seem incongruous to posit in theory a world in which that influence known to the poets as romantic love—sentiment—would have no place. On the contrary, it is highly scientific. Such a love as that which Petrarch felt for Laura had no doubt its function to perform in a state of society now passing away. In our more rational age, love, in this sense, tends to grow obsolete. It is for this reason that the old poetry thrills us no more, or to speak biologically, stimulates less and less an organism that can not react in the modern environment. Granted this, it necessarily follows that marriage, no longer approachable through the medium of sentiment, becomes a department of the new science of eugenics. Nor could anything reveal profounder insight into the springs of human action than the endeavor of those who would make eugenics a science to impart to its sanctions the intensity of a religious idea. This is perhaps the most difficult part of the task before those who would convert marriage into a science but it can not be positively affirmed that failure is inevitable.



# Recent Poetry



WE wonder how often the phrase, "this is an age of transition," has been indited in the centuries past. For every age is transitional and every generation has to fumble around before it can find itself. In the many currents and cross currents and back-eddies of life, it is sometimes difficult for the swimmer to tell which way the river is flowing; but that it continues to flow there can be no doubt. Even in China, if we could see affairs there with the eyes of a Chinaman, life would doubtless seem to be far from frozen. What strikes us as a well-considered description of the tendency of the Occidental world at present is given in the *New York Times Saturday Review*, by Jessie B. Rittenhouse. In the course of her review of a volume of poetry (Mrs. Moulton's) we find the following paragraph:

"We have entered upon a period when all literature, all teaching, all the cults of modern thought, tend inexorably to the affirmative; a period when Browning and Whitman are read for the spiritual elation they contain, and Arnold and other introspective poets neglected because they depress; a period, indeed, whose affirmation is a part of the great passionate wave of egoism sweeping over modern thought. In the intense realization of self, the invincible joy of self, that came from Nietzsche, from Ibsen, from Stirner, tho themselves grim prophets, there is no room for the negative, and hence the art that looks inward with sadness looks out again upon an alien world."

That is well said and truly said. Looking back over the recent five or six decades, the soul of man seems to us to have been somewhat cowed and daunted by the vastness of the material universe he has been discovering. Now he appears to be making an effort to reassert himself, to re-establish his sense of domination. The rush of new knowledge has swept the muse of Philosophy off her feet and choked her into a semi-silence for a while. She is regaining her voice, if not her feet, and if her articulation is not over clear and her shout is something of a splutter, yet it has in it again the spirit of assertive defiance. The note of affirmation is sounding in many directions, and the poets are doing their share to pass it on. The popular theme of the day is Man Dominant.

Kipling's songs on that theme have been the clearest and have carried the farthest, but Roosevelt has furnished the world the most striking exemplification of the theme. He has appealed to the popular imagination, and the poets have found him a welcome stimulus. His recent departure for Africa has evoked almost as much verse as has been contributed to the Lincoln centenary.

Far and away the best of it is Bliss Carman's poem in *Colliers*:

## THE ROUGH RIDER

BY BLISS CARMAN

Where lift the peaks of purple,  
Where dip the dusty trails,  
Where gleaming, teeming cities  
Lie linked by shining rails,  
By shadow-haunted camp-fire,  
Beneath the great white dome,  
In saddle and in council  
Intrepid and at home,

Who is the hardy figure  
Of virile fighting strain,  
With valor and conviction  
In heart, and hand, and brain?  
Sprung from our old ideals  
To serve our later needs,  
He is the modern Roundhead,  
The man who rides and reads.

No pomp of braid and feathers,  
No flash of burnished gear,  
He wears the plainsman's outfit  
Sufficient and severe.  
With no imperial chevron  
Upon his khaki sleeve,  
He thinks by no made doctrine,  
He speaks by no man's leave.

The breed, and creed, and schooling  
Of Harvard and the plains,  
Six hundred years of fighting  
For freedom in his veins,  
Let no one think to wheedle,  
To buy, coerce, or cheat,  
The man who loves the open,  
The man who knows the street.

He rides not for vain glory,  
He fights not for low gain,  
But that the range of freedom  
Unravaged shall remain,  
As plain as Bible language  
And open as the day,  
He challenges injustice,  
And bids corruption stay.

Take up, who will, the challenge;  
Stand pat on graft and greed;  
Grow sleek on others' labor,  
Surfeit on others' need;  
Let paid and bloodless tricksters  
Devise a legal way  
Our common right and justice  
"To sell, deny, delay."



Not yesterday nor lightly  
 We came to know that breed;  
 Our quarrel with that cunning  
 Is old as Runnymede.  
 We saw enfranchised insult  
 Deploy in kingly line,  
 When broke our sullen fury  
 On Rupert of the Rhine.

At Newbury and Worcester,  
 Edgehill and Marston Moor,  
 We got the stubborn courage  
 To dare and to endure.  
 From Ireton and Cromwell  
 We learned the sword and rein;  
 Free speech by truth made fearless,  
 From Hampden, Pym, and Vane.

A thousand years in peril,  
 By privilege oppressed,  
 With loss beyond requital,  
 Unflinching in our quest,  
 We sought and bought our freedom  
 And bore it oversea;  
 To keep it still unblighted,  
 We rode with Grant and Lee.

Now, masking raid and rapine  
 In debonair disguise,  
 The foe we thought defeated  
 Deludes our careless eyes,  
 Entrenched in law and largess  
 And the vested wrong of things,  
 Cloaking a fouler treason  
 Than any faithless king's.

He takes our life for wages,  
 He holds our land for rent,  
 He sweats our little children  
 To swell his cent per cent;  
 With secret grip and levy  
 On every crumb we eat,  
 He drives our sons to thieving,  
 Our daughters to the street.

He lightly sells his honor,  
 He boldly shames our pride,  
 And makes our cause a failure  
 For the nations to deride.  
 So crafty, yet so craven!  
 One whisper through the mart  
 Can send him to his coffers  
 With panic in his heart.

With no such feeble rancor  
 As envy moves to hate,  
 No ignorant detraction  
 Of goodly things and great,  
 But with the wrath unbridled  
 Of patriots betrayed,—  
 Of workers duped by brokers,  
 Of brothers unafraid,—

Against the grim defenses  
 Where might and murrain hide,  
 Unswerving to the issue  
 Loose-reined and rough we ride  
 Full tardily, to rescue  
 Our heritage from wrong,  
 And stablish it on manhood,  
 A thousand times more strong.

Comes now the fearless *Message*,  
 The leader, and the time  
 For every man to muster  
 For honor or for crime.  
 Who would not ride beside him  
 Into the toughest fight—  
 For freedom, the republic,  
 And everlasting right!

Mr. Gilder is another who has been moved to song by the departure from our shores of our only living ex-President. This is what he gives us in *The Outlook*:

"LIVE THOU IN NATURE"

INSCRIBED TO T. R.—MARCH 23, 1909

BY RICHARD WATSON GILDER

Live thou in nature! Live  
 With the stars and the winds;  
 Take all the wild world can give,  
 All thy free spirit finds,—

Finds while the seasons pour  
 Their braveries at thy feet;  
 When the ice-rimmed rivers roar,  
 Or summer waves their rote repeat.

Let thy hushed heart take its fill  
 Of the manifold voice of the trees,  
 When leafless winter crowns the hill  
 And shallow waters freeze.

Let budding Spring be thine,  
 And autumn brown and debonair,—  
 Days that darken and nights that shine,—  
 Let all the round years be thy fare.

Let not one full hour pass  
 Fruitless for thee, in all its varied length;  
 Take sweetness from the grass,  
 Take from the storm its strength.

Take beauty from the dawn,  
 Patience from the sure seed's delay;  
 Take gentleness from the light withdrawn,  
 And every virtue from the wholesome day.

Two months ago, in our account of the wreck of the *Republic*, we quoted lines from a "Song of the Wireless," which we attributed to the wrong writer. The author was Harry H. Kemp, and his poem appeared, many months before that



event, in *The American Magazine*. Since the wreck of the *Republic*, he has given us, in *The Independent*, a poem on that stirring incident.

### THE COLLISION

BY HARRY H. KEMP

Now, God be thanked for the fuller Wit of a  
Modern Time;  
For the Muse of a Former Day had written with  
tears for rime.

From the blank white wall of the fog each great  
ship gathered shape  
Like the sudden jutting forth of an earthquake-  
lifted cape;  
Like leviathans at charge with a welter of waves  
and a roar  
They rush and crash in the dark, long leagues  
from the friendly shore.  
The "Republic" reeled and lurched (so the "Mer-  
rimac" reeled mid foam,  
In the days of our brother strife, when the "Mon-  
itor's" ram drove home).  
There were cries forlorn in the dark and a wail  
of women and men  
As the liners drifted apart, in the white fog  
buried again;  
Then the vibrant, hysterical voice of the "Flori-  
da," out of the night,  
Groped around and around. . . . And ever  
the fog loomed white,  
The vast four walls of the fog—and silence, alone,  
was heard,  
The sickening silence that speaks to the soul  
when there is no word,  
Till at last, as Chance would have it, or the gods  
of the heaving tide,  
The "Florida" found the "Republic," and stood  
with help at her side.

Eut, or ever the impact was over, the wireless be-  
gan to cry,  
Leaping, and running, and roaring, with the voice  
of the code, on high;  
"Help, send help," it echoed. "We are sinking,  
sinking at sea."  
And the Siasconsett wireless republished the  
flaming plea  
East and north and south—wherever a ship might  
be!

First the wireless that dwelt on the "Baltic"  
heard, with its sensitive ear,  
And answered its frenzied sister with hastening  
words of cheer—  
And the shore-built station scattered the long blue  
flashes again  
As the code sang in from seaward from the good  
French ship "Lorraine;"  
The "Lucania" cried in answer. . . . And then  
the race began  
Between the Death of the Sea and the Newborn  
Wisdom of Man!

Like voices that cry in the night the signals wan-  
dered wide—  
Like the moan of a wounded comrade the stricken  
"Republic" replied,  
While the "Florida," looming mute, waited for  
help, at her side—  
And the tethering string of the code drew the  
groping liners in,  
While the huge propellers roared and the sirens'  
screech made din.

Then, a mammoth apparition, the "Baltic" broke  
from the mist  
To where the two ships floundered, and a mighty  
cheer uprist!  
And well did they cheer, the rescued, for a happy  
folk were they,  
Saved from a sleep in the sea and the Death that  
rode on the spray!  
Yea, well did the rescued cheer, for ever since  
Time began  
Science had never given a greater triumph to  
Man!

And God be thanked for the fuller Wit of a Mod-  
ern Time,  
For the Muse of a Former Day had written with  
tears for rime.

While we are on the subject of wrecks, it may  
be remarked that there seems to be a poetical  
fascination in the old superannuated ship that  
can no longer cleave the seas and wrestle with  
the gales. In a new volume, "The Port O'Dreams  
and Other Poems," by Edith Pratt Dickins (Put-  
nam's Sons), we find stanzas that bring out anew  
the human interest in such an object:

### STRANDED

BY EDITH PRATT DICKINS

I'm straining at my moorings in the choking,  
shifting sands,  
The sport of every roller's boisterous play,  
Where the sea weeds draw me inland with their  
brown and clinging hands,  
Toward the wet and shallow beaches, shining  
grey.

O winds that never failed me, blow out and set  
me free;  
The creeping flats steal nearer with the tide,  
All wide and grey and desolate they stretch out  
to the sea  
And mock me with the memories of my pride.

The pilgrim birds fly southward in the misty sun-  
set pale,  
O'er shallow pools of gold and purple hue,  
Oh, to follow, follow, follow, through the wild  
autumnal gale,  
To palm trees set against the burning blue!



Oh, give me back the sea wastes, the lonely lightning's gleam,

The wilderness below me and above,  
The solitary visions and the battle and the dream,  
The endless trails and changes of my love!

Give back the scenes of conflict, the courage and the fear,

The eagerness and weariness and ruth,  
The eyes that through the battle saw the vision shining clear,  
The taut and flashing canvas of my youth.

O take me, sea, unto you, spent timbers rent and torn,

And life and dreams and torment all shall cease;  
Come leaping in in fury from the bastions of the morn,  
And fling me to the gulf of my release!

Edwin Markham's muse has been giving us too little of late, but when we do hear from her it is always in the major key. This from *The Nautilus* may not be a new poem—of that we are not sure—but we pass it on nevertheless:

#### MAN ASCENDING

BY EDWIN MARKHAM

The rise of man is endless: be in hope:  
All stars are gathered in his horoscope.  
The brute-man of the planet, he will pass.  
Blown out like forms of vapor on a glass;  
And from this quaking pulp of life will rise  
The Superman, child of the higher skies—  
Immortal, he will break the ancient bars,  
Laugh, and reach out his hands among the stars.

Even Thomas Hardy's poem below, from *Putnam's*, tho it is described by the author as a song in the minor key, is in fact a song in the major key. There is the note of triumph in it, triumph over fate and circumstance.

#### LET ME ENJOY

SONG: MINOR KEY

BY THOMAS HARDY

Let me enjoy the Earth no less  
Because the all-enacting Might  
That fashioned forth its loveliness  
Had other aims than my delight.

About my path there flits a Fair  
Who throws me not a word or sign;  
I will find charm in her loth air,  
And laud those lips not meant for mine.

From manuscripts of tender song  
Inspired by scenes and souls unknown,

I'll pour out raptures that belong  
To others, as they were my own.

And some day hence, toward Paradise  
And all its blest—if such should be—  
I will cast glad, afar-off eyes,  
Tho it contain no place for me.

If the note of buoyant affirmation is unusually clear just now in the poetry of the men, that of pathos still seems to be unduly heard in the poetry of the women. It is present in this beautiful and touching poem in *Cosmopolitan*, from a pen that grows more skilful as the years race by and which seldom fails to convey to the heart a message of real beauty and feeling. Mrs. Wilcox is usually one of the most buoyant of our writers, and her buoyancy does not fail her in the following stanzas, despite their pathos:

#### COMPLETION

BY ELLA WHEELER WILCOX

When I shall meet God's generous dispensers  
Of all the riches in the heavenly store,  
Those lesser gods who act as recompenses  
For loneliness and loss upon this shore,  
Methinks abashed, and somewhat hesitating,  
My soul its wish and longing will declare,  
Lest they reply, "There are no bounties waiting;  
We gave on earth your portion and your share."

Then shall I answer: "Yea, I do remember  
The many blessings to my life allowed.  
My June was always longer than December;  
My sun was always mightier than my cloud.  
My joy was ever deeper than my sorrow,  
My gain was ever greater than my loss;  
My yesterday seemed less than my to-morrow,  
The crown looked always larger than the cross.

"I have known love in all its radiant splendor;  
It shone upon my pathway to the end.  
I trod no road that did not bloom with tender  
And fragrant blossoms planted by some friend.  
And those material things we call successes,  
In modest measure crowned my earthly lot.  
Yet was there one sweet happiness that blesses  
The life of woman, which to me came not.

"I knew the hope of motherhood. A season  
I felt a fluttering heart beat 'neath my own.  
A little cry—then silence. For this reason  
I dare to you my only wish make known.  
The babe who grew to angelhood in heaven  
I never watched unfold from child to man,  
And so I ask that unto me be given  
That motherhood which was God's primal plan.

"All womankind he meant to share its glories:  
He meant us all to nurse our babes to rest,  
To croon them songs, and tell them sleepy stories,  
Else why the wonder of a woman's breast?



He must provide for all earth's cheated mothers  
 In his vast heavens of shining sphere on sphere.  
 And with my son there must be many others,  
 My spirit children, who will claim me here.

"Fair creatures by my loving thoughts created,  
 Too finely fashioned for a mortal birth,  
 Between the borders of two worlds they waited  
 Until they saw my spirit leave the earth.  
 In God's great nursery they must be thronging  
 To welcome me with many an infant wile.  
 Now let me go and satisfy this longing  
 To mother children for a little while."

Last month we expressed curiosity to know when a volume of Theodosia Garrison's poems is to be published. A letter from Mitchell Kennerley, the publisher, now informs us that he has just arranged to bring out a volume of her poems. One of her sweetest tho not one of her strongest lyrics appears in last month's *Harper's Bazar*:

#### THE WIFE

BY THEODOSIA GARRISON

The little Dreams of Maidenhood—  
 I put them all away  
 As tenderly as mothers would  
 The toys of yesterday,  
 When little children grow to men  
 Too overwise for play.

The little dreams I put aside—  
 I loved them, every one,  
 And yet, since moonblown buds must hide  
 Before the noonday sun,  
 I close them wistfully away,  
 And give the key to none.

O little Dreams of Maidenhood—  
 Lie quietly, nor care  
 If some day in an idle mood  
 I, searching unaware  
 Through some closed corner of my heart,  
 Should laugh to find you there.

Lloyd Mifflin has contracted the sonnet habit, and nearly all his poetic product is cast in the rigid elegance of the sonnet-mould. It is a deadening habit, and tho Mr. Mifflin has mastered the form and uses it deftly and without apparent effort, there is a lack of poetic inspiration in his work, and the more beautiful his phrasing and melodious his lines, the more regrettable appears this lack. He has published over five hundred sonnets, and in his latest work ("Toward the Uplands": Henry Frowde) he confesses that "still the rising mirage lures and makes the Dreamer hope, ever against hope, yet to accomplish the writing of at least one sonnet that shall have no defect." For our part, we would rather write a

poem with fifty blemishes and one thrill than a poem with no blemish and no thrill. We quote one of the best of the sonnets in the book:

#### ON THE PORCH BEFORE DAYBREAK

BY LLOYD MIFFLIN

No glimmer of reluctant light appears  
 And yet the dusk is going, and the blue  
 Pales where the East will bloom. Besprent  
 with dew,  
 The slim young rabbit, rising, lifts her ears,  
 Then nestles down in sleep too deep for fears;  
 There is no faintest wind to wander through  
 Drowsed orchards, and the seeded grasses woo;  
 No clarion of defiant chanticleers.  
 The shuttered rooms are hushed. The sleeping  
 hen  
 Folds her soft flock beneath her bulging wings;  
 The brooding dove is dreaming in the glen;  
 Silent the hives upon the slumberous lawn,  
 And darkly clustered, where the fountain  
 springs,  
 The impassioned roses wait the kiss of Dawn.

In the London *Academy* we find a new poem by Olive Douglas that is very effective, the kind that you feel somebody ought to have written long ago:

#### CANDLE-LIGHT

BY OLIVE DOUGLAS

Frail golden flowers that perish at a breath,  
 Flickering points of honey-colored flame,  
 From sunset gardens of the moon you came,  
 Pale flowers of passion . . . delicate flowers of  
 death. . . .

Blossoms of opal fire that raised on high  
 Upon a hundred silver stems are seen  
 Above the brilliant dance, or set between  
 The brimming wine-cups . . . flowers of  
 revelry!

Roses with amber petals that arise  
 Out of the purple darkness of the night  
 To deck the darkened house of Love, to light  
 The laughing lips, the beautiful glad eyes.

Lilies with violet-colored hearts that break  
 In shining clusters round the silent dead,  
 A diadem of stars at feet and head,  
 The glory dazzles . . . but they do not wake. . .

O golden flowers the moon goes gathering  
 In magic gardens of her fairy-land,  
 While splendid angels of the sunset stand  
 Watching in flaming circles wing to wing. . . .

Frail golden flowers that perish at a breath,  
 That wither in the hands of light, and die  
 When bright dawn wakens in a silver sky,  
 Pale flowers of passion . . . delicate flowers  
 of death.



# Recent Fiction and the Critics



SOCIALISM is becoming a favorite problem for publicists to tackle. In his latest novel\* the intrepid author of "The Leopard's Spots" has again attacked the problem with satire and melodramatics. "You can't lose Mr. Dixon," remarks S. Mays Ball, one of

Mr. Dixon's reviewers. "Anything coming up which hasn't yet been settled by the thinkers

of the United States—why, there is no trouble about that! Mr. Dixon will write a novel about it." If people who read his books decline to take Mr. Dixon seriously, it is not his fault but the fault of the reader, Mr. Ball facetiously affirms. "The error of Mr. Dixon's books," he goes on to say, "is the pseudo-plausibility of them all. Like news and facts handled by the yellow press, there is always sufficient truth upon which to base a false argument."

Mr. Dixon attempts in this book to show the absurdity of Socialism as a working system. His hero, Norman Worth, son of a California millionaire, is attracted through Barbara Bozenta, a Joan of Arc in the cause of Socialism, to the radical movement. The girl is used as a bait by the "blonde beast" Wolf, the Socialist leader, and his "affinity" wife, Catherine, who interest him in a utopian colonization scheme upon the Island Ventura, in the Pacific. At a Socialist garden party the Stars and Stripes are dragged down by young Worth and the blood-red banner of "brotherhood" raised in its stead. He refuses to obey his father's command to sever his radical affiliations, and after an open break between the two, the father deftly manages to turn a million dollars into the hands of his son for the establishment of the preposterous *Zukunftsstaat* planned by the "Comrades," in the fond hope that actual experience will cure him of his economic delusions.

Young Worth becomes leader of the colonization scheme, two thousand members being selected from twenty thousand applicants. His faith in man receives its first rude shock when he meets the host of cranks who have arrived to join the enterprise. Every creed and fad, every folly, past and present, is there represented. Heated arguments resound through the Socialist headquarters and sometimes blows emphasize the discussion. When at last he sets out with his army for Ventura, situated sixty miles from the coast of Santa Barbara, with no regular means of communication with the outside world, life is bathed in a roseate glow. All hands are at work unloading the ship, eager service for the general

good is written on every face. But the keen edge of novelty is soon dulled, drudgery loses its magic and a process of selection sets in. It is decided to choose permanent work by ballot and young Worth issues the following momentous announcement:

"In the department of Production we need hod-carriers, bricklayers, carpenters, architects, teamsters, and skilled mechanics for the foundry and machine-shops, saw-mill, and flour mills. On the farm and orchard we need plowmen and harvesters for grain and hay, gardeners, stablemen, and ditchers.

"In our department of Domestic Service we need cooks, seamstresses, washerwomen, scrubbers and cleaners, waiters, porters, bell-boys, telephone girls, steamfitters, plumbers, chimney-sweeps, and sewer cleaners.

"In the department of Education we need artists and artisans, teachers, nurses, printers and binders, pressmen and compositors, one editor, scientists and lecturers, missionaries, actors, singers and authors.

"Now each of you know what you can do best. Choose the work in which you can render your comrades the highest service of which you are capable and best advance the cause of humanity. Write your name and your choice of work on the blanks which have been furnished you."

The orchestra plays while the ballots are being cast and counted; but the result is far from satisfactory. The young chairman raises the record before his eyes, pauses and thus addresses himself to the "comrades":

"In the first place, comrades, more than six hundred ballots out of the two thousand cast are invalid. They have been cast for work not asked for. They must be thrown out at once.

"Three hundred and sixty-five able-bodied men choose hunting as their occupation. I grant you that game is plentiful on the island, but we can't spare you, gentlemen!

"Two hundred and thirty-five men want to fish! The waters abound in fish, but we have a pound net which supplies us with all we can eat.

"Thirty-two men and forty-six women want to preach.

"We do not at present need hunters, fishermen, or preachers, and have not called for volunteers in these departments of labor.

"Three hundred and fifty-six women wish to go on the stage, and one hundred and ninety-five of them choose musical comedy and light opera. I think this includes most of our female population between the ages of fourteen and thirty-five!"

So it finally becomes necessary to elect an executive board to regulate the distribution of work.

\* **COMRADES.** By Thomas Dixon, Jr. Doubleday, Page and Company.



Soon other problems, drunkenness and disorderly conduct and crime raise their hydra heads, and, by a decree of Council, prisons and whipping posts are established. Still the colony makes money and conditions are fairly tolerable until Wolf wrests the deed of property and the government from the hands of the young millionaire, and initiates a reign of terror reminiscent of Robespierre. He puts his wife away, establishes "free love," increases the working day from eight hours to ten, imprisons Worth and establishes a chain of watchers along the coast. Barbara succeeds in conveying a telegraph message to the father of Norman Worth, who, accompanied by the governor of California and his infantry, comes to the rescue of his son. The red ensign of Socialism is hauled down and in its place the star-spangled banner is raised.

Mr. Dixon's travesty is too crude to be convincing. The Boston *Herald*, it is true, affirms that, under the cover of a capital story, the writer deals effective blows against those so-called Socialists whose cure for social ills is the destruction of existing institutions and all property rights; but the majority of reviewers refuse to regard the book as a contribution to serious economic discussion. A writer in the New York *American*, Mr. Hearst's socialistically inclined paper, complains that Mr. Dixon sets up a Socialist situation as unreal as any mushroom dream that ever sprouted from the brain of the most chimerical Socialist. Many earlier Socialists, the reviewer admits, made the blunder of trying to

picture a cut-and-dried social order—all the shelves and all the pegs in their places, all the buttons ready. "This was folly rampant, for no one can forecast the future; today cannot bind tomorrow. All we can do in social effort is to get firm hold on some principle of action and work in the light of it." To quote:

"The Socialists of our day claim that they have such a principle in the idea of co-operative industry. And they would say that Mr. Dixon goes 'wild' in his picture of a future Socialist society—that he only sets up a house of cards, all nicely prepared for his long-premeditated kick.

"Indeed, we all go astray when we burden the future with our pet notions, loading it down with our well curried hobbies. Society will change, and must change; for nothing can crystallize and still keep life in it. But to no man is it given to plow a fixed furrow for evolution. Indeed, reforms seldom come about as reformers plan for them. Luther did not start out to found a new church; Lincoln did not start out to free the slaves.

"Moreover, reforms frequently come about through their worst enemies. Mazzini's plan for the unification of Italy was finally pushed to success by the hostile Louis Napoleon and the House of Savoy. Mazzini died an exile. Kossuth's plan for the independence of Hungary came to a head under the action of the House of Hapsburg. Kossuth died in exile. And we all know that the German revolutionists of 1848 failed, and that German unity and free government were made facts under the iron hand of Bismarck—Bismarck, the old-time enemy of the revolutionists."



BOOK\* from the pen of a Norwegian author comes to us with high credentials, crowned by the French Academy and with the endorsement of a famous brother novelist, Mr. Hall Caine, who unequivocally pronounces the work to be great. "Rarely," he affirms, "in

THE POWER  
OF A LIE

reading a modern novel have I felt as strong a sense of reality and so deep an impression of motive. It would be difficult to praise too highly the power and reticence of this story. When I compare it with other Norwegian novels, even the best and by the best known writers, I feel that it transcends them in its high seriousness and in the almost relentless strength with which its dominant idea is carried through. Its atmosphere is often wonderful, sometimes startling, and its structure is without any fault that betrays itself to me." There are, Mr. Hall Caine goes on to say, not a few isolated gems of beauty and pathos in this story and its closeness to nature fills its pages with surprises and all its characters bear the stamp of truth. The theme he regards as a noble one, but he strongly

disavows his belief in its ultimate teaching.

"The Power of a Lie" is the story of Knut Norby, a wealthy farmer, who signs his name as a bond for his friend, a merchant named Wangen. When the latter becomes bankrupt, Norby denies that he has signed the bond and accuses the friend of forgery. Yet Knut Norby is not wicked, but a kindly and weak-hearted man who is induced by an unfortunate combination of circumstances to tell a lie, and who then lacks the moral strength to overcome its gathering momentum. When we are first introduced to him, he is driving home on his sledge across the snow much disturbed by Wangen's failure, not because of the financial loss to himself, but because he fears the sharp tongue of his wife, who, after many such experiences, had exacted from him the promise never to lend his name as security again. Wangen, however, had succeeded in persuading him to endorse the note at a dinner at the hotel Carl Johann, and the merchant now appears to Norby as a thoroughly wicked and despicable man who had used him badly. Yet the idea to deny his signature never enters his calculations; the lie is thrust upon him by his wife, who has heard of the failure and assumes that the signature of her husband is forged. He makes no answer and after his tacit admission the lie

\* THE POWER OF A LIE. By Johann Bojer. Mitchell Kennerley.



suddenly seems to be winged. When he comes downstairs the next morning, the servants reiterate it in whispers, and he would still, perhaps, have denied it had not a visitor from the village, on hearing the news, departed on swift snowshoes to tell the tale. Wangen, Norby now says to himself, will, of course, take the opportunity to begin an action for libel against him and he will be condemned to pay heavy damages and to retract his slanderous statement besides being humiliated in the eyes of the village. Slowly the idea matures in him that he cannot now retrace his steps, and when he hears that Wangen, through a lapse of memory, has said that the paper was signed at the Crown Hotel, he openly denounces him as a liar. The only witness of the transaction is dead, and nobody can prove that he ever signed anything at the Grand. Wangen, a man of noble impulses, tho at times bibulous and a weakling, comes to look upon himself before his wife and the village as a martyr. Thus his sense of innocence in a way corrupts and debases him; and at last he commits a forgery to prove himself guiltless. When the matter is brought up in court, his witnesses break down, his forgery is discovered, and he suffers the penalty of the crime, while Norby is given a banquet by his fellow townsmen. "There must have been some purpose in it all," he says to himself, on his return from the banquet. "I may often have acted with great severity, but now I think it will be better for every one in this district. I shall do my part at any rate." When at last Norby goes to bed, he folds his hands and says a couple of verses of a hymn. "He felt near to God, and the respect and sympathy of the whole district now shone into his conscience, and he would thank God for it all. 'But there is one thing I can't understand,' he thought after a while, 'and that is how people can stand like Wangen with a calm face and lie in court. God help those who have no more conscience than to do it.'"


The book, with its strange conclusion, Mr. Hall Caine states, teaches us that a life of deception does not always wither up and harden the human heart, but some times expands and softens it; that a man may pass from lie to lie until he feels

in his conscience that he is as white as an Angel, and, having betrayed himself into a belief in his innocence, may become generous, unselfish and noble. This theory is not at variance with the doctrine of the New Thought and it is not impossible that the psychology of many of our millionaire philanthropists may be akin to Knut Norby's. The world-will may choose strange ways to accomplish the ultimate good, and it seems not incredible that even evil may be an instrument of salvation. Mr. Hall Caine, however, is not of this opinion. "I confess," he says, "tho I am here to introduce the book to English readers, and do so with gladness and pride, that this is teaching of which I utterly disapprove. It conflicts with all my experience of life to think that a man may commit forgery, as Wangen does, to prove himself innocent of forgery, and that a man may become unselfish by practicing the most selfish duplicity." To quote further:

"If I had to believe this, I should also have to believe that there is no knowledge of right and wrong in the heart of man, no sense of sin, that conscience is a juggling fiend, and that the presiding power in the world is only not God but the devil.

"I hold it to be entirely within the right of the artist to show by what machinations of the demon of circumstances the bad man may be raised up to honor and the good man brought down to shame, and I also hold it to be the first and highest duty of the artist to show that victory may be worse than defeat, success more to be feared than failure, and that it is better to lie with the just man on his dunghill than to sit with the evil one on his throne."

The *Boston Transcript* dissents from the opinion of Mr. Hall Caine. Many, it says, will read the story differently from Hall Caine. "The author does not appear before us in any other guise than as the recorder of events and as the narrator of a story. We are left to our own resources to determine his moral purpose, if, indeed, he wrote his story with any other object than the exposition of character under the influence of a certain fatality that placed his hero on the wrong path and forcibly kept him there."

T IS not often that a successful writer, in the zenith of a brilliant literary career, rings down the curtain upon himself. Yet such seems to be Mr. Stanley Weyman's firm determination. Allowing himself to be interviewed for the first time in thirteen years, he frankly announces through the *London Bookman*, simultaneously with the publication of his latest book\*: "I think I have told all the tales I have to tell. I should not care to go on

writing till the critics began to hint that I was repeating myself and the public was beginning to feel it had had about enough of me. I consider I have been very fortunate; critics, publishers, the public, have all treated me well, and I am not going to presume upon it. I am fifty-three; I have had a long run, and would far sooner quite the stage now, whilst I am still playing to a full house, than go on and tire the audience and ring the curtain down at last on half-empty benches."

Mr. Weyman, through his announcement, has the unusual opportunity afforded him of reading his own obituaries, so to speak. "No doubt,"

\* WILD GEESE. By Stanley Weyman. Doubleday, Page and Company.



says the *Springfield Republican*, in one of its editorials, "he could continue indefinitely, as he is but fifty-four years old and not an invalid, to manufacture books, and his name as a trademark would still be a valuable asset. But he feels that the creative impulse is exhausted, and that further book-making would be simply a 'thrifty using up of the scraps.' If Mr. Weyman is right in his estimate of resources," the editorial writer continues, "he is right, of course, in standing aside and to give younger men a chance. But it is quite possible that he may have underestimated the recuperative forces of the mind, and that a few years of idleness or change of employment will gradually accumulate material which will once more inspire a desire to write. In that event, however, no one would manifest the slightest disposition to hold him to his great renunciation." Even supposing Mr. Weyman's career to close with his marvelous new romance, his achieved work, we are told, is perhaps as much as should be expected from one man. Like many Englishmen of letters, Mr. Weyman began with the law. He was thirty when his historical novel, "The House of the Wolf," drew prompt attention to him, and he was nearly forty when, in the words of the same writer, "A Gentleman of France" not only became a "best seller" but made him the foremost historical novelist of the day. After discovering his bent, he worked steadily but without haste. The list of his books in the nineteen years he has been publishing amounts to seventeen titles, and among them are such well-known novels as "Under the Red Robe," "My Lady Rotha," "The Red Cockade," "Shrewsbury," "The Castle Inn," "Sophia," "Count Hannibal," "The Long Night," and "The Abbess Vlaye." His new book, the writer affirms, is a worthy addition to this list. "In recent years he has more and more turned to English subjects and more recent times, tho never deserting the field of historical fiction, in which he had won so prompt and conspicuous a success." To quote further:

"He gave, in fact, new life to a kind of fiction

which had been languishing, and while isolated historical novels far beyond his powers had been written by Dickens, Thackeray, George Eliot, Charles Reade and others, he was the natural successor, in a small way, of Sir Walter Scott, and really created a little school of historical fiction, tho his imitators caught chiefly his mannerisms. He is more responsible than any other one person for the flood of historical novels in the '90s, which in this country took the form mainly of gentlemen of France strayed into the colonies.

"It is likely that his creative impulse would not have spent itself even with twenty years of hard work if his themes had been of a more varied sort and his methods more elastic. In romances of adventure a certain sameness is inevitable."

This family resemblance is noticeable in "Wild Geese," as in all the novels from Mr. Weyman's pen. It differs from them in that for the first time in the author's novelistic career, the scene is laid in Ireland, a country beset with pitfalls for the English writer, which, in the opinion of the *London Spectator*, Mr. Weyman has evaded with conspicuous skill.

His hero, to quote *The Athenaeum*, tho belonging unquestionably to the salt of the earth, is something of a prig. That stately periodical adds in a vein characteristically English, "perhaps it is by reason of this human alloy that we not only believe in him but also love him." A soldier of experience, yet opposed to dueling, this picturesque character, more Puritan than Irish, returns to his native Kerby just at the time, 1718, when a rising in favor of the Pretender is on the point of occurring. He succeeds in quieting this suicidal enterprise, thereby earning the hatred of his kindred and of his ward, Flavia, a young woman of the high-souled, rather intolerable style with which Mr. Weyman has made us familiar. Aversion paves the way for love, and, after a long string of hair-breadth escapes, all ends well. The heroine's character, as one reviewer remarks, is, perhaps, the most serious blemish in the spirited story. We are told of her charms, but we only realize her shrewishness.

## FOR RUSSIA—A STORY. BY EVA MADDEN

When two great passions come into conflict in the same soul, there is a great drama and perhaps a great tragedy. In this story of less than 3,500 words, which we reprint from *The Craftsman* (by permission), there is such a conflict, and it terminates in a tragedy. The author's name is a new one to us; she is young, and has published very little; but her work displays the technical skill of an experienced writer.



WHEN Véra Pavlovna read that last letter of the pile Signora Lombardi told her was hers she went as white as if the hand of Death in that moment had clutched her being. The mainspring of the machinery of her

life seemed to snap in one moment. White, stricken, she sat motionless, the sheet in her hand, her eyes on its envelope. For years now her emotions had blazed at white heat; she was only a girl when the fire should be gently kindling—and now, in one moment, the light went out.



Something, however, came to pass, afterward. Have you ever noticed, after a paper has burned to blackness, a spark suddenly appearing and firing up the ruins? Have you ever heard a clock give a gasp of ticking or a discordant last sound after the break? So the machinery of Véra's being gave its last ungoverned cry, the fire of her emotions sent up their final spark and supplied the newspapers with a column.

And yet the day had begun so normally. Nikolenka had risen early, had brought her coffee, and then, sketch-book in hand, had gone out to work. Later she, too, had forsaken her bed, and, being happy for the first time in six long suffering years, her old spirits had revived, and as she dressed she felt more and more like the old Véra who had come years before, a rich petted girl, to this same loved Florence.

But then—she laughed at the memory—she had stayed at the Hôtel de la Ville, not in a single room of Signora Lombardi. She shrugged her shoulders over her clothes, also; they seemed a collection from the rag-bags of Russia. But what mattered it how one lived or how one dressed in these days of revolutions?

Singing a little French song, she lifted her slender white hands to arrange her hair before the small round mirror which stood on the chest of drawers in the one room which served as living room, dressing room and studio for her husband.

"Now I have Nikolenka," she thought, "so what matter, since he loves me?" and she pulled her hair about. It was very dusky, and as she arranged it over the brow in the way Nikolenka best liked, it added its note of mystery to the strange, almost prophetic looking little countenance. The wild dark eyes, with their expression of seeing far out and beyond the horizon of everyday vision, the pathetic curve of the large, sensitive mouth, the thoughtful brow, seemed to announce from their dusky frame that here was one whom the stage manager of life's comedy had assigned to the rôle of tears, and her movements, too, as she arranged her hair, were entirely without those impulses of coquetry which seem to animate every daughter of Eve when she touches hair or hairpins.

Véra Pavlovna's dressing was rather the necessary act of a woman whose thoughts are on other things, and not light things, either. And yet she was almost beautiful—a little intense thing whose whole being seemed vibrant, an instrument to be played upon by any masterful emotion.

Suddenly, however, she laughed like a child, and its echo seemed to cry, "I might have been such a merry girl, a merry girl, happy, oh, so happy!"

"Nikolenka!" she cried, "Nikolenka!" for, the

door behind her opening, a face had suddenly reflected itself side by side with her own in the glass.

"Nikolenka! Nikolenka! stand still!" she cried, and, laughing, moved about until her cheek seemed to press close against that of her husband.

"I embrace you, Nikolenka! I embrace you!"

The second face was a strange one, so entirely puzzling and enigmatical in expression that words retreat before an attempt to describe with any portraying adequacy its clear-cut, handsome features framed by a shock of light hair in artistic disorder, and which, either because of repression of nature or acquired caution, possessed the appearance of being trained to conceal all inner feeling.

The effect of the two faces, so momentarily in reflected proximity, was a strange one, mystery seeming to covet the poetic features of the woman, lodging in the great dark eyes, vibrating the wonderful hair, wandering about the curves of the mouth of strength and pathos, drooping the eyelids and then lifting them, enigma writing itself in those of the man, so definite in outline, so firm, so absolutely emotionless and controlled in expression.

As the sun pales the moon at daybreak, the masculine one of definite cutting forced its indefinite companion into the position of almost a shadow, and its personality suddenly faded.

Nikolenka laughed, too, but there was nothing merry about it.

"What a child you can be," he said. His voice was controlled, and a little deliberate.

"Véra," he said, and drew near; "Véra!"

She ran from the glass man to the real one, and, throwing herself into his arms, clung to him like a child, lifting her face for kisses. With one hand—it was a handsome, well shaped member—he caressed her gently, with the other he lifted her chin and rested his fingers lightly across her laughing lips.

"Nikolenka," she whispered, her eyes full of a never to be entirely answered questioning: "You love me? You love me?"

A caress was his answer, but in his cold blue-gray eyes there was a look which was almost impersonal, a critical contemplation of the crimsoning of her cheeks, the glowing of her countenance, the rising and falling of her throbbing breast, which was singular.

He held her close, he kissed her cheeks, her eyes, her lips, and then, loosening his hold, but in the reluctant, almost self-denying manner of a man who would linger, his arm still about her waist, he led her to the table arranged at one end of the huge studio, and which served for writing as well as for eating purposes.



"I have an hour, Véra Pavlovna," he explained, and opened his watch case. "It is nine." He turned the face toward her. "At ten I go to the Academy. We can examine the papers now," and he drew a packet from an inner pocket. "Are you willing?" He raised his eyebrows.

In a moment Véra was a new woman. Her slight figure lost its vibrancy, and capacity mastered emotion. She drew forward pen and ink, and like two confidential comrades they read, discussed, and annotated letters and papers, the man's attitude flatteringly deferential, and encouraging confidence.

They were Russians, and their talk, straying now and then to the personal, revealed them to be refugees, in exile in Florence, members of the same secret revolutionary organization, who, meeting in Switzerland, at Zurich, after a short impassioned courtship had married and later come to Florence.

Véra was one in whom thought ever struggled for expression, and it followed that her speech was fluid. Nikolenka, on the contrary, was of rarer breed, a listener. Playing his own part, he encouraged her confidence to full growth, checking now and then a thought, clipping extravagance of expression as the gardener trains the wayward branches of a shrub or luxuriant output. Like the gardener, also, Nikolenka induced the growth of this confidence by a look, an interrogation, and, rarely but subtly, by a caress or compliment.

Then her eyes would glow, her mouth tremble, and her whole slight figure reciprocate with a quiver of passion. She had much to say, and her enthusiasm, her ardor, her outcry against wrong made for her such visions against the horizon that reality too often stood there overshadowed.

The things they discussed in that high-ceiled, great windowed old room of Florence were not light ones. They had for subject matter affairs of life and death of international importance, principles of social well being and the ruler and existence of a nation in revolution. Véra's ardor warmed to a heat which fired her to confidence after confidence.

Once, when she spoke of Russia as a world power, her husband warmed also, a light suddenly flaming in his cold, strange face. Then catching herself, Véra blushed and ceased to speak.

"Véra Pavlovna," her husband cried out, "why do you stop? Am I to be told so much and not all—I, Nikolenka? What more did Ivan Posenak confide in you? Tell me."

Véra drooped over her letters.

"Tell me," said Nikolenka. She looked up quickly at his tone and hesitated.

Ivan Posenak had not sworn her to secrecy;

no. He had not forbidden her to tell her husband. He held Nikolenka as a friend. Others, however, had made protest.

"What do we know of him?" they asked. "What do you know of him, Véra Pavlovna? He belongs with us, yes, but in matters of life and death—"

Véra was silent then, as now with her husband. Nikolenka was Nikolenka. That was all. She knew nothing of him, but he was Nikolenka, and she loved him, her husband. As she had given her one self wholly to Russia, she had given her other to Nikolenka. He held her body and soul. A cold glance from him—and he could give it—was more freezing than the ice, more cutting than the blows she had endured in a Russian prison.

"Véra Pavlovna," he repeated. The coldness of the tone struck her heart and chilled it. He drew away his hand from her own, not roughly, gently but entirely. Certain natures can thus withdraw affection even more effectively than others can strike a blow.

She caught it again with passion, but he withdrew it without response.

"Véra Pavlovna," his voice was charged with hurt and reproach, "did I not warn you that I can love well, but"—she nodded, her head drooped—"love only where I am warmed by a trust which is absolute?" Then he narrowed his eyes, he surveyed her sternly, as we do a child we have threatened. "Why should Ivan Posenak not trust me also?" he asked in a cold fury, "and why do not you, Véra Pavlovna—tell me, tell me!"

"No, no, Nikolenka, it is not that." She flung out her hands in protest. "No one doubts you, and surely never I, dear—never Véra Pavlovna," and she laughed. "Are not my deeds known all over Europe? Would I marry where harm could come to Russia?"

But unmoved he stood silent, cold and offended. She struggled to appease.

"Only, dear Nikolenka," she cried, her voice a supreme caress of loving apology, "as yet you are but known for opinions, not deeds. Your chance is to come; mine came first, that is all."

She held out her hand, but there he stood, sulky, his head sunk in his shoulders, his lips protruding in scorn. Her eyes sought his and gazed eagerly.

"I must be trusted," he said, and half turned. "Ivan Posenak does not trust me, nor you, Véra Pavlovna, you."

She felt for his hand, but he would not suffer her to find it. Then she clutched at it and held fast. He almost pushed her away. It was his first roughness, and she quivered.

"Why does Ivan confide in you, not me?" he asked. "Why are you more to the Committee?"



Was he jealous? Her eyes dilated with that new-born fear.

"Listen, Nikolenka," she cried. "Listen," and a wild look flashed in her face. "It is cruel, cruel that you ask that of me, Véra Pavlovna. Was I not two years in the prison at Kiel? Do you think," she leaned forward, "that a girl, a rich girl, too, a petted girl, one who had all life offers, who has lain in a Russian prison two years for her country, who has," she gasped, "borne what I have borne, can ever be false to her cause? Look—look," she tore back her blouse. "See, Nikolenka, see, the stripes, the blows! I bore them all, all for Russia, and what had I done?" Her tone became quiet. "I went one day to the home of my old governess, that was all, with my parents' permission, only to see her. There were papers found there, and they took me, too. Poor old Anna, she died there in Kief, in that prison. I could not help her, poor Anna. I was a revolutionist, yes; one visit to my father's factories made me, but I had nothing to do with that printing press, those papers, nothing. Oh, my husband"—her eyes dilated, and she ran and clung to his arm—"there are those who say they are glad when they come to the prisons, for there they may at last sit still and not fear danger. But I? I had never feared, and in prison all is gray, gray, gray." She clutched at her heart and shivered. "There were flowers then in the fields, Nikolenka. I love flowers," she said, very simply. "There were the dogs barking, Nikolenka. I had six, and we roamed together in our old forests. There were the birds, Nikolenka. I love the birds, too," and her voice caught in a sob. "There were my parents. They were always good to me, always. I saw things, Nikolenka, I suffered things which robbed me of my girlhood. I saw men, women, children shot down in the name of the Czar and of Christ. Christ!" She rolled the word on her lips with scorn. "I saw blood and filth and shame and cruelty and," she flung out her hands in repudiation, "I saw Russian law! The Committee knows this, Nikolenka."

Her face flushed and she hung on his arm, clung with sobbing desperation.

"I think," she said, in a voice so sweet and low that it might have brought tears to eyes other than those of Nikolenka—"I think if there were a God in Russia even He might trust me, Véra Pavlovna."

Her husband, standing there, enduring her caress, listening, unrelenting, maddened her.

"And you." She caught his hand. "Every day I love you more, more, Nikolenka. When my parents sent me forth I had nothing, but now I have you, you, you. Oh, Nikolenka, of you our Russia even may be jealous."

His sulkiness lessened, and her face relaxed in response.

"I must go now," he said, and loosened her arm; then he turned.

He had not kissed her, he had not kissed her! She swayed between the forces of conflict, and he moved away.

"I will prove by my trust how I love you," she cried. "Nikolenka! Nikolenka!"

There was surrender in her voice, and he turned. The look of the man was like heaven after the opposite to her, and drawing close she told him all.

We all now know the plot. It was well planned, safe at every point. A Cossack had been suborned. The Czar was to die in May. She gave him even the date.

Then Nikolenka opened his arms and drew her to him entirely. He gave her caresses such as she never before had received from him. It seemed to her as if he would reward her trust with the whole warmth of his being.

"It was only a test, dear one," he whispered, his lips against her cheek, "only a test to try you. Now I know that you trust me entirely and utterly, and my love, all my love, such as it is, is yours."

In that moment it seemed to Véra that she should die of the joy. She was to meet him at twelve in the Piazza Signoria, and they would dine at a little past noon. As he left, her voice took up the little French song and she ran back to the mirror to rearrange her toilet.

The song again stopped short, for again Nikolenka's face was reflected in the mirror, this time as he passed in the street. Was that her husband? Véra started. She had never seen that expression. Was it exultant? Why not? Did he not love her also? Had he not proved her? And yet—

"*Avanti*," she cried when a knock a little later came at the door.

The *portiere*, a tall, thin woman with sallow face and dark eyes, entered and placed the morning letters on the table. They had come before the Signor had departed; she had just run out for a moment, but what matter? He could read them quite as well later. Véra had another opinion, and the *padrona* departed furious.

"These Italians will never stand a criticism," she thought, and approached the table.

Her husband always secured his own letters, but to-day two for him lay in one pile, six for her in the other. Without glancing at the addresses she opened the envelopes of her own with a hairpin and read, laying aside one, and picking up the succeeding.

Just as she opened the last the *portiere* came



again on an errand, and when she returned from the door she took out the sheet without noting the address on the envelope, and that was the one. It was an hour before she moved. One watching would have said that her death blow in that moment had struck her.

The studio boasted one picture, a portrait of Véra herself, well done by her husband. Going to a drawer, she brought out a red scarf of silk. Then she went to the table and with almost firm hand wrote a few words on the reverse of the letter. Then she pinned it to the scarf and threw it across the easel.

In a black dress, a black hat, she then went out. At the corner sat a withered old woman selling flowers; at sight of Véra she set up her cry.

"One red rose, nothing else." Leaving a lira in the astonished fingers, Véra pinned the flower on her breast, where it glowed red, like the blood which had flowed in Russia. Then she entered a little shop nearby, one where her husband bought what he needed for his studio and for his models. The old man kept everything and she paid exactly what the keen-eyed old Egisto demanded and came out with her purchase.

The whole world knows how busy is the Piazza Signoria at noon. There are people of every nation crossing, recrossing, wandering around. The English lady in her trailing skirts, the American with her do-or-die face, the German on the arm of her lord, the straggling Italians, the wagons, the cabs, the diners on the pavements.

Nikolenka looked right and left. The gun had sounded noon long before, and the sun was traveling away from the Palazzo Vecchio and the Loggia dei Lanzi.

Why did Véra not come?

He sat down on the steps of the Loggia. A Russian passing stopped and chatted. It was Ivan Posenak. Nikolenka listened, listened, listened, in that strange impersonal way of his, but his eyes wandered in search of Véra, for he had risen early and wanted his food. In a flash he was on his feet, his hand waving in greeting.

"There she is," he cried, and he pointed to the slight black figure advancing across the square toward the Loggia and her husband.

She fired the moment his eyes were upon her and fell, the rose crimson on her heart, amid the havoc of men, women, motor cars, cabs and buses.

"There was no cause whatever," Nikolenka with

white face assured the police. "We never quarreled. I left her happy, quite happy."

Ivan Posenak pressed forward to confirm this.

"We parted as ever." Nikolenka spoke with convincing sincerity, and Ivan nodded. He turned to the crowd. "She was two years in prison in Kief; the amnesty of October released her. It crazed her brain," and Nikolenka bent over her, like a man almost paralyzed. *Ah, si si*, they could all believe that, believe it easily, and the Misericordia bore her away through the talk.

When Nikolenka found himself again in the studio the red scarf on the easel called him at once to the letter.

"I read this by mistake," wrote Véra; "the Signora gave it to me for mine. I did not look at the address before reading, believe me, Nikolenka."

That was all.

In the waning light of the sun which, departing, flared color high about old Florence with a new tragedy added to her many, Nikolenka read the letter, sitting in the chair before the portrait of Véra.

Here it is, word for word:

"Your last information received. Acting on it we have arrested many revolutionists. It is too soon to arrest your woman. It is advisable to obtain further information as to her intentions first."

The signature was that of the secret police of Russia, and it was addressed to their own political spy, the husband of Véra Pavlovna.

Nikolenka rose.

He removed the red scarf, and turned the portrait from him. Then, the mask tight over the face of all emotion, he wrote—this time in cipher—an account of the plot against the Czar; he gave names, dates and mention of the Cossack, and cited his wife as authority. Without a pause he added: "As my woman shot herself at noon and died an hour ago in the hospital my usefulness here is ended."

He folded the sheet, placed it in the envelope which he addressed and stamped. Then firmly he went to the easel and placed the picture in its normal position. The eyes from out the mystery of that face and hair seemed to challenge him. He looked at her long, narrowing his eyes as if he were but an artist studying his own handiwork.

"For Russia," he said, and for that one moment his voice quivered.









#### THEY HAVE FLOWN OVER THREE THOUSAND MILES

Even King Solomon would have had to admit that a school for aviators is something new under the sun. The Wright brothers not only fly but they teach others to fly. In recognition of their conquest of the air, a medal (of which the above is a photograph) is to be presented to them by President Taft on behalf of the Aero Club of America.